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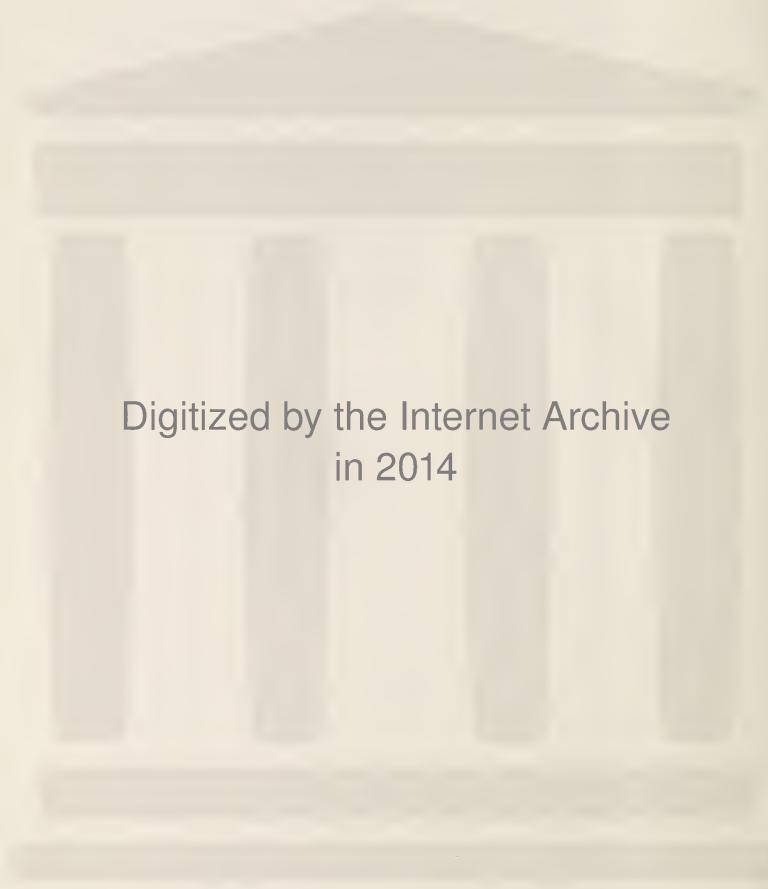


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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

JANUARY, 1882.

Vol. 1.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 1.

[An Address delivered before the young ladies of Chowan Institute at their last Commencement.]

THE IDEAL FORCES IN HUMAN HISTORY.

In the still cemetery of old Haddington, Scotland, is a grave with these immortal words on its stone: "The light of my life is clean gone out." And the sexton tells how a man under white hair was accustomed every now and then to come all the way from London, and totter in through the gate, round by the ruined wall, and, coming to it, kneel down in the grass beside it, bending tremulously forward to kiss and kiss again the cold stone. The ruggedest thinker, the noblest man of letters of his generation, was never more grandly engaged —paying this great heart-tribute to womanhood and the eternal sentiments on which rests all excellence of individual or national life. I confess the conscious need of so illustrious an example to sustain the choice of the theme for this occasion,—for it was the keynote of his life-long teaching. In what I have the honor to say to-day I may not hope to bring new truth to light, but have chosen to direct our thoughts upon the *Ideal Forces in Human History*, because the time demands restatement, emphatic as may be, of their reality and power. Pushing, practical Americans doubtless

think it dreamy and unsubstantial, out of harmony with the spirit of our great period; but this manifest disadvantage only deepens the conviction of its importance.

For every age, an adjective. Our own is materialistic, not only in the tendency of its philosophy, but also in the motives of its every-day living;—and it is not easy to say which should be considered the more dangerous. The fact is seen in a common use of the word "material." We speak of the *material* issue between the parties, meaning the important, the essential issue; and what is of no consequence we say is *immaterial*. But that which is universally conceded calls for no proof. This disposition to deify matter is very natural, and may be easily explained. It is matter that strikes the sense. It is matter that charms in the landscape and lighted heavens. It is matter that shelters me, matter that warms me, and matter that feeds me. The pleasant clink of coin reminds me that it has substance in it. With my material hand I wield the material yardstick, pen, plough, needle, broom. So far as I can judge, nothing is of any account to me, except that

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which adds to the treasury department. Everything which I see is matter. Well, then, I don't believe there is any thing else in the world but matter! This is the reasoning through which lazy ignorance and busy prosperity come to materialism. Now, to such a person intimate the great facts of the unseen world of life and spirit, and you will get some such question as this: How much cotton can *they* pick out a day? A Scotch roadman was once asked about Thomas Carlyle. He said: "Oh, ay, of course there's Tam—a useless munstruck chap that writes books and talks havers. There's naething in Tam; but, mon, there's Jamie, ower in the Newlands—there's a chap for ye; he's the mon o' that family. Jamie taks mair swine into this market than ony ither farmer in the parish!" That is materialism in homespun. Surely the philosopher's materialism has a better basis? No: it has not. The reasoning is the same; it is only on a higher plane. The scientist, too, has been looking exclusively at matter. The progress of the physical sciences during late years has been marvellous. A great writer declares that twenty-five years ago one-half of the domain of science was a blank. Now, if exclusive observation of matter lands men by easy stages in materialism, who can wonder that, in the present day, when importunity and zeal have worried out of Nature nearly all her secrets, and the wonderful properties of matter are dazzling the minds of countless eager inquirers—who can wonder that the atmosphere of the scientific world is

heavy with its leaden negations? For such inquirers it is easy to believe first "in the potency of matter to produce even the most complex and wonderful phenomena, and finally in the omnipotency of matter." The scientist turns philosopher, and while gazing at the stars steps into the well.

But I am not here to calumniate science in the condemnation of some its aposties. I would not lessen, but increase the interest felt in its pursuit. It is time that its sublime heights, already too long held by the favored few, should be made accessible to the masses; and it is the shame of our system of education that it provides so little instruction on the laws of our own being and the material universe in which we live. While the excessive one-sided study of science has borne sad fruit in materialism and agnosticism, I cannot but believe that before long there will be a mighty reaction, and the vast conquests which this exclusive study has made in widening the circle of light in the surrounding Unknown, shall with all-compelling sweep bring mankind, repentant and adoring, to the feet of its forgotten God.

Though this social and scientific tendency to materialize is natural and, within limits, legitimate, it is fundamentally erroneous in what it denies. It denies all existences but physical, and all facts but those which are traceable to modifications of matter. Here we lose half our being, and the nobler half by far. Mind and body, spirit and matter, God has made us, and it is foolish and perilous to

attempt to put asunder what God hath joined together. You remember the fable of the mortal combat between two knights who contended, the one that the shield was made of silver, the other that it was made of gold. Each was right as to the half which he saw, for they looked at it from opposite sides.

You will see that exclusive study of this golden side of our nature, the spiritual, is as erroneous as exclusive study of the other; for it will bring us to the land of shadow and phantasm and unreality, called Idealism—to be shunned as much as its coarser opposite. Taine has given the history of this process in his description of the poor Hindoo, "who step by step, for weeks at a time, fixes his imagination upon the feet of Brahma, next upon his knee, next upon his hand, and so on, until, beneath the strain of this intense meditation, hallucinations begin to appear, until all the forms of existence, mingled and transformed the one with the other, quaver before a sight dazzled and giddy, until the motionless man, catching his breath, with fixed gaze, beholds the universe vanishing like a smoke beyond the universal and void Being into which he aspires to be absorbed." But the danger here is not so great, because there is always ready a common-sense, appreciable answer to idealists like that which the teacher gave his doubting pupil. The doubter was to test the argument himself: get on his all-fours on the ground and run might and main until he came in contact with the brick building which he said

was only the creation of his imagination, and draw his conclusion. Idealism cannot flourish in this restless, grasping age; nor do I wish to revive it. Yet it must be remembered that the highest life, just as the true philosophy, harmonizes these opposites, blends them into completeness, as two views of the same scene from different points are blended by the stereoscope. We are citizens of two worlds, distinct but not antagonistic,—the seen world and the unseen world. On a stage with lifted curtain we strut and crawl, talk, frown and smile, before an audience of flesh and blood; and on an unseen stage before an unseen audience we exult, sigh, pray, hate, hope, and love. And the seen is to the unseen what our little dashing planet is to the still deep Heaven that surrounds it. These beautiful words of the sage of Chelsea are true: "In Life the roots and inward circulations which stretch down fearfully into the regions of Death and Night, shall not hint of their existence, and only the fair stem with its leaves and flowers, shone on by the fair sun, disclose itself, and joyfully grow."

But out of sight—out of existence! is the motto of the day. Yet you do not doubt the existence of physical force because it has never found corporeal expression; nor should you doubt the facts of consciousness on the ground that they may not be seen or handled. Dr. Carpenter states it as an axiomatic truth, "that the common sense decision of mankind, in regard to the existence of an external world, is practically worth more than

all the arguments of all the logicians who have discussed the basis of our belief in it." And another adds, "What is true in this case of a judgment formed upon the report of sense, by the interpretation of the intellect, is still more evidently true of the decisions of our consciousness on such interior facts as thought or will, and of an internal world which is our living personality." "I saw it with my own eyes!" we accept as ultimate and decisive proof. And yet it is a question if our eyes do not deceive us as often as our deceitful hearts. The eyes of a young man say to him, Look yonder! what a beautiful complexion—astooth-tempting as a peach! But the young ladies all could tell him that it was bought at the store. "Oh, he's coming! he's coming!" And with her hand shading her wan brow and the little ones clinging to her fluttering dress, she waits in the sea-breeze to welcome him home. "How slowly he comes! but it's the same ship, and I can see him waving on the deck. God be praised!" The ship puts in, but it is another; the empty, waiting arms are still empty and must wait. She has fallen from heaven hard upon this poor world again.

Well, what are these facts of consciousness which do not so mock us? They are the things we feel, but may not tell; the hopes that inspire; the dreads that dog our steps; our beliefs and unbeliefs, enthusiasms, sentimentalities, trusts—the vast figures of life's vast dim back-ground. They weave the fabric of each life. They

station this actor and that in the comedy and the tragedy of the life of mankind. They are the noiseless, deep currents on which the world's history floats. They *make* the world's history. They *are* the world—all of it that shall abide. For, like Campbell's intrepid spirit or the mad imagination of Richter, these, in the calmness of their own eternity, shall survey the tree of the universe as in its autumn-time it drops one by one its sear and yellow leaves, and, beyond the reach of Spring, the grand trunk itself falls crashing into utter night,—hate, abysmal and black as ever; unbelief, dark, shoreless, tempestuous; fear, terrible and clutching; trust, adamantine and serene; hope, light-winged and fair; love, as deep and wide and high and mighty, as at this hour. "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

✓ It is in our citizenship in this world of ideas that we find our being's dignity; else, we were not nobler than the dog which whimpers at our feet. Our nature is the trampled battle-ground of these mighty unseen agencies, and must remain the eternal possession of its conquerors. From this headland how appears life to you? Fourscore years of dull drudgery without meaning and object? A roseate twilight hour to be fondled idly till the night comes on? Lament you with Virgil, "Poor mortals that we are, all the best days of life are the first to fly—come on apace diseases and the gloom of age, and suffering sweeps us off, and the unrelenting cruelty of

death"? Or can you not discern in its infinite associations and issues the awe and pathos, the wreck, the glory, which burn on your heart its grandeur and its fearfulness? That is why we speak of the little deeds of kindness which bear fruit in heaven, of the deep stain and scar of sin. It is the citizen of this invisible eternal realm who moves the hand of blessing; the stain and scar are the trophies of the death-grapple of two eternities.

In the Platonic philosophy ideas are said to be the patterns by which Deity made the external world. Certainly your external life is the exact representation of your ideas and sentiments.

✓ What does the man believe? what does he fear? what does he love?—These questions answered, you have sufficient data to determine the direction and effect of his life. Or, given the man's dress, manners, conversation, and employment, you have so many avenues through which to approach his inner life—a working world of ideas, emotions, and sentiments. It is this inner life to which you press through the biography of a great man. His public acts seen from the distance of your inferiority have impressed you as marvellous, and you want to pass with him through the door of his home to hear him talk to his wife and children, to see him at table, to see him in slippers nodding at noon while unabashed flies walk leisurely over his brilliant brow; you want to see him when, like Edmund Burke, he gets on all-fours and, with one child clinging on his back, gallops around the room after the other. You want to see him

in his study, where the books and papers are scattered in true manly fashion. And should he get sick, you may stand by the bed and hear him groan, and come at last to see that after all he is a real man, subject to like passions with ourselves. In these revelations lies the charm of biography; in them you have been looking for the man, because you thought that here better than in public you could discover his habits and tastes, the tone of his spirit, the sentiments that ruled him, how he thought and resolved. Here you reach a new world which is infinite; here you find the man, all else is but as the clothes he wears. And as you stand close and gaze on the soul-drama of statesman, poet, or philosopher, curiosity cries, It is enough! I have found him! I have found him!

It has been remarked that in the life of a nation there is a continuity as strict as in the life of an individual; and it is equally true that the national life arises in, and is supplied by, the same springs as the individual life of which it is the aggregate. The same may be said of universal progressive history; for I am not sure that we gain more than we lose by that arbitrary division—"ancient" and "modern" history. "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs." I see a great stream. Its name is Human History; its tributaries, ideas from nations and periods. A late-formed, beautiful purpose, with all the sparkle and purity of its origin, it leaps from a hidden spring in the bowers of the old-time Paradise. All too soon it flows beyond those happy

precincts into the wilderness, beneath whose bramble and shadows we hardly detect its sluggish flow. Forth to the light and swifter it passes when Greece pours in her crystal tide of beauty, and Rome her majestic organization. It flows by Calvary, and is at once widened and deepened, receiving the elements for its ultimate purification. The Invasion of the Northern Tribes, Mohammedanism, Chivalry and the Crusades successively swell its vast volume. An underground, but growing river during the period of darkness, it bursts to light in the Revival, with wider scope by the acquisition of the New World; and the Reformation, in a stream almost equal and parallel, joins the mighty current, adding its wealth of individualism, free-thought and moral responsibility. Marked for time by the rigidity of Puritanism and by the muddiness of the age of the Restoration; dyed red for a time by the revolutions in America and France, but entering then on its final sweep to the shining sea—it now through the years flows sceptered with majesty; and I can hear as from far its mighty music, and see on its banks the foliage of Peace, long-sought, serenely swaying in its coolness, and, on the verdant carpeting of universal blessing, the fair blossoming of flowers transplanted from the same old Paradise. And the sea! the sea! how many years away? O River of Human History, with life's large hopes and aspirations, flow strong and swift, and hasten to be lost in the vastness of thy ocean, thy origin and destiny—the all-embracing love of God!

My friends, you must believe the sublime destiny of mankind. An eternity at its beginning, an eternity at its ending! Now, make it the winding up and the running down of mechanism. Explain the fact of its existence. What need is there of this colossal clock? Then explain those great leaps in mankind's progress. Whence came those extraneous increments of its power? How is it that your simple clock of the beginning has in these last days grown so large, so complex, and so beautiful? You cannot do it. And the thought would never have blackened your brain, if, in your eagerness for the seen and temporal, you had not forgotten the unseen eternal.

You have seen that human history is the history of ideas and sentiments. And here I cannot forbear quoting the words of England's great philologer, himself not a Christian: "The real history of man is the history of religion, the wonderful ways by which the different families of the human race advanced towards a truer knowledge and a deeper love to God." What! all that is worth recording in the life of man, his development in religion? the growth and domination of a holy idea? An idea!—not the Marathons and Waterloos. An idea!—not Land League meetings, and great speeches, and changes of administration; not railroads, telegraph monopolies, isthmian canals, and electric lights. The idea! but these, only because they are at its manifest illustration. These are the shell;—where is the animal? These

are the cold characters;—what is the thought they bear? These are the document;—give us the living, thinking, feeling, man that's back of it! “Here lie the grand causes, for they are the universal and permanent causes, present at every moment and in every case, everywhere and always acting, indestructible, and in the end infallibly supreme; * * the general structure of things and the grand features of events, are their work; the religions, philosophies, poetries, industries, the frame-work of society and of families, are in fact only the imprints stamped by their seal.”

Toward a fixed ideal all one's nature gravitates. An exalted ideal is the pledge of an exalted destiny. The law is inexorable, and holds on its course as severely in the downward tendency as in the upward: an ideal in the dust is the pledge of a destiny in the dust. It is the same truth which has been sounding through the world since the Great Teacher walked here, and the sanction of his mighty word has been in my mind all along. His Spirit said, “Out of the heart are the issues of life.” And the fact that he himself has set up the loftiest of all ideals, “Be ye therefore perfect,” shall be the cope-stone of my argument for their supreme significance.

But I have already intimated the neglect into which these momentous facts have fallen. Materialism, which Mr. Gladstone has called “the special danger of comfortable and money-making times,” not only hides them, but, in the name of prosperity and progress, denounces the search after

them. By the way, we say that materialism is held by “scientists.” But we should respect the distinction between “scientist” and “philosopher.” Their labors as scientists are great and valuable, and, in the domain of science, their opinions cannot be disregarded; but when they step over the limits of that domain, and, on the facts which they have observed, construct a system of philosophy, they are no longer scientists, but philosophers, and, as such, their opinions are entitled to no more respect than those of other men trying to account for the facts which these have brought to the light. Well, these apostles of the “new faith,” better named the old negation, who gave them the commission to deal out to hungry mankind the portion in due season? You cry for bread, and they condescendingly hand you a stone; and when nature instinctively rebels they strive to cram down the stone any way. Let that stone be once recognized, and deceived and abused mankind, not stopping with the unfailing resistance to the imposition, will push on to thrust the impostors from their presumptuous exaltation into their merited obscurity. So that I do not fear the completed desolation which is threatened; for, as one has said, “the vices die, the virtues never die.” Yet it little behooves us to encourage or to tolerate sentiments and tendencies which look in that direction. These tendencies are the more dangerous because in their rapid progress they sound no alarm. No, no! On

the contrary, they are labelled most charmingly: "freedom of thought," "emancipation from the shackles of the dead past," "progress," "liberal views." They ally themselves with "the useful and practical," as opposed to "shallow sentimentalism," with *industry* and *thrift*, with *push* and *vim* which take no time to grow silly over ideas, poetry, and moonshine! But in their spread and issue they eat and doth a canker. Break this unnatural alliance; tear the mask from their hideousness; get some sight of the boiling sea into which they would decoy you; see their noiseless nipping of the buds and flowers of human excellence, and you will share the mixed contempt and terror with which I contemplate them. Here! The excellence and perpetuity of our social institutions—now you may call my statement a dream, but it is true to the core—the excellence and perpetuity of our social institutions, as well as the beauty and blessing of individual life, depend upon the health of human sentiments—veneration, for what is holy and noble, patriotism, compassion, hope, love. If you lift up your eyes, you must see the current that is setting right against these pillars of our prosperity. There is sham in commerce, in politics, in literature, in art, in religion. Greedy ambition has all but devoured patriotism. Sympathy and love and faith are scornfully left to women and children as beneath the dignity of the manhood of this period. A tide of iniquity, with brazen irreverence on its crest, threatens to sweep out of our

nature the last vestige and germ of nobleness and purity; and a fierce brigand called Caricature, with torch and knife and a grinning Circean crowd, stalks triumphantly through the land blackening and destroying all in our humanity that is holy, inspiring and beautiful. Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me if I stop here to think of the goodness of the inheritance that is thus menaced. I think of that long bright roll of names which the past has bequeathed us—names which have been the inspiration of every heroic enterprise, names which some of you carry enshrined in green and fragrant memory, sweeter and more lasting than the flowers which our South land planted on quiet graves in the recent May-time. I think of the agonies and blood, consecrated by time, through which our civilization has attained its present elevation. I think of the words and works of genius—of philosopher, theologian, historian, painter, sculptor, poet, who have brought near for our weaker vision the beautiful and the good. I think of the glorious examples of triumphant self-sacrifice which have half redeemed our nature's depravity. I think of the sweet, sweet influences of home, and the tenderness, the sympathy, the eternal fortitude, the charm, of the woman, its queen. I think of the ineffable peace flowing like a river through the life that trusts in God. And I turn to ask, shall all this legacy of the years be desecrated and despised? Shall the benignant heavens bend to drop fatness on our race, and their treasures

be spurned and polluted ? and when they sweetly pull aside the curtain and bid man look on the coming glories shall he mock and jeer, crying, " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" I call upon you to build the dikes against this tide of destruction.

✓ Its waves flow noiselessly, it steals up on the shore; but, if it is not checked, together with all the harvest of noble human sentiments, it will sweep away our institutions and government, and leave us barbarous.

One of the characteristics of our time is *irreverence*. We must have a laugh, no matter what it costs. It was once believed of the mediæval Jews that they parodied Calvary by crucifying dogs. And so imperious and unscrupulous has this depraved appetite grown in our time, that in the city of New York not many months ago the effort was made to set that same holy mount, with its awful associations, on the stage for the amusement of souls it was meant to ransom. Illustrations of the truth of my declaration are seen all about us. " The old man has just stepped out—I'm boss now!" you have heard a boy say ; and you are familiar enough with it to know he is talking about his father. " Well, I'll go, and I'll risk the old lady's finding it out," says that same boy ; and, when polluted lips cannot frame to pronounce " mother," you may be sure that heedless feet will trample on her heart and run eagerly in the path of shame. To my present audience I must apologize for alluding to a certain style of young lady which one cannot but fear is becoming more and more fashionable.

The greatest woman in English literature shall furnish the description, and I would hang the words in every home in the land. She " checks our tender admiration with rouge and henna and all the blazonry of extravagant expenditure, with slang and bold *brusquerie*, intended to signify her emancipated view of things, and with cynical mockery which she mistakes for penetration. * * * It is a small matter to have our palaces set afame compared with the misery of having our sense of a noble womanhood, which is the inspiration of a purifying shame, the promise of life-penetrating affection, stained and blotted out by images of repulsiveness." We are on the point of reversing Peter's visionary lesson and making all things common and unclean.

Some of the poems which voice the deepest heart-throbbings of humanity have lost life and notice by parasitic parodies which degrade and hide their excellence. Most solemn passages of the Holy Scriptures are lightly banded in the hands of jest. The punster and the clown are the heroes, and the more sacred the portraits they defile, the greater the applause. Their popularity grows on the shattered reverence once yielded to the great men and great causes of the past, and on the success with which they extract diversion from the most imposing crises of the present. I protest against this coarse buffoonery. Its toleration is a sad omen for the coming generations; for without a foundation of reverence it is impossible to rear a life of any stability or worth. Goethe, the

central figure of German literature, in "Meister's Travels" describes a sort of educational Utopia, in the mountains, which is presided over by three wise men. He makes them say to the Wanderer who has committed his son to them, "One thing there is which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man." When the Wanderer is unable to tell what it is, they declare it to be reverence—reverence. And they distinguish three reverences: ✓ reverence for what is above us, and Carlyle thinks there is nothing in man better than that; reverence for our equals and what is around us; and reverence for what is beneath us, which they say is the distinctive feature of the Christian religion, and the last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain.

In a recent issue the New York *Herald* congratulates that city upon the fact that centennials and anniversaries are going West. The list of friends becomes suddenly a large one, and wide-eyed countrymen take up all the spare bed room, and increase the market bill to unpleasant proportions. Yes, let the troublesome occasions go West, where wheat and pork are abundant!

My friends, there never was a great history which had not shaped and shadowed itself as a possibility, either in the consciousness of a great ideal, or in the memory of a great past. And ✓ when a people lose their appreciation for the beauty, pathos and heroism of the olden-time, they lose their power

to reproduce them. Why is it that eighteen hundred years after their world-wide dispersion and the destruction of their nation, the Jews continue to be Jews? You have the answer in this sentence of Canon Farrar referring to the present desolation of Jerusalem: "Here, on every Friday, assemble a few poverty-stricken Jews, to stand each in the shroud in which he will be burried, and wail over the shattered glories of their fallen and desecrated home." The unified and free Italy of to-day is the majestic fruitage of her majestic past still cherished through the years of her desolation. That the kingdom of Greece is a recognized power in Europe, and dares make threats against encroachments, is due to the lovely Greece which was led and adorned by Pericles, which was taught by Socrates and Plato, which was charmed by Homer and Aeschylus and Phidias, which was defended at Marathon and Platæa.

The night is dark on the Ægean and the sea waves roll duskily except where falls the glare from the fleet of Turks, illuminated and gay, celebrating with an accustomed feast yesterday's victory over the Greeks. It has been many months since the Greek took arms against the oppressor; and now, while Byron writes from the scene of the conflict, the world sympathizes and admires. A little skiff under cover of the night silently makes its way toward the scene of festivity. Admiral Kanaris, called the bravest man of modern history, is resolved to avenge his coun-

try's dishonor by setting on fire the flag ship of the enemy. He knows the perils of the desperate undertaking, but moves severely on over the dark waters, with the match in his right hand and the rudder in his left. By the light of the fireworks on the ship his coldly determined eye sees the heads and hands of brave comrades exposed on the prow. The danger increases as he approaches; but the instruments of music and the shouts of the revellers drown the sound of the wavelets against his boat, and unobserved he passes in through the midst of the fleet. A moment of terrible suspense and hesitation—and the monster vessel with its two thousand men is all aflame! and while the shrieks of dying Turks make the night hideous, from the waves, as the hero swims for the shore, rises the modern Greek cry of victory. Next day when the people of his native town received him in triumph, he escaped from the huzzaing crowds and hastened to his modest home to embrace his waiting wife. Noble man! Yes, noble! but made possible by the eternal sentiments which link age to age, which survive the generous bosoms where they rule, and which inspire the present with the concentrated treasures of a glorious past. And when America shall cease to remember and honor the heroes and heroines of her history, and shall consider the great crises of her birth and development but "inodorous fragments of antiquity"—then shall begin the inevitable decay and crumbling of her mighty proportions, and a few years further

on I can see the Goddess of Liberty, with ashes on her head, sitting in the rushes by the Potomac, lamenting alike the desecrated memory of the wise and the brave who established her proud seat in the Western World, and the gross subjection of their unworthy posterity. No, but that shall not be! We will cherish our national memories; still in the increased beauty and prosperity of the on-coming time, crowd to our centennials and anniversaries, remembering that so fascinating is virtue the mind never rested on her without catching her inspiration, and so carry along the brightening track of our destiny the pledge of a brighter still ahead.

On our near horizon's rim toward the blushing east stands Hope all radiant in the light of the growing day, and in bewitching attitude calls to richer reaping and larger light in the fields just beyond her. That cloven-hoofed fiend that cries to her, "Get thee to thy cavern!" and to the pressing, expectant race, "Back! the day shall not be!" I impeach and denounce in the name of man's common-sense which it repudiates, and man's aspirations which it kills. I impeach the materialistic tendency of our money-loving and faithless times, in the name of the rich past whose lessons it would hide, and whose venerated portraits it would degrade into butts of mockery. I impeach it in the name of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Macaulay, Tennyson, George Eliot, whose mother-tongue it would enervate and befoul with the slang filthiness of the street and the groggery. I impeach it in the name of the daisy-starred graves

whose greenness it would trample into common clay, and whose memories, so sacred and so precious, it mocks at and would cast to the winds. In the name of that holy place, my home! where happy childhood grows to noble maturity and the sun of love shines still warm and sweet on the snows of age,—I impeach it in the name of *home* which it makes but a wooden, or brick-and-mortar shelter from the wind and rain. I impeach it in the name of woman whose innocence it would not prize, whose tenderness it would change to mannishness, whose love it would make the poor toy of an empty hour, whose unselfishness and fidelity it would degrade into the servitude of a menial. I impeach it in the name of our holy religion whose Author it ignores or blasphemers, whose doctrines it wrests or ridicules, and the safe anchorage of whose hopes it would snap to leave us adrift till the billows buried us. From the midst of the fair domain of our heritage and hopes, with the hard-worn harvests of our human sentiments all around me, I would heap impeachment on impeachment until their accumulated weight should forever crush the blind, sordid materialism which denies the unseen, and sees no value except in what it calls “the practical,” and no beauty anywhere.

I shall only a little more prolong the courtesy of your attention. We call Time the destroyer, but he is better called the builder, for he destroys to construct. In the midst of the years I see a vast cathedral rising. They say it is to be the shrine of the great God. Already you see human-

ity walking softly before him in the vaulted aisles, or when faith is weak, leaning against its fluted columns, while the steady eye rests enraptured on the shekinah that glows above the altar. The fair design is rapidly growing to perfection, and even now, in the pillared vistas, the ethereal capitals, the rhythmic arches with their flowering lilies and olives, the worshiper can catch a glimpse of the airy bouquet of spires that shall crown it in the beauty, grace and whiteness of its final consummation. Palmyra's Temple of the Sun, that marble beauty at Milan, that petrified poetic dream on the bank of the Rhine, shall not be named in comparison. From the polished broad foundation stones to the white finial of its loftiest spire, without sound of chisel or hammer, the centuries have adjusted their contributions, whose perfection gives little hint of the toil and agony of the distant quarry. The sweetest dreams of the best, the fairest prophecies of the wisest, the richest heart-hungerings of the sad whose tears have watered life's dryness since Eve wept her happy garden, are here concentrating, taking shape, flowering. It is fascinating—the view of this radiant structure, capacious, pure and glorious, standing out against the future's somberness and gloom, at once our humanity's ideal of civilization, and the temple of the Omnipotent's manifested presence! Yes! but do you not see that vandal materialism, with the instruments of dying barbarism, doing the vandal's work, blackening and breaking what it cannot appreciate, destroying what it cannot construct?

Its grossness cannot reach that temple's capitals and arches and pinnacles; but unless stifled where it stands, it will glut its empty greediness with the foundation on which they rest, and the foundation gone—the toppling, the crash, the glittering ruin! and the ghastly monster in the spreading gloom sitting on human nature's high hope and destiny. Gentlemen, hurl against it the honesty and courage of your noble manhood, and fear not the issue. Ladies, in your purity and faith and brightness shine upon it till it recoil, with all its viper brood, into its native darkness, never to terrify us again.

You remember the horrible story of the relief of Lucknow in the insurrection of 1857. Havelock and his men fought their way through thousands of besiegers to the rescue of their English brethren, but hardly bettered matters, and the brave garrison was doomed to wholesale massacre unless additional succor came. But "it was smoke and roar and powder stench," and the sound of the sappers undermining the wall ; and the

famished men, benumbed by the continual presence of death, were on the point of yielding in despair, when the entire garrison was thrilled by a scream from Jessie Brown, a pale, sick Scotchwoman. "O dinna ye hear the slogan far awa'? God bless the bonny Hielanders! we're saved!" she cried. The men could not then hear the pipes of the coming rescue, but inspired by that woman's voice, held on, and soon above the roar of the battle they heard the pipes of the bonny Hielanders, and where they stood fell down to thank God.

"That happy time when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst."

So, in the preserved beauty and perfection of God's Temple of civilization, when humanity shall throng its portals, the ranks of beautiful brave manhood shall open, and womanhood, still lovely, pass to lay on the altar the first and richest sacrifice. And then, as now, the men will shout,

"Our Jessies always first!"

AFRICAN SLAVERY IN AMERICA—ITS GOOD RESULTS—WHY THESE SHOULD BE NOTED.

We do not mean to discuss the moral question involved in the Slave Trade or in the Institution of Slavery. This work has been done ably, amply and—*ad nauseam*.

But it has not been much insisted on that there are some positive, sensible results of a good character, following from it—some, perhaps, not

intended, but which the overruling providence of the All-Wise has wrought out of seeming evil. For that same hand that opened the five ports of China to the Missionary, and thus made all of Eastern Asia accessible to the preachers of the Gospel, through the Opium Trade, interposed here, too, to convert a great wrong and a

a hideous evil into a fountain of blessing. And how often do not schemes purely earthly, if not positively wicked, furnish occasion for the introduction of saving truth, or of much needed measures of reform. The same door which admits the vender of poison, the speculator in human flesh and human soul, or the caterer to human lust, may also admit the teacher of righteousness and the advocate of "a better way." Miners—men intent only upon gold—thieves even, may establish communities in far off localities, which shall become centres of a christian or of a humanizing influence not otherwise to be exerted. And so with the Slave Trade; however vile and abominable in itself it may have been, it, too, has effected, under God's guiding hand, no little good in America.

And it will doubtless afford some comfort to our delicately concienced cousins up on the Connecticut and about Boston town to reflect that those of *our* great-grand-uncles and of *their* great-grand-fathers who "aided and abetted" in that much famous—perhaps infamous traffic, which emptied so many myriads of wild Africans upon *their* shores first, and afterwards on *our* shores, were not altogether un-serviceable to humanity in the end; while it will give us here, upon whom these cargoes were emptied, both directly from Africa and indirectly—via Boston, Newport, and the "Home of the Free," up there somewhere—some little comfort to think that in—reluctantly, at first—accepting the charge, and keeping it secure, until our cousins

saw fit to come and relieve us of it, because it was very odious in their eyes, a very stench in their nostrils, the "sum of all villainies," wrong, tremendously so, inasmuch as it made "our ways not their ways," and led on to the "irrepressible conflict"—I say it will give *us* some comfort—now that the Institution is no more, and we come to count up losses and gains—to know that we did no little good—conferred, indeed, a signal blessing on our "kind" in accepting the charge, and putting it to work, and—but now we begin properly.

WHAT OF RESCUE FROM CANNIBALISM?

These Africans were savages—the very wildest of savages—and many of those who reached America had been captured in war and sold to the traders. Their condition was this: They were, when captured, in the hands of fierce cannibals, the fattest to be eaten, the rest to be reduced to a slavery more absolute, more cruel, more devilish than we can conceive. For to be the slave of an African in Africa is to be worse off than to be the dog of an African in America. And that puts it too mildly, if we are to accept the accounts of travelers, and of the older Africans themselves, with whom some of us have conversed.

What, though many of them died on the voyage from neglect, suffocation and cruel treatment, the great majority of them lived to reach this country, and to reap benefits which can only be hinted at in this paper.

LEARNING TO WORK.

These savages were put to work here, were taught how to work, were

made to work. This required an immense expenditure of time, patience, brain-force, muscle-force, throat and tongue force, and—sometimes a force worthy of the name, par excellence.

And these savages learned their lessons well and rapidly. Their progress and proficiency became the wonder of the world, especially as the world turned up its eyes at the millions of cotton bales, the thousands of sugar barrels and of rice barrels that lined our shores and covered our docks.

What if the poor Indian could have had some such tutoring! And does not every sensible man teach his boy to work—feel it a solemn duty thus to do—that he may be prepared to live and make a living for himself? And are not fathers sometimes quite forceful when performing this duty?

As we are not discussing the moral view of this question in any of its phases, nor the processes involved, but only presenting *results*, it is in point to announce that a mighty benefit conferred upon these Africans is this ability to work—the knowledge of how to work. And can they not indeed work? Yes, for right down hard work in Southern fields, commend me always and forever to the “Freedmen” of America. When we cease to have stumps in our fields, roots in our never-ending “new ground,” swamps, bogs, fertile but miasmatic; and when the race of mules dies out, then the white man in his sulky plow may apply for a job. And how the ability to work is bringing forth its fruit for the black man himself; how it enables him,

now that he is free, to gain a competency; to rear his family respectably; to improve his condition materially, socially, politically, religiously, and

TO EXERCISE THE PREROGATIVES OF A FREEMAN.

What sort of freedom does a savage possess? Now just that sort of freedom was taken away from the African when he became a slave in America. But—a paradox, perhaps—in taking that from him, he was being put in possession of true freedom. Carlyle says that Liberty consists in obedience to the divine order of things. Now by being subjected to wholesome restraints, trained to control and regulate appetite, and to act from rational, prudential and moral considerations, they were daily advancing to a condition favorable to the proper exercise of that freedom which alone is worthy of the name. Whether, as a people, they had made sufficient progress on this line when their emancipation occurred, time only can determine. Perhaps they had; and let us hope that, if not spoiled by the nursing and training which “The Nation” is bestowing on them in certain directions, they may become in the end average “citizens.” *Nous Verrons.*

HOW ABOUT FATHER-LAND?

They are at least prepared now, under wise leadership, to act a good part in the civilization of their relatives in “the old country.” That is to say, some choice spirits here and there among them, are in a condition to carry to Africa some notion of how to behave as members of an organ-

ized society, of how governments are to be administered, and of what the complex idea embraced in the term "government" means. That there should have been evolved out of such material in the short space of 150 years, even a few, who have reached this notion will never cease to be a wonder to those who know the raw material. But the "promise and the potency" at least, have been somewhat, however feebly, evinced. And that is much. In justice to the race, it ought to be said that even since they have had the "condition" vouchsafed to them, their "best friends" have grudged them the "opportunity," and we cannot for that reason determine what is in them, and what they might do if they were put in power and held some fat offices. True their *voting* capacities have been tested even to the full; not, however, their administrative.

Suppose the French in the North and the Dutch and English in the central parts of Africa should make a demand upon us for black men to help them govern, civilize, develop and redeem the dark continent, ought we not to be full handed, to meet the demand, with model civilians, jurists, statesmen? We commend this to the serious consideration of their "best friends," as a question not to be lost sight of when they are distributing the offices, which are to train them for this work.

THE GOSPEL FOR ETHIOPIA, TOO.

We put it last because it is best, and because we stand here at length on solid ground.

Ever as the teachers in one line taught their lesson of work, teachers in another line said "Repent!" And they repented—many, very many, genuinely. They brought forth, in their way, "fruits meet for repentance." True, sometimes, they mixed up in a marvellous manner their foreign and savage ways and notions with the pure doctrine and with enlightened practice; and the compound was often very grotesque, amusing, discouraging to the teachers; but yet many of them did believe, did lead lives consistent and useful, and some put to shame by their meekness and zeal those who thought they were better. As a people they gave ready ear to the preacher. They went in crowds to hear him. They thronged the churches. The spacious galleries sometimes bowed under the surging tides of dark humanity. They were baptized by scores, hundreds, thousands. They are the most religious race in all the world. And Methodist circuit riders found it out, and went into the highways and hedges after them. Baptist preachers took their stand on the river banks, waiting for them. And they came. Presbyterians built chapels for them and instructed them in the catechism. And Episcopalians met them half way, and taught them the commandments and the Lord's Prayer.

Indeed the grandest work of the 19th century in missions, has been done right here in these Southern States. God sent the heathen to us. Their way was through war and blood and bondage. But somebody has to

fight and lose blood, and be in bondage for a time, at least, if the heathen are to be converted to God.

Well, now for the results: Millions of savages have become Christians, as good Christians, on the whole, as are to be found in Europe or America, sincere, devout believers in the man of Nazareth. And how many have been blessed while engaged in the great work of evangelizing them. How many have realized in themselves a consecration and a missionary zeal and love which would not have been brought out in their experiences, but for this occasion of work for the Master, which this strange providence furnished. And how many of our Southern whites are not indebted to them for words, examples, lives that stimulated, rebuked, helped.

Many of these converted Africans

are turning their faces towards the land of their forefathers. Nor is it too much to say that from physical and moral causes at work in that dark land the white man can never hope to achieve much in the line of missions in that country. To the black man alone is this possible. He can live in swamps and forests, and preserve health in malarious regions, where exposure for one night brings certain death to the white man. And when the education of the race shall have progressed far enough to make it prudent and wise for the black man to be entrusted with this work, there will not be wanting thousands of volunteers and bands of helpers to occupy and possess the land. The Joshuas are even now in training for this service.

THE PASSION PLAY.

This wonderful drama has been repeated in a little German village every tenth year for nearly two and a half centuries, and is attended every time of its repetition by thousands of devout Catholics (as well as many idle spectators), from every part of the civilized world, as an imposing religious ceremony or ordinance. The site of the rehearsal is at Ober-Ammergau, which is situated among the mountains of Bavaria, and sixteen miles from any railroad, and about sixty miles from Munich, the capital of the Province.

The village consists of a few hundred little two-story wooden houses, which

furnish shelter to only 1,200 rude mountaineers, and yet from 6,000 to 8,000 persons witness the play each time; and so large are the crowds frequently that it has to be repeated the following day, so as to accommodate the thousands who come hundreds of miles, but cannot gain admittance for want of room. During the summer of 1880, when I witnessed it, it was repeated once or twice every week from May until the middle of September.

As to the origin of the Passion Play, it is based on superstition, as are most of the performances and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Soon after Ger-

many embraced the Catholic faith, the people acquired a dislike for the secular drama then in vogue among them. Consequently they took to the religious plays, as supplying the place of amusement and spiritual instruction. This state of things continued until the Reformation, when they all passed into disuse. However, in 1633 an alarming plague visited Ober-Ammergau, and eighty-four persons died of it in a month. At this the villagers, in their distress and anxiety, held a meeting, and, to appease the wrath of God, "vowed to perform the Passion Tragedy once in ten years, if He would put a stop to the epidemic." The record states that not another person died, though there were several afflicted with the fell disease at the time of the vow. The play, then, has been performed for more than two centuries in this retired little mountain village. But it is thought that the government will not permit it much longer. As you are aware, an attempt has been made to bring it to New York, but public sentiment is so strong against it, that it will never, let us hope, be done, especially as it is merely a money-making scheme of some atheistic lucre-seekers.

Early in the morning the throngs of priests and peasants begin the celebration of high mass, which they keep up until 7 o'clock, just one hour before the performance commences. I pay no attention to these things, but after a "*brief*" breakfast—I call it brief, because of its constituents, two eggs, a cup of coffee, a German roll, and a small piece of butter, (but as I

do not eat butter that does not count,) —make my way to the place of performance.

There are thousands crowding around the gates, waiting for them to open and admit them to the best seats. Among them is an almost innumerable host of priests. The hour of seven having arrived, the doors are thrown open, and for a good part of an hour they are so eager to gain admittance that persons are almost picked up and carried along by the throng.

Here we sit, a good distance from the stage which consists of a large uncovered platform in front, the stage proper, which is behind the curtain and under cover, a house on either side, one Pilate's, the other that of Annas, the high priest, while to the extreme right and left are two streets in Jerusalem. The enclosure is of rough planks, just such as might be expected in this retired place. The space for the spectators, large enough to accommodate 6,000 persons, is arranged amphitheatrically, and only a third of it is under cover, so that at least two-thirds of the spectators are exposed to the burning rays of the sun, or the less pleasant showers of rain, which are so frequent in this mountain region. When the curtain rises, it discloses the back-ground which is the neighboring mountain side, "and to the eye which roams beyond the theatre, the country presents the most beautiful scenery. To the right gentle hills which, with green slopes of velvet turf and dark woods, gracefully rise behind the frontispiece of the middle stage. To

the left, bright green rolling meadows expand, with here and there a shed, and cows grazing in the distance, until this sheet of living green is hidden in deep and solemn shade by the dark pine-forest of the hills behind. The hills themselves, towering up majestically on all sides, form the last object between the gaily painted theatre and the deep blue sky." The contrast between the deep repose of these Bavarian Alps and the artificial representation of the streets of Jerusalem is indeed striking.

Three cannon shots announce the beginning of the performance. "The orchestral band strikes up, and the low hum of the multitude gradually dies away." Soon the Chorus grave and stately appears. It consists of seventeen persons arrayed in the vesture of the days of Christ, with crowns upon their heads. They sing appropriate pieces between the scenes so as to prepare the mind of the spectator for what is to follow, as well as to keep his thoughts engaged during the interval. Each scene is preceded by tableaux representing incidents taken from the Old Testament, and supposed to refer to or symbolize some part of the history of the Saviour. The motionless attitude of those who take part in the tableaux is really wonderful. Some of them are very small children, and yet I see but one mistake during the whole performance.

First we have the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, as a preparatory lesson, to show the need of the sufferings of Jesus. The picture is a very vivid one, and repre-

sents our first parents in their aprons of fig leaves, in the attitude of fleeing, pursued by the angel with a flaming sword. The tree of forbidden fruit is in the back ground, with the serpent twining around it. As the curtain falls, the Chorus assume their positions, and sing a hymn of thanksgiving to God for giving His Son to take away the curse of sin. The curtain again rises, the Chorus separate and there is presented a cross before which a number of figures are bowing in humble adoration. The Chorus join them while singing. Then follows the first scene, the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Scores of children emerge from the streets of Jerusalem, bearing palm-branches, and crying, "Hosannah," etc. These are joined by men and women who take up the glad refrain and echo back in thrilling anthems, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," etc., meanwhile spreading their garments and branches of trees in the way, and bowing reverently before the Son of David, who, by this time, comes out from one of the side streets riding an ass, and accompanied by his disciples, poorly clad and carrying their long staves. The sensation which takes hold of me is indescribable, and in spite of myself my eyes are suffused with tears.

Then follow the most striking incidents in the life of Christ, each preceded by its corresponding tableaux, such as the conspiracy against Joseph (tableaux,) the negotiations of Judas with the Sanhedrim; young Tobias taking leave of his mother, Christ

parting with his friends—the last supper, etc., etc., until it is 12 o'clock. Then there is an intermission of one hour, during which utmost confusion prevails—some going out to get lunch others eating and drinking in the theatre, and others still climbing over the seats and creating disorder generally.

At one o'clock, the exercises are resumed. Appropriate tableaux precede the following scenes: The agony in the garden, the betrayal, Christ before Annas, Caiaphas and Pilate, and the remorse of Judas. I have never seen anything so perfectly performed as this last scene. The traitor is rather an old man and wears long beard which has been dyed but has since grown considerably, so as to add to his already haggard appearance. With eyes flashing fire, and a countenance that would rival the appearance of the fiends of perdition, and features all distorted by grief, he seems to be haunted by the furies of the infernal regions, wanders about like a raving maniac, strikes upon his breast, casts the bag of rattling coin down against the floor, pulls out his hair and beard, throws off his outer garment, snatches the girdle from about him, and chooses the fatal tree. For a little while he stares at it, with a wild, confused look; then he quickly runs up to it, begins to break off the lower limbs and to climb, so as to execute the awful deed that is to plunge him into the unfathomable abyss of the burning lake. Just at this moment the curtain falls.

The agony in the garden is almost

as vividly depicted. The care-worn Christus takes the three favored disciples, goes a short distance with them, leaves them to watch, and passing a few steps further, falls kneeling on the earth. Such plaintive tones! such pleading looks! such anguish of soul! As he rises, the bloody sweat is issuing from the pores of his skin, and his face is spotted with the gore. He comes to his disciples, returns and prays a second and a third time, until he seems suffused with blood. It is an awful spectacle, and frequent sobs and floods of tears from eyes unused to weep betray the deep feeling in the vast assembly.

Being brought before the pompous, voluptuous Herod, he is mocked, and the frivolous king demands of him some display of his power, in the way of jugglery, interpretation of dreams, and the working of miracles. Then follow the mockery of the populace, the crown of thorns, the scourging and the mock robe. These scenes are extremely distressing, and fill the breast of the spectator with thrilling sensations. Next the choice between Christ and Barabbas is taken in the midst of a tumultuous throng, and soon the innocent one is seen bearing his own cross to the "place of a skull." Ho! he faints! he falls, exhausted beneath the heavy load, and Simon is forced to bear it to Golgotha.

The next scene discloses the bleeding Saviour nailed to the tree which is raised and rudely thrust into the hole prepared for it. The malefactors are already suspended on either side, and the railing, mocking multitude joins them in deriding him. Soon the

weeping Marys appear, and the loving disciple, wringing his hands, while tears of anguish stream down his cheeks. The thief repents, Mary is commended to the care of John, the prayer is uttered for the forgiveness of the enemies, he bows his head and "it is finished"! We spectators, almost forgetting that we are witnessing a mere performance, sit and stare as if petrified. "Profound silence reigns, interrupted only by the convulsive sobs and half suppressed sounds of weeping of many who cannot help giving vent to the excess of their emotion. But this awful stillness lasts for only a few moments. Presently the ear is terrified by the rolling of thunder, and the scene is veiled in darkness." The mockers skulk away, and the priests are doubly bewildered at the report that the veil of the temple is "rent in twain." The

descent from the cross and the resurrection close the exercises of the day, and it is now 5 o'clock p. m.

The motive which prompts these people in performing this Passion Play has been attributed to pecuniary inducements. However this may be, I am told that the performers receive only a few marks each per week, the other going to the priests. Judging from their earnestness and seriousness, I should say that they do it purely as a matter of devotion and worship. The mass of visitors, however, are evidently governed by entirely different feelings; for in the midst of the most solemn and heart-rending scenes, at a little interval, you may see hundreds of bottles and jugs turned up in every direction, plainly showing that they feel as much reverence for king alcohol as for the sacred Person the actors are trying to represent.

JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCES OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

In the early days of the College, one might have seen the students gathering together at the southern end of the old building every Saturday morning, with countenances bright and expectant as that of the modern young hopeful who dreams of the time when the Christmas-tree shall flourish.

When a numerous assembly of students, and others who might be so inclined, had collected, some one of them, amid the general bustle, noise, confusion and chattering of voices, so characteristic of such bodies, would suddenly take a conspicuous position on

the steps and begin to read aloud from a roll of manuscript that he had obtained from parts unknown. This being the signal for order, the din ceased, and all favored the reader with the closest attention, which was disturbed only by frequent uproarious exhibitions of delight, as the shortcomings of some professor, or unsuspecting citizen, and the vanities of some self-sufficient student were reviewed and exposed in a peculiarly burlesque and satirical manner. The reading over, the exhilarated crowd, leaping about and tossing up hats,

rolled up a mighty volley of applause, compounded of wildest whoops and savage yells, such as only the spirited school boy and experienced red-man know how to utter.

From this very same noisy concourse have sprung some of the most eminent preachers and dignitaries of this and other States; but it appears that some others also sprung from it who here contracted habits from which they have never succeeded in freeing themselves, for some still leap and yell while in the pulpit, and others on the Sabbath monotonously "read aloud from a roll of manuscript" what they have gathered here and there during the week.

After having rendered due applause to the obliging reader, the assembly adjourned to meet again the next Saturday morning, all being thoroughly jovial except those poor fellows against whom the sharp arrows of criticism had been directed. But you want to know what all this meant. Well, these are some of the early experiences of Wake Forest College in newspaper publication. That "roll of manuscript" was the first offspring of its journalistic ambition.

The idea of having a representative literary organ is not by any means a recent one with the students of Wake Forest. It haunted their minds incessantly in the earliest days of the college, and to rid themselves of the troublesome phantom they determined to actualise their ideas and have a paper. And they had it. About the year 1849, or

perhaps earlier, the *Saturday Review* appeared, and its contents were made known to the public in the manner above described.

The editorial department was conducted in a manner no less novel and strange. The name of the editor was kept almost entirely unknown; even but few of the contributors knew who he was. The subject matter, consisting of witticisms, criticisms, and burlesques on the deportment of the students, professors, citizens and preachers, on the college love-scrapes and college eccentricities and weaknesses of all kinds, was written off on ordinary writing paper, though in a carefully disguised back-hand, all the letters leaning to the left, as if the tops of all of them, through the influence of a violent east wind, had been induced to take Horace Greeley's advice to young men and "go West." Being ready for publication, it was handed to some one to be read in public. All those present on such occasions were well pleased with the contents and character of the *Review* except those who had been lashed by the satirist, and felt their vanities wounded.

These usually went to pay the editor a complimentary visit immediately, but of course he was always found wanting, nor could any amount of inquiry ever lead to a revelation of his whereabouts. The editor, if detected, would have incurred the danger of suffering rather promiscuous treatment at the hands, or rather the tongues, of his unfortunately offended visitors.

Since such a perilous position as that

of editor of the *Saturday Review* was by no means an enviable one, the publication of this remarkable journal did not extend through a period of many years, as one might reasonably suppose. About the year 1851 its publication was discontinued for some cause, or series of causes, probably some sort of great national calamity about that time, or inclement weather, or the conversion of the entire population into perfect Chesterfields, any one of which causes you will readily see was sufficient to hurl into nonentity a much more pretentious undertaking than the *Saturday Review*. Even to this day the name of the editor of this queer paper is known to but few.

Some time afterwards the *Review* was succeeded by another journal entitled

THE SPECTATOR,
of a similar character, edited in the same mysterious manner and published orally as its predecessor had been. But after a brief career the *Spectator*, too, was discontinued through fear of external troubles, it having seen and exposed more oddities and rare accomplishments than was agreeable to the parties immediately concerned. The College then continued without a newspaper or public commentator of any kind until about the year 1859, when, after serious and diligent investigation of the matter, a considerable number of youthful Juvenals came to the conclusion that the various human follies and petty school-boy imperfections had become so intolerable as to need just such

comic, sarcastic, and satirical chastisements as they felt abundantly able to administer. With a profound conviction that they would be doing their duty they resolved to publish another weekly in the village. This resolution resulted in the establishment of the

WAKE FOREST CRITIC,
which was not edited and controlled so mysteriously as the two former journals had been. Any one who wished to contribute to its columns might during the week drop his productions into the editor's room through a hole in the door for that purpose.

Toward the close of the week those pieces whose elevated literary character entitled them to the honors of insertion in such a worthy and important publication, were copied off on the pages of the *Critic*; all other contributions met with indiscriminate rejection. This was published, as usual, by being read aloud to the assembled masses. Those who wished to keep on file the different issues of the *Critic* might do so by writing off a copy from the original, as only one copy was issued by the editor. It is said there are still some copies of this old journal extant, having been preserved by relic-lovers. Some months after its publication began, it seems that the students and neighbors either learned to maintain a daily walk in accordance with the modern Juvenal's standard of propriety, or intimidated the would-be editors so that they chose not to exercise their satirical powers; and of course under the

circumstances it was deemed expedient to continue the public censure of the *Critic* no longer, and this, too, was suspended. Since that time no paper of similar character has been issued at Wake Forest.

But some of the boys must ventilate their thoughts in some way or other. Accordingly they concluded to make an *attempt*, at least, to do this through the columns of the various State papers.

Now, the average college youth would write just the best articles that could possibly be written on his particular subject and send it to his favorite editor. If this was not published, the ambitious young man would write and send another piece, and another, and would probably reap the enraging satisfaction of seeing about half an article out of half a dozen appear in print. For twenty long years the college had no representative in the newspaper field.

During all this time the "young ideas" had to shoot at the marks offered by the different papers of those days; and notwithstanding they as literary marksmen were not expert enough to miss the waste-basket every shot, they did succeed in missing it often enough to make for themselves the rather enviable reputation of having the mania of "writing for the papers." At different periods during these long years there arose stubborn clamors for a home enterprise for the accommodation of the more aspiring college boy: but these were always suppressed on the ground of seeming impracticability.

So they "wrote for the papers," thought strangely of the editors sometimes, clamored now and then for a home enterprise, and finally resolved to edit and publish among themselves a college magazine. Such was the state of things when a few weeks ago it was announced that Wake Forest was going to publish a *printed* newspaper. Well-fledged fame caught the news with ready ears and scattered it broadcast with its thousand tongues and voices. With intensest interest, with highest pitch of curiosity, did the friends and patrons of Wake Forest College look forward to the appearance of that paper. In a few days

THE COLLEGE ENTERPRISE came forth with a pretentious, blazing prospectus, such phrases as "College Enterprise," motto, "pay as you go," published every Friday, devoted to the interests of Wake Forest College, will endeavor to be worthy of the patronage of the people of North Carolina, best writers the Union has afforded consented to contribute, interesting correspondence from all parts of the globe, news, current events, &c., given in clear and condensed form, shipwrecks, railway accidents, fires and executions given in detail, &c., &c.; and our literary horizon was all aglow with the advancing beams of a rising luminary that threatened to eclipse the most colossal lights in the journalism of the nineteenth century. But the gravitational attraction of the vast empire of oblivion beneath became irresistible, and the *College Enterprise* went down behind the horizon with its second issue. The process of its

fall is very like that recently given by Talmage in his "sermon" on the newspaper: "An enormous bill of the paper factory rolls in like an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until they have their back pay, and the type-setter bows to the compositor, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to—the public in general, and the subscribers wonder why their paper does not come."

It was not connected in any way with the college or literary societies, nor was its editor even a student. Under such circumstances its history cannot with entire propriety be called a part of the history of Wake Forest journalism, and it is for the sake of thoroughly impressing this fact that it has been thus noticed.

As has been before stated, a college magazine had been determined upon. Accordingly, the Euzelian Society went on in the vigorous prosecution of the work begun before the appearance of the *College Enterprise* (!), and having obtained acquiescence of the faculty of the Institution, now make an exhibit of the results of its labors in this, the first issue of their literary monthly,

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Now, Messrs. Editors, the writer would congratulate you on your success thus far, and humbly begs leave to say, in conclusion, of the journalistic ambition of Wake Forest College, that "its noblest offspring is the last."

Yours, &c., MARS HALL.
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, Dec. 12.

BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Another year has fled as noiselessly
As dies the day on Twilight's widowed breast.
When first it touched the earth, so pure it seemed,
In vestments clad by fancy's fingers wrought—
All beautiful and white! But soiled and torn
By rough experience with sin, 'tis gone.
Hope introduced it as an angel fair
To shed on outlook drear of darkened hearts
Reflected light of Heaven;—I bid adieu
To bitterness and wrecks.

Thyself, thy dreams
And thy realities, or stern or sweet,
Are passed to join the march of years that go
To fill Infinity's abyss. O where
Shall be thy resting place? Where in the void
Immense of past eternity wilt bear
Thy freight of virtue's smiles and tears of woe?
Methinks thou art a speeding messenger
To that dread bar where faith gains high reward—
Immortal blessedness—and unbelief
Receives just sentence of its guilt. Return!

And let me change thy cargo that pertains
 To me. When I was heaping it amain,
 I thought not of its destiny. Come back!
 And I will give thee better burden far.—
 But on it sweeps to God! I read as on
 Its hindmost door which closes up its train
 Of hours, days and weeks and months, departing,
 “ Finished and unchangeable forever ! ”
 Alas, the empty minutes mixed with those
 Replete with sin! O that were mine the sad
 And meagre solace that to mourners comes
 From graves of infancy: If gone, 'tis pure
 And beautiful! But no: the year is gone,
 But leaves no shining track or golden glow
 To mark its course or gild the lingering gloom.
 In all the wretched plunder of my life
 The eager eye of memory no thing
 Of beauty finds,—and turns away to weep.
 My heart still yearns for spotless innocence,
 The smiles of gratitude, and joy that's born
 Of duty done. The past cannot be changed;
 The coming year may realize these hopes.
 Be thou my help, O God!

WORTH REPEATING.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

[From November Education.]

One of the greatest powers for evil is the low and degrading writings our boys and girls are reading. Even educators, I fear, are not fully aroused to the terrible influence this reading is exerting upon the lives and characters of the young. Some three years ago, in a lecture on "Fiction," before a Boston audience, the late Mr. Fields said that he visited the Pomeroy boy in prison a few days previous, and asked him if he had ever read much. "Yes," replied the boy, "I have read a great deal." "Well, what have you read?" "Principally dime novels." "What novel did you like best?"

"Buffalo Bill, because it is full of murders and pictures of murders." Doubtless this boy is naturally depraved but the immediate cause of his committing his horrible acts was the class of reading in which he indulged. A year or two ago, a number of lads from wealthy and refined families of New York city, through the degrading influence of dime novel reading, organized themselves into a band of burglars. Last year two youths murdered an old gentleman in Ohio, from the same cause. How frequently we read in the daily papers of boys running away from home with cards, re-

volvers and dime novels in their pockets!

Let us look at the circumstances in which our youth are placed in regard to literature. At the homes of a large part of them there is scarcely a book, except the text-books of the children themselves. At the homes of the majority of those remaining may be found a few books upon the parlor table, which are usually considered by the parent as too nice for the children to read. It is safe to say that very few indeed of our youth have access to a good home library. That child who is trained at home to a love of reading good books is the exception. Is it any wonder, then, that our youth yield to the temptation to read the worst kind of story papers and novels, which are everywhere thrown around them? In addition to other enticements, we find near all the large school buildings of our cities, shops which keep, besides pens, pencils and school-books, a large assortment of trashy story papers and

novels. What a comment on the public schools? The venders of these papers place those having pictures of murders and Indian outrages, etc., in the windows. The children, attracted by these pictures, buy the papers and read the stories. They soon become intensely interested in the stories and the slang language in which they are written. The boys and girls buy novels of the same or of a worse tendency for from five to ten cents. These are purchased and devoured, and thus by degrees is formed the habit of reading this pernicious class of writings. The children are not to blame. There is nothing in their home surroundings to counteract these evil tendencies. The schools have been standing by, saying, "Don't touch, don't touch," but doing nothing to interest the pupils in good reading. * * The only effectual way to keep the youth of our country from reading the terrible dime-novel is to interest them in the writings of good authors, and this must be done, if at all, by the schools.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

[From JOSEPH COOK'S *Biology*.]

The power of volition resides in the influential arcs [of the nervous mechanism]. But even a man is so far an automaton, that, if he is an orator, he will scar himself with the complete oratorical habit, and many speak, as the bird sings, without effort. You wonder at the precision, fluency and force of the language of your Burke or your Chatham. But the automatic nerve arcs representing

good literary habits may have been in the mother, or in both parents, or in five generations. Certainly the habit of good extemporaneous speech has been cultivated through more than a quarter of a century by your Chatham or your Burke. It is now scarred deeply into the nerves; and scars do not grow out. And when, before any audience, the warp and woof of eloquent speech are needed,

the automatic action of good habit sets its power behind the will of the orator ; and nearly all that is required is, that some great thought and passion should throw the shuttle once, and then the figured, firm web flows spontaneously from the perfect loom. But just so, my friends, your tendency or mine to slovenly speech, our fearfully unæsthetic ways, and even the ineptiate's thirst, or the sensualist's leprous thoughts, scar the nervous system in its automatic arc. When you, thus scarred by habit (and it may be, alas ! by inheritance), pass the place of temptation, you are seized, you know not with what power ; you feel that there is necessity upon you ; and that mystery is simply the fact that scars are inerasable. You have scarred your nervous system with an evil habit. * * * Prof. Huxley states that once an old soldier, who had been accustomed to come to a perfectly erect attitude at the word "attention," was carrying home his dinner on a London street, when a comrade who

desired sport called out to him from the other side of the way, "Attention!" Instantly the inattentive soldier came into the upright attitude, and dropped his dinner in the street. Now, Prof. Huxley says that, although the details of that anecdote may not be all correct, they might be, and that they might be because of the power of the automatic action of the nervous mechanism. So you, holding your families' or your own pure character in your arms; you, citizens of Boston, holding your honor in this city in your bosoms, are some day tempted sorcerously by intemperance or passion, by the greed and fraud of crooked trade or politics, or by any of the bad impulses that habit or inheritance has woven into your nerves ; and suddenly, under automatic trance, which might yet have been escaped by force of will, the things dearest to you are dropped by you in the draggled street of your private or public life, at the sudden word, "Attention!" from the black angel.

THE MORNING WORLD.

He comes down from Youth's mountain-top,
Before him Manhood's glittering plain
Lies stretched ; vales, hamlets, towers and towns,
Huge cities, dim and silent downs,
Wide, unreaped fields of shining grain.

All seems a landscape fair, as near ;
How easy to be crossed and won !
No mist the distant ocean hides,
And overhead majestic rides
The wondrous never-setting sun.

Gaze on, gaze on, thou eager boy,
For earth is lovely, life is grand ;

Yet from the boundary of the plain
 Thy faded eyes may turn again
 Wistfully to the morning land.

How lovely then o'er wastes of toil,
 That long-left mountain-top appears !
 How soft the lights and shadows glide ;
 How the rough places, glorified,
 Transcend whole leagues of level years !

And standing by the sea of Death,
 With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
 Blessed the man before whose eyes
 The very hills of Paradise
 Glow, colored like his morning world.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the Hand above—
 A woman's heart and a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love ?

Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing
 As a child might ask for a toy ?
 Demanding what others have died to win,
 With the reckless dash of a boy ?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
 Man like, you have questioned me—
 Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
 Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
 Your socks and your shirts shall be whole ;
 I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
 And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef ;
 I require a far better thing ;
 A seamstress you are wanting for stockings and shirts—
 I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
 And a man that maker, God,
 Shall look upon as he did the first,
 And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me, then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or Hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life,
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

EDITORIAL.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is designed to advance the educational interests of the State, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the College, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it. These are worthy objects, and it is believed that the present attempt to secure them will meet the approval not only of the friends of the College, but of all who appreciate the educational and refining power of a wholesome literature. The baleful effects of trashy and depraved literature are everywhere apparent. Our only effectual resistance is to supplant the taste for it by the taste for that which is valuable and pure. From what source is the needed current literature to come, if not from those who enjoy, or have enjoyed, the advantages of a course at

College? The youth of our colleges, having such a publication open for the expression of their best thought, and thus naturally becoming interested in it and its work, will not only save themselves from the enervation and blight of worthless and pernicious reading, but will also be the means of saving others.

This magazine will fill a vacant place in circulating literature of North Carolina. With the exception, perhaps, of one, this is the only magazine in the State devoted to the cultivation and diffusion of valuable literature, and covers ground which that one does not, and probably should not, cover.

Its pages are open to valuable contributions from any of the students and alumni on the various topics of the time, excepting controverted reli-

gious and political questions. But upon them it does not rely solely for literary excellence and power to instruct and please. Papers from members of the Faculty and other competent writers may be expected from time to time. We shall gather from books and from the leading journals and magazines of the country choice selections that will interest and please our readers. For success in this department we enjoy rare facilities in exchanges and the extensive Library and Reading Room of the College. Current items of literary news, notes

from the field of education and science, will find a worthy place in each issue. Special attention will be given to the alumni—personal mention setting forth the date of graduation, field of labor, plans, etc. Besides, there will be given the current news of the community for the benefit of the patrons and friends of the College.

If diligence and care on the part of its conductors can make results commensurate with opportunities, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT will be worthy of a place in every home in the State.

SUCCESS IN COLLEGE.

A more plausible theory does not prevail among the inexperienced than that success in college is a prototype of success in the active duties of life. A young man enters the school and looks on those of his companions in study who have great facility in the acquisition of knowledge as already in posse enjoying the honors and in possession of the trophies of a brilliant career. If he is apt himself in becoming possessor of those attainments which make the scholar, or if he feels a developing of latent forces which presage his power as an orator, he begins to imagine that the conquest is already won, that the Hercules of obstacles waits only to be met when it shall yield under the potential influence of his endowments just as the sand-bank yields to the rushing violence of a mighty river.

This view is a child of impulse, the

offspring of youthful enthusiasm; and is not to be accepted by maturer consideration without certain restrictions. Success in college requires a faculty for the acquisition of knowledge; success in the active pursuits of life demands skill in the use of that knowledge. One may enjoy as much greater degree of success in the real conflicts of public life by means of this skill as his deficiency was great in making the attainments necessary to distinguished scholarship; and *vice versa*. The work of college is to discipline mind and to gain knowledge; the business of the world is to exercise developed mind and to appropriate this knowledge. Here are two distinct functions to perform. Some have great ability to amass knowledge, but little to appropriate it to practical purposes. One may understand the abstruse principles of differentiation and integration;

and yet not see their relation to a difficult case of engineering. The same might be said of other sciences.

Faithful labor does not go unrewarded, and a life devoid of purpose and endeavor is a failure soon enough ; but it is not safe to predict for every bright collegian a place in fame's arched temple for his exploits of heroism and exhibitions of benefaction. Nor is it just to pronounce "unhonored and unsung" your less brilliant companion in books till he has had fair trial in the world's conflict. Napoleon was a dull boy at school. Henry Ward Beecher was pronounced the "dunce" of his family. But that circumstance has not diminished their influence in the world. We have known a young man whose facilities

for acquiring knowledge were not surpassed by the most gifted of his acquaintances, and yet that young man trembled as he looked on life's future. Some there are who reach their eliamenteric in honor and usefulness on commencement day. Such a young man congratulates himself on his attainments, and then begins a diminution of the projectile force just at the close of a college career. He bears off the honors of his class. Eulogies are heaped upon him till his heart is filled to satiety, and he feels like he has laid up a store of honor and success from which he shall derive revenue sufficient for all remaining years. This is not true of the nobler kind ; but alas, it is true of too great a number.

CHRISTMAS.

What a joyous time that used to be! Guess you think this a strange exclamation. But, young man, just wait till you come to Wake Forest College, where you will learn to put away such childish things, if you want to know the full import of that sentence. Yes, Christmas used to be a great, grand and glorious occasion ; but to a poor sinner, who has been so fortunate as to cast his lot amongst us, these joys are things of the past, about which he may dream, but never realize. In almost all christian lands it is a time-honored custom for *all* classes of laborers to suspend operations from the 25th of December till the 1st of January, thus giving a man time to cast

one look of regret, if nothing more, over the old year and frame new resolutions for the coming one. But our Faculty know how to manage that matter. So near Christmas have they arranged our examinations, that their deep gloomy shadows wrap in midnight all the anticipated brightness of such an occasion, even if one had an opportunity of enjoying it. But in order to show that, notwithstanding this, they were men of warm and sympathetic hearts, they all but o'erstepped the bounds of reason, and decided to suspend duties *for two days!* Gratefully recognizing this wonderful display of generosity shown in former times, it seems that one ought to feel

satisfied. But it is human to err. And in the face of this unusually long period of rest, graciously granted every year, some of the more jovial kept sighing for more; and at a recent meeting of the Faculty a petition from the *ladies* of the Hill was presented. This paper most earnestly and yet humbly asked that a week's relaxation be granted to the students during the Christmas times. Greatly to the surprise of all it came back "Granted"—but oh! that next clause—"From the 23d to the 26th." Just think of it! Four days of Christmas this year—*Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday!* To our Faculty thanks should be returned in style and a monument voted

immediately. To the ladies of the Hill who kindly undertook this mission of mercy we take this opportunity to return our sincere feelings of gratitude, lamenting only that they were unsuccessful. One of the Professors thus explains the whole matter: "The Faculty is a corporate body—conclusion evident—it has no soul." And so, once more, Christmas with us will only be a moment's calm before the storm (of examinations) in all its incomprehensible fury bursts upon us. Perhaps this pause should not be long, at least that certainly is the opinion of those whose word is law, and it only remains for us to say "amen," and gracefully submit.

EDUCATIONAL.

—WAKE Forest has 147 students enrolled up to date.

—THE average monthly pay of teachers in North Carolina, in the year 1878-'9, was \$22.14.

—WAKE Forest College is called in the last report of the Commissioner of Education, "Wake Forest University." Wonder where he got this idea? We object to it.

—NUMBER of white pupils enrolled in the schools of North Carolina in 1879 was 153,534; colored 85,215. The increase of enrollment above that of the preceding year, 10,657: the increase of average attendance, 18,235.

—MICHIGAN University's new museum is to cost \$60,000. This is for the building alone.

—THE Garfield Memorial professorship fund at Williams College now amounts to nearly \$18,000.

—MRS. Jennie McGraw Fiske, who died about two months ago, left \$200,000 to the Cornell University library fund; \$50,000 for the construction of the McGraw building there; \$60,000 to establish a hospital for the students, and many other large bequests.

—IN 1879 there were 4,577 students of theology, 3,019 of law, and 13,321 of medicine in the United States. Of these there were few who had taken a degree in any college; 1,342 students of theology, 669 of law, and 999 of medicine. The three "learned professions" are certainly not becoming crowded with learning at present.

WOMEN are beginning to make inroads even upon the old conservative universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England. At Oxford they are about establishing a college of their own, to be called Somerville Hall. They have purchased grounds and are proceeding to erect buildings. Women are already admitted to the examinations at both Oxford and Cambridge.

THE States of New York, Vermont and Michigan have compulsory education laws. In comparing these States with Illinois and Indiana, which still adhere to the voluntary plan, we find that the average enrolment of pupils is not materially greater where such laws are in operation.

—Two years ago the number of children being educated in the public schools of Japan was over 2,000,000, one teacher being employed for every forty pupils. In one year over \$6,000,-000 were spent in the support of the schools. These facts will partially represent the magnitude of the educational operations in a country which cannot be called rich, and in which the average *yearly* salary of a teacher is \$45.00 !!

—THERE are more than one hundred and thirty public high schools in the State of Illinois, twenty-one of which are of such acknowledged excellence that their pupils are received at the University without examination.

—ALABAMA has a school population of 376,649, and an enrolment of 174,585. For Minnesota the figures are about the same. The school income of Alabama is \$387,703, a little over

\$1 dollar per capita of school population; for Minnesota \$1,394,738, or over \$5 per capita. The difference between these two States is that one has the money and the other has not; and, sad to say, most of the other Southern States must be classed under the "has not." This may be true (?). We think that we see in the exhibition now in progress at Atlanta, the index finger which points to a brighter future.

—SIX colleges and universities of Kentucky have issued an address to the people of that commonwealth, in which they protest against the imposition of a tax for the benefit of the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges at Lexington. This is a weighty document, and will undoubtedly create quite a breeze when the Legislature meets.

—HARVARD University has 1,382 students in its several departments, which is ninety four less than the number of the University of Michigan. There are now one hundred and four elective studies open to undergraduates at Harvard, and more than forty arranged with special reference to the wants of graduates.

—DANIEL WEBSTER writes of himself: "I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while at this school (Exeter Academy); but there was one thing I could not do. I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. * * Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my room, over and over

again; yet when the day came when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I

could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE *Atlantic Monthly* speaks favorably of Mark Twain's new book "Prince and Pauper."

—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, the author of a sketch of Washington Irving, which is the first volume of the series of American Men of Letters, expects to spend the winter in Europe.

—MR. W. L. ALDEN seems to regard historical characters with little reverence. In his new book on the Mariner Columbus, a humorous element prevails. The following opening sentence is characteristic: "Christopher Columbus was born at more places and at more times than any other eminent man." The author accuses his hero of talking people to death in Italy, Spain and Portugal.

—A LITERARY HISTORY of the XIXth Century has been written by Mr. Oliphant, and will appear some time during the present month. If well written, such a work is a valuable addition to the cause of literature. The XIXth Century has been great in literary production, as well as grand in the achievements of art and the discoveries of science; and its history will be read with interest by the lovers of literature.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE likes to deal with the career of the

unfortunate Queen of Scots. He has completed his "Mary Stuart," the last tragedy in his trilogy. The first: "Chastelard," appeared in 1865; the second, "Bothwell," seven years ago. In coming before the public his last tragic piece meets a successful rival in that of Schiller, whose "Mary Stuart" has stood the test for merit on the German stage for four score years.

—THE year 1881 is memorable in the death of illustrious authors. Carlyle, Disraeli, George Eliot, and Stanley have finished their writings and ended their lives. Each were great in a separate department of thought, and each has contributed valuable materials to the literature of the age.

—MR. RICE, the editor of the *North American Review*, announces that in the future the *Review* will appear under its own imprint. He states that he has found it impossible to make it a forum of independent thought, rendering it accessible to thinkers and scholars of all creeds and at the same time maintain relations with a publishing house having other interests of its own to promote. The following reply from D. Appleton & Co., the publishers of that *Review*, rings of different metal: "The con-

nection between us and the *North American Review* was terminated by our own action, and not by that of the editor. We declined to act as publishers of the *Review* distinctly because we considered certain articles that appeared in its pages blasphemous in character, and hence an offence to good morals, and not because we supposed our interests in other departments would be affected thereby." The fact that the editor of the *Review* refused admission to the reply to Ingersoll's piece excluded him from the grounds he claimed to occupy, and justifies the publishers in taking a step which has the approval of a christian nation.

—THE following little poem, aside from its own merit, is invested now with additional interest, because it is the last literary work done by the late Dr. Holland, the lamented editor of the *Century Magazine*:

If life awake and will never cease,
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore—

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter with me?

—VOLTAIRE could write a book that would entrance a nation, but seemed to know little of the uses of money and the proprieties of business, as the following story indicates: "There is an anecdote of a great lady giving him a hundred louis for correcting her overseer and of the use he made of the money. Going along the street, overjoyed to find himself possessor of so large a sum, he came to where an auctioneer was selling a carriage and a pair of horses, and the liveries of a coachman and footman. He bid a hundred louis for the lot, and it was knocked down to him. All day he drove about Paris, giving his friends rides, supped gayly in the city, and continued to ride till late in the evening, when, not knowing what else to do with them, he crowded the horses into his father's stable, already full. The thundering noise of this operation woke the old man, who, on learning the cause, turned young scapegrace out of doors, and the next day had the carriage and horses sold for half price."

SCIENCE NOTES.

MUSCULAR POWER OF INSECTS.—That the muscular system of insects is not inferior in power to that of vertebrate animals is suggested by the great burdens which the ant carries, and by the rapid flight of some of the flies. It has been amply demonstrated by the ingenious experiments of M. Felix Plateau. He harnessed cockchafers to small wagons loaded with weights, attached weights to swift-flying insects, etc., and ascertained the fact that muscular power is in inverse ratio to size. A horse cannot exert a stress beyond one sixty-seventh of his weight, while the cockchafer can draw a load sixteen times its weight, and a bee can move a wagon loaded with twenty of its like.

TIME REQUIRED FOR A SIMPLE THOUGHT.—If the results of experiments by Helmholtz and others are accepted, the time required for a simple thought is never less than the fortieth of a second. Hence, the mind cannot perform more than 2,400 simple acts in a minute, and the stories of persons rescued from drowning are exaggerations.

THE SIX HEALTHIEST CITIES in the United States are said to be, in the order following: Utica, Dayton, New Haven, Portland, San Francisco and Lawrence. The unhealthiest, Charles ton, Memphis, Cleveland, Chicago and Lynn. St. Petersburg is the unhealthiest city in the world, and is followed by Charleston, Malaga, Alexandria, Warsaw and Buda-Pesth.

THE ARCTIC SEARCH STEAMER, RODGERS, has solved the mystery of Wrangell Land. The boat's crew made an unbroken tour around it, showing it to be an island. On the 19th of September, 1881, the Rogers reached lat. $73^{\circ} 44'$ north—the highest point, so far as known, yet reached by an exploring vessel.

COFFEE AND SUGAR.—According to the experiments of M. Leven, communicated to the Paris Society of Biology, the effect of coffee is to retard the action of the heart, to produce anaemia of the stomach, and so retard digestion. Anæmia repeating itself ends in habitual congestion of the stomach, which is synonymous with dyspepsia. But he regards sugar as an eminently digestive substance, and has sometimes administered it in cases of dyspepsia. From the foregoing we deduce this practical lesson: That the infusion of coffee should be sufficiently sweetened to stimulate the secretory function, and thus assist digestion.

HAIR-SNAKE.—The true hair-worm (*Gordius*) has two larval states: during the first he lives in the aquatic larvæ of small knat-like flies; during the second, in the small fishes which prey on these larvæ. He remains in his second home several months, then bores through and becomes a free aquatic animal. On contact with water great changes take place. The body loses its transverse folds, becomes twice as long as before, and grows swollen and pulpy. For some

time he remains immovable, but finally increases in length to two inches, becomes harder, turns brown, and begins to move. Most hair-worms pass their larval state in ground beetles, locusts and grasshoppers. They some times occur in horse-troughs, whence they are supposed by the ignorant to be transformed horse-hairs.

NORTH CAROLINA MINERALS AND GEMS.—North Carolina's exhibit at Atlanta has called fresh attention to her mineral wealth. The census returns cover only the mining properties that are worked, and yet the capital invested in mining within her borders is greater than in any other State, except Colorado. It is believed that in the section embracing the counties of Yancey, Buncombe, Jackson, Swain and Cherokee lies the richest mineral deposit on the continent. And counties further east yield a variety and abundance of minerals by no means inconsiderable. The list embraces gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, cold mica, kaolin, marble, asbestos, soapstone, corundum, plumbago. The catalogue of precious stones

is equally extensive: diamond, rubies, sapphires, amethysts, yellow and rose garnets, beryls and the famous hid-denites. A few months since a remarkable "pocket" was discovered in Alexander county, its surface walls being lined with quartz, crystals and emeralds. From it were taken nine emeralds, which are the finest ever found in the United States, their color being inferior only to that of the emeralds of Bogota, South America.

SENSE OF COLOR IN ANIMALS.—In a paper read before the British Association for the advancement of science, Sir John Lubbock, its President, reports he pasted on pieces of glass slips of paper colored blue, green, orange, red, white and yellow, and induced a bee to visit all in succession, when covered with a plain slip on which was a drop of honey. He then removed the honeyed slips, and when the bee returned from the hive noted the order of its visits to particular colors. The result of a hundred different experiments was that *blue* was the bee's favorite color; then white, yellow and green.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.**WAKE FOREST.**

*Omnibus Alumnis, Professoribus et
Acadimiae Civibus Collegii Sacra Saecularia,
die xx mensis Junii, mdccclxxi, celebrantibus.*

HOC CARMEN TRADITUR.

BY J. H. PICOT.

Stabat futuris gloria Collegii
Intacta sæclis, cara nepotibus,
Jam sæculari pro salute
Solvere vota gaudet Juventus.

Clara renidet luce Collegium,
Augusta surgit celsa concordia,
Felicia æternantque facta
Astra potentia alta cursu.

Crescat perenne lætius in dies,
O mater, fama gloria debita,
Piis Tuae felicitati
Templa flagrant animque votis.

Faustisque crescat consiliis tuis
Doctis Juventus rebus et abditis
Sollers inhærens, et vigescat
Moribus et pietate læta!

Gens nulla factis clarior est sua
Virtutis amplæ, nulla celebrior
Studioorum gente clara,
Nobiles non fugiente Musas.

Qui vasta mundi numine temperat,
Cœlumque torquet, saepius hunc
diem
Beatum, natalem reducat,
Sidere Americæ favente.

—THE press of examinations has caused our local column to be rather brief this month. We promise better things for the future.

THE protracted meeting closed on the 7th instant. Last Sunday, the 11th, witnessed the last scene, when

the beautiful ordinance of burial by baptism was administered by Dr. Pritchard to sixteen of the young men and two young ladies. Truly has Mr. McManaway reason to rejoice at such glorious results, so closely following the splendid meeting held by Dr. Nelson here in the Spring. Mr. McManaway has greatly endeared himself to the citizens and the students.

—THE church at Wake Forest was organized in September, 1835. The number first constituted was about forty—twenty students and twenty residents in the neighborhood. On the same occasion, thirty students were received for baptism, making the number of members seventy. Principal Samuel Wait was elected pastor.

—GARL BROWN, Esq., a noted artist of Washington City, has been in town for several days. He is engaged in painting the portraits of some of the Professors for our sister Society. The faithfulness of the execution is striking even now. One young friend says he caught himself involuntarily spouting Latin before the canvas, from which Professor T—— smiled benignly upon him; while no one that ever saw Dr. R—— would fail to recognize his portrait. We congratulate Mr. Brown on his work, and the Society on their happy selection of an artist.

—THE new house of Dr. Jones, of Tarboro, is nearly completed. It promises to be one of the neatest resi-

dences in town. We learn that he expects to cast his lot among us about the first of the new year. We welcome him.

—WANTED—a “pony” to Plato’s *Apology*.

—A YOUNG friend of nineteen pleasant summers, who has recently consummated his happiness, as he thinks, in committing matrimony, writes to one of the editors: “ You have no idea how well I enjoy married life. I think it is the very thing I have been needing for some time.” We have tried to fulfil the Scripture injunction, “ Rejoice with them that do rejoice.”

—THE LATEST—“ Auntie says, I mustn’t!”

—MISS BELLE WINGATE, who has been teaching in Smithfield, is expected home in a few days, to spend the Christmas holidays.

—WE are eagerly looking forward to Christmas, as the time to throw aside work and be happy. We learn that some of our citizens have formed an amateur troupe, and charades and tableaux will be the order of the day. For the benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

—WE were pleased to see in town last week the Rev. Dr. John Mitchell, of Murfreesboro. Dr. Mitchell is ever a welcome visitor at his Alma Mater. It is because of such men as he, that Wake Forest is so justly proud of her Alumni.

—DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, says that young men who have nothing to do are like empty houses with “ To Let ” marked on them.

—HERE is Daniel Webster’s esti-

mate of tobacco-smokers: “ If these men must smoke,” says he, “ let them take the horse-shed for it.”

—ONE of two things is absolutely essential to the success of this institution, a new clock or a new negro. The irregularity of the hours is simply startling. Who is there that has tried to keep up with “ John’s ” time, but will certify to the truth of our assertion? The time for reform is at hand.

—WHO’S going home Christmas?

—THE class in Olmsted’s College Philosophy stood their first examination in “ Mechanics ” on the 5th inst. All who have travelled that thorny road know what it is to wrestle with the unknown and unseen forces in nature. They say that it was one of unusual length and comprehensiveness, and we have no right to doubt it. It really was immense; it spread itself almost over the entire board, which is about twenty by six feet. One can imagine the area of surface it covered, but the depth of that examination is yet unknown. For any information, apply to any of the poor unfortunates who had to seek its depths or flounder hopelessly on the shoals. When two o’clock and dinner came, one only of the band of martyrs was at his place. Then once in a while a straggler could have been seen wearily dragging himself from the scene of conflict. And when the god of day had refused to shine longer, still there were two left who had borne the heat and burden all this time, and yet were struggling manfully. One bright consoling thought

looms up, and that is, the Professor had to fast *one* day in atonement for his sin.

THERE was something lacking at the declamation exercises in the chapel the other evening, and there is not one who was present but knows that one thing needed. The ladies failed to put in their appearance. Oh those poor "Juniors." Those carefully arranged toiletts! That nicely parted hair! All to be wasted on a set of unappreciative boys. But they were not all that felt the exercises a failure. The eager turning of eyes to every creak of the door and the look of blank disgust that flitted across the faces of many as they cautiously crept out, bespoke minds ill at ease with self and surroundings. We hope that it was because no public announcement had been made that the ladies were absent, and that on the next similar occasion they will turn out in force.

—THE Professor in the school of Math., holds that this science teaches some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, and thus becomes didactic in theology as well as in osculatory curves. A new idea to some of his pupils! They desire a knowledge of theology, it is true, but had no more expected to find it on this route than they had of going by San Diego to reach New York.

WON'T somebody please get married and ask us to wait on him?

THE Senior Speaking came off on Thursday night, the 22d ultimo. The class was only represented on

that occasion by four of its members, the other six having been excused on account of their anniversary duties. Never mind, boys, the shorter the exercises in the chapel, the longer the time for private speaking in the Halls. Truly this bitter (?) had its sweet.

LINES written after the burial of Miss FOY JOHNSON, at Wake Forest, Saturday evening, Oct., 29, 1881.

Soft billowy clouds were floating overhead,
The bright-hued leaves were drifted to our feet,
As 'neath the arching elms, with solemn tread
A sorrowing band passed down the village street.
With slow and mournful note, the funeral bell
Tolled for a gentle spirit passed from earth;
Our hearts throbbed sadly, for it seemed the knell
Of youth and loveliness, and modest worth.

When last we parted, 'neath the summer skies,
I said "good-by," then turned once more, impelled
To look again into those sweet brown eyes,
Which evermore a gentle radiance held,
No shadow dimmed them of the coming doom
The rosy lips were parted in a smile,
Her fair cheeks glowed with youth's own rosate bloom,
The light curls stealing o'er her brow, the while.

But it will come no more, the vision fair
Of blooming maidenhood—the summer fled;
Its blossoms drooped in the chill autumn air;
And, with the flowers, Foy, sweet Foy was dead.
On the lone hillside, when the sun was low,
We laid the gentle maiden down to rest—
What hopes were buried there, ah! who can know?
God help the stricken ones who loved her best!

O Father, Mother, in your lonely home,
So desolate without your best-beloved,
To the blest land where sorrow ne'er can come,
Nor pain, nor parting, is your child removed.
Your blinding tears exclude the heavenly light.
Beyond the gloom, in realms of endless joy,
Among the ransomed, clad in purest white,
Your child awaits you, the sweet angel Foy.

M. H. T.

SCRAPS.**TALE OF A POSSUM.**

[The following "pome" comes from Wheaton College, Illinois. Some of the Latin is rather original, but it requires only a moderate familiarity with that language to get a tolerable understanding of the "lingo."]

The nox was lit by lux of Luna
And 'twas a nox most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered on this mundus,
A shallow nix, et non profundus.
On sic a nox with canis runus
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.

The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo span is;
But brevis legs had canis never;
Quam had hic dog; bonus clever.
Some used to say in stultum jocum
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus
Circum self from stem to sternus.

Unis canis, duo puer,
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,
If there was I never knew it.

Hic bonus dog had one bad habit
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
Amabat bene chase a cattus.

On this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Nunquam treed a starving rattus,
Nunquam chased a starving cattus,
But eucurrit or intentus,
On the track and on the scentus,
Till he treed a possum strongum
Up a hollow trunkum longum.
Loud he barked in horrid bellum.

Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of possum to secure,
Quum venerit, one began
To chop away like quisque man.
Soon the axe went through the trunkum,
Soon he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.
Comhat thickens: on, ye bravus!
Canis, puer, bite, et stavyus.
As his powers non longius tarry,
Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades spirit fieth.
Joyful puers, canis bonus

Think him dead as any stonus.

Ain't his corpus like a jelly!
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?

Now they their pater's domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe they will blossom
Into heroes when with possum
They arrive, narrabunt story,
Plenus blood, et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Samson, Cæsar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk Shalmanezer!
Tell me where est gloria,
Where the honors of victoria?
Quum at domum narrent story,
Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory.
Pater praiseth, likewise mater:
Wonders greatly younger frater.
Possum leave they on the mundus,
Go themselves to sleep profundus.

Somniunt possum slain in battle,
Strong as Ursæ, large as cattle.

When nox gives way to lux 'of morning,
Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see the varmen,
Of the which quid est the carmen.

Possum hic est resurrectum!!!
Puers now are most dejectum.
Possum relinquit track behind him
But the puers never find him.
Cruel possum! Bestia vilest!
How the puers tu beguilest.
Puers think non plus of Cæsar.
Go to grammar, Shalmanezer!

FINIS.

—Exchange.

"DAR's right sharp good schoolin'
in de tail ob a 'possum: nebber let go
a thing long as dar's a chance lef'."

"HEAP o' good cotton-stalks gits
chopped up from 'sociatin' wid de
weeds. Many a nice corn-silk winds
up wid a nubbin' in de fall."

"LIZZIE says you can't come to see
her any more," says a boy to his sister's
admirer. "Why not?" "Because
you come to see her every night now,
and how could you come any more?"

—Rugby Monthly.

BOSTON'S HISTORY.

Some opening chapters of the new "Memorial History of Boston:"

CHAPTER I.

Boston!

CHAPTER II.

When the gaseous elements of which the earth is composed first commenced to solidify they solidified and stratified at Boston. Boston was the first solid bit of ground in the universe.

CHAPTER III.

The more intelligent and highly-organized animals of the Miocene and Pliocene periods lived at Boston. Here the Pterodactyl mused over the past, and the Megatherium pondered the future.

CHAPTER IV.

The first man was a Boston man. He was developed from spores out of Boston mud. He took out a patent for himself, so that he could not be imitated.

CHAPTER V.

Boston was vaguely known to the Greeks. It is the real site of the fabled Atlantis. Moses would have got to Boston had not the Israelites been so stupid and obstinate. King Solomon always had an aspiration to get to Boston. Plato died longing to visit the neighboring groves of Concord and hold sweet communion with the Concordians. Gallileo involuntarily turned the first telescope toward Boston. The Egyptians built the pyramids, hoping to see Boston from their summits. Diogenes was rolling his tub toward Boston, when death overtook him.—*New York Graphic*.

NOTICE.

We request all of the readers of the STUDENT to give *special* preference to those who advertise in its columns, as we desire to make it a paying investment for them as well as for ourselves.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

[It is the design of the editors to devote six or eight pages to this department. We therefore request *all* those who have ever been students at Wake Forest to write us short letters giving a brief account of themselves. We will publish such letters under this head. We hope to make this a most interesting department, especially to the Alumni.]

—Rev. E. E. FOLK (class '77) will complete his four years' course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary next May.

—Mr. W. E. DANIEL (class '78) is engaged in successful practice of the law at Weldon, and is the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School at that place.

—Mr. E. F. AYDLETT (class '79) is practicing law at Elizabeth City.

—Messrs. J. N. HOLDING and H. MONTAGUE (class '80) are at Greensboro law school, and will probably apply for license in February.

—Mr. H. R. SCOTT (class '75), member of last Senate for Rockingham county, is practicing law in Wentworth, N. C.

—Mr. W. N. JONES (class '79), practicing attorney in the city of Raleigh, was recently elected superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday School.

--Rev. Thos. CARRICK (class '75), who was so much dreaded as an opponent in Society debates, is pastor of the church in Greenville.

—Prof. L. W. BAGLEY (class '75) is teacher in Chowan Institute at Murfreesboro.

—W. C. BREWER, Esq., (class '75) is farming with success at Wake Forest.

—One of the best sermons preached during the late session of the Baptist State Convention was the missionary sermon by Rev. W. L. WRIGHT (class '79), who is pastor of the churches at Graham and Hillsboro.

—Rev. W. J. R. FORD (class '80) is pastor of churches in South Carolina.

—Dr. J. B. POWERS (class '76) is an esteemed and trusted physician in Wake Forest.

—One of the men who combine the rare qualifications for success in book agency, is Mr. J. W. DENMARK, who graduated in '77. He gets good pay, but is growing weary of the *floating* life he leads, and is now looking for an anchor. He is agent for the State for the publications of Lippincott & Co.

—Rev. J. A. WHITE who, on account of sickness, was compelled to leave college just before the time of his graduation in '74, intends to return at the end of this session and take his degree. He now lives at Shelby, and is the principal of a widely patronized high school at that place.

—Hon. Benj. J. LEA (class '52) is Attorney General of the State of Tennessee. His home is at Brownsville.

—Rev. R. T. VANN (class '73), we

are glad to learn, has recovered from his reported illness.

—PROF. T. E. WAFF, (class —), is in charge of the academy at Reynoldson, N. C., and is succeeding finely.

—MR. H. T. WILLIAMS, who was at College last year, is teaching in Halifax county.

—MR. B. H. PHILLIPS, (class '80) has married, and, what is perhaps better, has concluded to be a minister of the Gospel. He will be a faithful and successful man.

—MR. L. CHAPPELL, (class '81), is teaching in the western part of the State.

—MR. W. B. WAFF, (class '80), is teaching at Abbott's Creek, Davidson county. He had a call to a more prominent and lucrative position, but when the people whom he had served so well insisted that he remain, he made the sacrifice and is still there, doing a noble work.

—REV. C. S. FARRISS, (class '80), spent a year at the Southern Baptist Seminary, and is now doing the denomination good service as Corresponding Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. He was called to be pastor of a church in Virginia, but we are glad he saw it to be his duty to remain in our State. We have need of all such.

—COL. KENAN, Attorney-General, spent one year as a student at Wake Forest.

—A short time since MR. D. W. HERRING, who will graduate next June, announced to the Yates Missionary Society at the College his determini-

nation to spend his life in missionary labor among the Chinese. Wake Forest has been honored by the thirty years' work of her most illustrious alumnus, Dr. M. T. YATES, and we take this call of another son as another token of God's favor to our Institution.

—MR. JOHN E. RAY, (class '75), is one of the most useful of our alumni. He already occupies a prominent place in the denomination in the State. His letters in the *Biblical Recorder* about his recent tour in Europe have made him known beyond the borders of the State, and have received high commendation from competent critics.

—Prof. C. W. SCARBORO' (class '77), who has been teaching in the College for the past three years, has decided to stop teaching in January, and give himself wholly to the work of the ministry.

—It is desired to make the alumni department of THE STUDENT not only interesting, but valuable, as an historical record. To this end, we hope the gentlemen who have attended upon the instruction at Wake Forest will from time to time write a note of recollection, or reminiscence, or of personal experience to be inserted in these columns. In this way they will revive old acquaintances and minister to their own pleasure as a fraternity and contribute valuable materials to the history of the College. This for the sake o' auld lang syne.

—Messrs. DAVID L. WARD and R. A. P. COOLEY, (class '81) are reading law

at their homes with a view to entering the law school at an early day.

—Rev. N. R. PITTMAN (class '81) is delighted with his work as pastor of the church at Wadesboro.

—Mr. C. S. VANN (class '79) is now practicing law in Winton, N. C.

—MR. CHAS. S. ELLIS, (class '57), is now living in Savannah, Ga. He conducts a large and successful trade as a merchant.

—Mr. W. H. RAGSDALE (class '80), whom all the boys knew as an unrelenting student, is now the successful principal of Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, N. C.

—W. F. has six boys at the Theological Seminary this year—Messrs. ED. M. POTEAT and W. T. JONES, (class

'81), —WILSON, A. D. HUNTER, C. E. GOWER, A. W. PRICE.

—REV. C. DURHAM, (class '71), has been conducting recently a series of meetings in Second Baptist Church of Raleigh. He was very successful.

—Mr. C. A. ROMINGER (class '79) is teaching at Fork Church, Davie county, N. C.

—PROF. A. J. EMERSON, (class '55), of William Jewell College, Missouri, attended the General Association of that State held recently at St. Louis.

—Eleven of the illustrious JONES family have graduated at W. F. Five of these are dead. Out of the whole number there sprang seven ministers, one soldier, one teacher, and two lawyers.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

Vol. 1.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 2.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN FLORIDA.

SILVER SPRING.

This is situated in Marion county, East Florida, a few miles from the town of Ocala. The district of country around in all directions, except eastward, is destitute of surface streams. For forty or fifty miles north and south, but two inconsiderable "runs" are to be found. And westward you may travel twenty-five miles without encountering a single stream. One of these "runs" rises in a marshy plateau near the top of a very long hill, and after coursing rapidly downwards for 400 yards, empties itself into an unexplored cave lying at the foot of the hill, and opening a 6 by 4 inch mouth to receive it.

The reader would like to know how, in the absence of creeks, the waters which fall upon this large territory are carried off; and he will be relieved to learn that nature has provided for this country the most elaborate system of water works on the continent—subterranean ducts, which opening their mouths every few rods on the surface, receive the rushing waters and hurry them away to join the great under-ground rivers. Up and down the valleys these mouths—

elegantly termed "sink holes"—stand ready to drain off the water as soon as it falls from the clouds. They vary in size from two or three inches in diameter to twenty or thirty feet. The waters which enter them are either conveyed directly into creeks and rivers, or collected in pools below, whence they trickle or percolate gradually into the creeks. Of course, where the percolation is not rapid enough, the choked up waters, failing of an outlet, return to the surface openings, and overflowing, form temporary ponds.

And what becomes of the waters of these subterranean pipes? Whither do they go? We answer, that in the particular district of Florida alluded to, and in many others of like character, just as the leaves of a fan converge at the handle, so many of these underground currents meet at some one point—in this case, at the Silver Spring. Imagine an immense basin of water covering two acres of ground and of the average depth of fifty feet, with a floor of lime-rock; from seams or fissures in which are always boiling up immense volumes of water, so clear that a small coin can be distinctly

seen lying on the bottom, at a depth of sixty feet. In the neighborhood of the seams, the seething tide realizes the "Furit æstus arenis" of Virgil; while at other points around and upward, we have his "Sate tuta æquora silent." On the eastern and western sides, each, immense bowlders—"gemini scopuli"—rise with smooth perpendicular walls to within ten feet of the surface. When the novice, in a canoe, parts from the shore and reaches, twenty feet therefrom, the point at which either of these rocks descends perpendicularly to the bottom—judging, for the moment, from the perfect transparency of the water, that he is suspended in mid-air above an immense precipice—he involuntarily starts back at the prospect of being pitched into the abyss below, and, but for the precautions taken by his guide, would be in danger of upsetting the light vessel which holds him.

Myraids of silver-fish circle around the spring in endless procession, whose unsteady gyrations, as they dart and frisk about, give rise to ever-varying attitudes and angles of reflection, so that the observer sees the rays of the fiery Southern sun sent back to him in all the colors of the rain bow. To increase the interest of the picture, fish of all sizes and varieties may be seen lying near the bottom or floating about lazily, or darting after their prey. Many of these at a depth of thirty or forty feet, though seeming to be only a few inches long, measure several feet. Secure in their profound retreats, they heed not the passing boat, and defy all attempts at capture.

The spring, locked in the embrace of a low "Hummock" of evergreens, finds a vent for its waters in a river, five or six feet deep and eight miles long, by which steamers and pole-boats pass up into it from the Ocklawaha and the St. John's rivers.

THIS, ONLY ONE OF MANY SPRINGS.

Silver Spring is perhaps more noted on account of its beauty and size than any other, but it is by no means the only spring of this character in Florida. The Wakulla, in West Florida, is almost as celebrated. And the Suwanee Sulphur—a famous health resort—possesses many of its characteristics, lacking, however, its size and picturesqueness. Prof. W. G. Simmons, who visited this spring with the writer in '63, computed the outflow from it great enough to supply the people of the then Southern Confederacy with drinking water. At this and the yet more famous Orange Sulphur Springs in Putnam county, many invalids may be found at all seasons of the year. So rapidly do the waters flow off as they surge upwards from their sources, that when one throws himself into the unfathomed "boil" to bathe—as is done daily at these springs—he is shot up by the strong tide sweeping from the depths below, and borne outward to the safe shallows which surround this inverted whirlpool.

ROCK-FUNNELS.

We have alluded to nature's method of drainage in this region; and that renders it proper to give some account of the "sink-holes." As may be supposed, these are objects of no little in-

terest to the resident or the explorer, on account of their danger to life and limb—especially in the case of that variety of the species entitled the “absent-minded” man. These openings lurk sometimes under fallen leaves prepared to catch the hoof of passing brute, and, if not to break, at least to sprain his leg. And, occasionally the fowler or deerstalker, intent on prey, puts his innocent foot into one. Thirsty animals may, in their haste, approach the rim of a basin or pond charged with the waters of a cavern, whose perpendicular walls rise from unexplored depths up to the very rim—to be precipitated into a watery abyss from which there is often no escape.

This “sinkhole” feature is supposed to have much to do with a remarkable phenomenon recurring periodically, viz:

THE CONVERSION OF PRAIRIES INTO LAKES.

The rationale of this conversion is said to be this: the debris and sediment from surrounding land and water corking up the funnels, the water finds no outlet, and, accumulating, spreads, until a lake is formed. Then after several years of pressure upon the thin crust of earth which forms the bottom—separated in many places only a few inches from the cavernous regions below—the water gradually burrows for itself an opening—a leak—which, as it widens, finally gives way to the superincumbent mass of waters, and in a few days, CONVERTS THE LAKE INTO A PRAIRIE AGAIN.

The writer once had his sympathies

aroused in behalf of a friend, “green from the States,” who bought at an extravagant price a tract of very rich “Prairie” in Orange Lake!—land upon which, two years before, in seven foot water, fish had been caught weighing—ever so many pounds.

“IN MEDIAS RES.”

But why, gentle reader, should you and I be kept hovering around the rim of “funnels,” and the margin of springs, when so much unexplored land lies off yonder, inviting adventure and—furnishing the “sounds,” without hearing from which you would say we had done but half justice to our subject?

WANTED! HELP.

It occurred to the writer in the spring of '53 that the field which he occupied—embracing the larger part of three counties—was a trifle too large for one preacher, if not quite enough for two. It was bounded by the Wacahoota Hummock on the North, the Withlacoochee River on the South, and lay all about, east and west, between the St. John's and they Gulf. After correspondence with many, I finally prevailed upon Rev. C—, pastor of the church at —, Ga., to visit me at Ocala and explore the country, with a view to his settlement therein as a missionary. He was the man for the work, a devoted christian, ready speaker, given to protracted-meeting work, full of romance and fond of adventure. He had spent several pastors' holidays hunting and fishing near and within the Okefenokee Swamp, and indeed, had an enviable experience in “roughing” it.

11TH AUG., 1853.

Lakes Griffin, Harris, Eustis—sixty miles away, south—form the head-waters of the Ocklawaha river. The region round about these lakes was just beginning to be colonized, and, forming the outpost of civilization, Billy Bowlegs, being next door neighbor, had a peculiar charm for friend C. He determined to “locate” somewhere there, if after due and adequate consideration (from personal inspection) of “sights and sounds,” he should deem that “the place.” Early in the morning we started horseback on our two days’ journey. Our direct route—one which I had never travelled—having always approached the lakes in the zigzag course which marked the line of my “appointments”—lay, mainly, through the woods and without a track or path, sometimes, for miles. But I had, after a fashion, learned to “navigate” the open pine-barrens, whenever necessary, without fear of being “lost.” One could easily perceive that when our trail died out, friend C. was somewhat troubled. And, after having travelled about an hour without seeing human face, track, or habitation, his patience became exhausted, and, wheeling his horse around, he declared he would turn back. By dint of eloquent and Clearthic (vid. Xen. Anab. Lib. 1) remonstrance, I prevailed on him to continue the journey, with the promise that if we did not see, from the top of the next hill, Lake Ware—five miles in diameter, and not to be flanked by a traveller of sense, going only six miles in the direction of the lake—I would consent

to return. Being outgeneralled once, he yielded gracefully, and continued, however demurely, even to the top of the third hill, where both he and I were rewarded by beholding the lake stretching away in the distance, encircled with its snow-white beach and amphitheatred by circular rows of hills that go rising one above another into the blue beyond.

WHO LIVES HERE?

In a log-cabin near the beach we found dwellers, from whom we received directions as to our route. It was painfully evident, however, that they had not formed the acquaintance of either Morse or Maury, and had very feeble apprehensions of so-called civilized life; but far ahead of many who teach and seem to know much of “things in general,” they displayed a thorough and special knowledge of deer, turkeys, fish and “varmints.” And they had tracked many a deer to his lair on the Ocklawaha. Why, then, should *we* (C. and I) not know the route thither by foot-path or “by sun?” But as the sun occurred oftener than the foot-path, it resolved itself at last into travelling by sun. Near the river we fell into a cart-way which led us down through a mile of wild cane, 15 feet high, to the ferry. This cane is so thick that the traveller who follows the narrow, dim path which winds about in it experiences a feeling of suffocation or of being buried alive, which is no little relieved when he emerges suddenly upon the muddy banks of the sluggish stream. But then there was no ferry-boat in sight, and no appearance of a landing on the

opposite bank—thirty yards off! And friend C., without apprising me of his intention, withdrew to a point ten or fifteen feet away, where he was concealed by the cave, and thence, after due preparation, with a run of a few paces, plunged into the river. Had he been unacquainted with the Alligator family, I should have been alarmed for his safety. As it was, I watched his movements with intense interest. Out into the middle of the river, then around a bend in the same, then lost to view, then—a shout—of triumph. He had found the landing, whereon lay the ferry-boat high and dry. But as it was only a dug-out, he easily launched it; and “manning” it with two stout hands, he soon had it “at your service, sir.” How men and “traps” stowed away in boat, and how horses, led swimming behind, reached the east bank, you know.

MUSIC vs. MORPHEUS.

And sure enough we found lodging that night just a half-mile from the river with an old college mate of the writer, who had but that year moved in, to settle a “quarter” on the rich lands which lie here in greatest abundance. Our host was a bachelor, and he with his overseer occupied a shanty, whose one room was furnished with rifles, shot-guns, powder-horns, bucks’ antlers, tree-forks nailed to the walls to hang clothes on, clothes so hung, a dining table, and two single bedsteads—single, mind you. After most hearty greetings, our kind host announced that the order of the day—extending somewhat into the night—was, “supper at sun-down,” “go to bed at dark.” My travelling com-

panion, whose preparation of three sermons a week had made late hours a second nature, remonstrated with me in an undertone against this regulation and encouraged me to ask whether our host would not consent to a compromise—say 10 o’clock for going to bed. Graciously yielding the point, he yet somewhat inhospitably remarked that, for his part, he must retire as usual, and politely asked us to indulge him at that point.

After supper my companion suggested that, while the table was being cleared we sit under one of the many live-oak trees in the yard, and instantly made for one whose stalwart limbs extending for many yards in all directions, furnished a shady retreat at midday and a refuge from the confinement of the shanty and the clatter of dishes. How cool the breeze that came floating to us from the pine-tops and over the “scrub!” How my companion did expatriate!—with what quotations from Moore and Byron, and Watts, too! He was finding a vent for all the poetry of his nature, and for feelings which had been repressed all day in deference to the superior ardor of old Sol. He had succeeded in awakening some enthusiasm in the soul of your too prosaic writer, even. This he did by parceling out the land between us—he going to the South, and I to the North; our common meeting place, the white beach encircling the lovely Lake Ware, where we would hold a semi-annual camp-meeting. But, hark! what sounds are these we hear? Is it an illusion, or do we hear? They

float, or seem to float, above our heads. Up we look; but just in time to be looked at too. For from every fibre of every bunch of moss swaying above our heads and almost touching our Panama hats, there seemed to descend upon our upturned faces a cohort of singers and pipers and buzzers and-biters. These were but the skirmishers, and in less than no time the main army was in sight, in hearing, on us, over us—an avalanche—a tornado—worse than Sherman's bummers—thick as leaves in [the reader will please supply the proper word], and masters of the "situation." For we had fled incontinently, without making a stand. On and on we scampered into the piny woods, and on to the "scrub," where we were forced to halt, as the reader would himself do if he should meet such a "feature." [Perhaps we may hereafter undertake to describe it]. But still there was no relief for us. The monsters had foreseen our probable line of retreat and carefully fortified every bush and bunch of wire-grass, and as we touched bush or blade, out they rushed, and sword in mouth peppered and blistered, until there was no part nor fraction of spot of exposed surface unpreyed upon. Like mad, we walked and trotted and ran, and then, as if moved by a common impulse, we wheeled about and made in a bee-line for the shanty, nor rested until we joined our host and the overseer in their carefully netted *single* beds. By chance my friend fell in with the large man, and being himself a man of ample dimensions, it so

happened that he was driven up against the netting, and the only relief he had from the dreadful foe was found in availing himself of an advantage with which nature had endowed him, of having a left as well as a right side; so that by a steady revolution of his body there was always one-half of him sheltered at any given moment. His groans were at times pitiable, but he was too polite to disturb the deep slumbers of our friends, who were somewhat used to the music and its concomitant biting.

OFF FOR LAKE HARRIS.

By 6 a. m. the next morning we were parting with our host; and it would have done you good to hear how he rallied my friend upon his early retirement to bed the night before, and his failure to appreciate good music.

On, on through a stretch of pine land, with the river on our right, into a prairie extending for 15 miles. Not a house or a human being had yet been seen, and none were in sight; and we could see—ever so far. This was at that time the country which the old gentleman should have known of, who complained that it was getting too "thick settled" for him at his present home—a family having encroached upon his domain by squatting ten miles from him.

But, oh! that prairie. Has nature, since Eden, made a lovelier landscape? a more bewitching fairy-land? The painter's brush alone could portray it in all its diversified forms of beauty. And even after clothing the

velvety herbage with the hues of green and red and brown with their endless varieties of shades, which nature has given it, and picturing the thousand cattle and deer grazing in the distance, and painting the islets which rise like oases—only that this is no desert—out from the plain, and give it an air of enchantment thought to be peculiar to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence—even then the painter's brush could never give the marvellous *tout ensemble*. My companion was so filled with rapture and all those other affections which poetic souls are said to be capable of, that I found it difficult to travel as rapidly as was necessary in order to reach our destination by night fall. And here again I had to make a compromise—that we would turn aside and spend one hour, by the watch, in one which seemed to be the most inviting of these little islands, provided he would agree afterwards to "hurry up."

AND THAT ISLAND.

But did you suppose that I would undertake to describe it after having exhausted my vocabulary upon the prairie? I will say this much. It was covered with a growth of orange trees, magnolias, gums, iron-wood, and bordered by stately palmettoes, while ripening grapes, rich and luscious, were hanging from many an ambitious unpruned vine. My friend, after no little hunting for them, found the surveyor's numbers of this quarter-section inscribed upon a gigantic magnolia, and took them down in his note-book, with a view to entering it

at the Land Office, and making this rather than Lake Harris, his headquarters.

AT LAKE HARRIS.

Yes, we reached the hospitable abode of Mr. B., situated a few hundred yards from the lake, and just where it unites with Lake Eustis, at about sundown. To-morrow we were to have explored this region, and decided the point where to settle our new missionary. And the fates seemed to be narrowing the point down very much, when our host informed us that our enchanted land—Prairie—was occasionally a lake, and our island was really sometimes an island, and had to be approached in a canoe. Friend C., being a philosopher as well as a poet, gracefully succumbed to the force of circumstances, and heartily addressed himself to the task of ascertaining all possible about the Lake Harris region from our host. We had almost selected a home for him at a point in full view of Silver Lake—described as perfectly circular, several hundred yards in diameter, and surrounded by a beach rivalling that of Long Branch in beauty and adaptedness to bathing purposes. And, indeed, we found it the next morning all that our host had described it, and more. It lies just one mile beyond the narrow stream which connects two of the larger lakes already mentioned, and directly on the route by which we had determined to return home.

We ate supper by the dim light of a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, which attracted bugs, flies, and winged insects of many kinds, includ-

ing mosquitoes. Order of the day here—retire to a well ventilated room, with a double bed—but without nets! Sequel—

MOSQUITOES "SETTLING" A PASTOR.

Yes. The following words, selected here and there from a four-paged letter, will show that :

—, GA., Aug. 30th, '53.

DEAR BROTHER: I had a splendid time on the St. John's—magnificent

river—home again, and here forever — among such kind people—some mosquitoes occasionally—but double beds and good nets—pitty you — . . . come back—good church in want of a preacher just across the Altamaha —bundle up—am taking occasional doses of cooling medicine—much inflammation — *au revoir* —

C

GIRARD COLLEGE.

While on a recent trip to the city of Philadelphia, I visited, for the second time, this celebrated institution. The first time was during the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, when everything was bustle and confusion, owing to the vast crowds which thronged the grounds. Then I saw nothing of special interest, save the main building and the lovely flowers which greeted the eye of the spectator on every side. But I was more highly favored, at the time of my last visit, being accompanied by one of the editors of the Philadelphia *Record*, Chas. H. Foster, Esq., through whose influence numerous courtesies were extended.

I was rather unfavorably impressed at first, because one of the stipulations in the will of Mr. Girard was that no minister of the Gospel of *any denomination* should be permitted to visit the College at any time. This I took to be a movement towards infidelity, and I was prepared to find an institution in which the name of God was never

heard, except in the breath of an oath. To my utter surprise and great delight I found that this was an entirely mistaken idea, and that this partiality was used to prevent the visits of the Roman Catholic priests, who, perhaps, might try to wield an influence in the College among teachers and pupils.

But I am rather anticipating. The institution was established for the education of orphan boys, and is now under the management of what is called "The Board of Directors of City Trusts," which carries out the will of Mr. Girard as nearly as practicable. The interest only, which annually accrues from the mammoth endowment fund, has been used for the current expenses, while a large balance is left every year. This latter has been used for the erection of new buildings on the spacious grounds (which cover several acres), until there are now seven or eight handsome stone structures. These, on account of the increasing number of admissions, have proved to be insufficient, and there is now in process of erection another

magnificent building, three hundred feet long and three stories high, the ground floor of which will be used for the dining-room, and will accommodate "one thousand boys with table room and service."

The main building is, by far, the handsomest. It is three stories high, and surrounded by huge white stone columns, which form a grand colonnade on every side. In the front entrance is a statue of Stephen Girard, overlooking the place where his remains are deposited in a large marble vault. In a room on the second floor may be seen some of his quaint old furniture, as well as chest containing his papers and documents, from 1830 down through several succeeding years. From the top of this building one can obtain a grand view of a large portion of the city, and Fair Mount Park, and can see some distance down the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers.

The chapel is in a separate building and is very conveniently arranged in amphitheatrical form. The seats arise one above another, and the smallest boys are put in front. The exercises are conducted by one of the teachers. Each pew is furnished with hymn books and books containing a form of worship.

We remained some time, as it was nearly their supper hour, to see the little ones in the Primary department march into the dining room. Exactly at 6 o'clock, a large bell sounded and the lines, already formed, began to pour in, according to squadrons or classes. On they came, one company from one direction and another from the opposite, until the spacious hall

was filled. Being seated, a gong sounded, and in a moment three hundred and twenty little napkins were tied around so many necks. A moment more, and the gong struck again, when every head was bowed, every eye closed, every noise hushed, and the teacher in charge returned thanks. As we walked away from the door, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "What possibilities lie within those walls!"

One cannot fail to mark the perfect order maintained in every department and at all times. To insure this, the boys are drilled regularly and march almost as orderly as a well disciplined brigade. I noticed, too, that their hearts are cultivated. On every hand and in every building you may read such mottoes upon the walls as tend to keep the minds of the children on heavenly things.

Orphan boys are received at a very early age, (certainly many of them as early as six,) and kept until they are indentured or are eighteen years old. While there they are furnished with all the necessaries *free*, including four suits of clothes every season—a Sunday suit, a visiting suit and two every day suits, with two caps. They are never permitted to leave the grounds, except by permission, and then only when necessary. When once admitted, they must remain until they are dismissed. And those who conduct themselves well are furnished with several hundred dollars, when they leave, to begin life with. Of course, those who are unmanageable are expelled, while those who conduct themselves best and make best recitations

are awarded prizes and granted certain privileges.

The number of pupils in attendance on the first day of January, 1880, was 872. Admitted during the year 95. The number of applicants for admission that year was 247, and the whole number of applicants seeking admission January 1st, 1881, was 471. These could not be admitted for want of proper accommodations. This difficulty is being rapidly removed, and, perhaps, ere this, more than one thousand helpless orphan boys are receiving the benefits of this great munificence of Mr. Girard. There is also talk of erecting still another building on the premises for the admission of girls. This seems but right, and one cannot but express the hope that this plan will soon be carried into execution.

"Stephen Girard's will provides that the orphans shall be instructed in the various branches of a sound

education—comprehending reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy; natural, chemical, and experimental philosophy; the French and Spanish languages, and such other learning and sciences as the capacities of the several scholars may merit or warrant."

While under instruction, the boys are also taught different trades, or professions, and there has been much correspondence involving the introduction of manual labor as a study.

The whole Girard estate amounts to more than *six millions of dollars!* And besides the grand work done in establishing this excellent institution, several hundred thousand dollars were bequeathed by the testator for cleansing, renovating and beautifying certain parts of the city of Philadelphia. The annual receipts from the investments amount to nearly *nine hundred thousand dollars!*

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

During the first year of the existence of the Institute, there was but one society, which was called "The Polemic Society," and held its sessions in the old carriage house.

On the 14th of February, 1835, the two societies, still existing, and known as the *Euzelian* and *Philomathesian*, were organized.

The members of the two societies were chosen originally from the body of the students by lot—Hiram K. Person, the first Euzelian, and James C. Dockery, the first Philomathesian casting the lots.

The first public appearance of these two societies was on the 4th of July, 1835, when among other ceremonies appropriate to the day, Mrs. Wait, the wife of the Principal, presented the societies with banners bearing the mottoes and cabalistic characters which still distinguish them.

These were not, however, the same banners the societies now have, nor were they distinguished by the same colors they have now. *White* and *blue* were the colors then, instead of *blue* and *red*.

It was on this occasion or the year

after that the two prominent gentlemen mentioned above, Messrs. Dockery and Person, delivered addresses which had the honor to be published by the Trustees and students, and I may add they were worthy of the honor, considered in respect to either matter or style.

Hiram K. Person was a native of Moore county, was a remote connection of the large and respectable Person family of Franklin county—read law, and promised to develop into a useful and influential man, but died early. *(in her service)*

James C. Dockery left Wake Forest to take an extended European tour with Professor John Armstrong—studied and traveled abroad for two or three years, and on his return to America settled in the State of Mississippi, where he attained distinction as a college professor. He was a younger brother of General Alfred Dockery, of Richmond county, who was one of the most noted men of his day in politics, and accumulated a large fortune.

The Societies entered the halls provided for them in what is known now as the old building, about the beginning of 1838. , 1854

It was not until Feb. 14th, 1853, that the custom of celebrating the anniversary of the societies was introduced. The orators of that occasion were the Rev. B. F. Marable, now a useful and popular Presbyterian divine, and T. H. Pritchard.

In 1872 a feature of much additional interest was imparted to the anniversary celebration by a public debate, which was held for the first time that year. The disputants were

Messrs. F. R. Underwood and M. D. Burney on the one side and Messrs. A. R. Jones and R. T. Vann on the other.

There was no regular organization of the Alumni of the College till 1861, when the first address before the Association was delivered by the venerable Dr. W. T. Brooks. This address, which was mainly devoted to the early history of the College, was very properly printed, and so far as I know is the only one which has been printed. I do not know a college at which more interest has been taken in the Societies, or where a larger measure of profit to the students has resulted from that interest. Very early in the history of the Societies an earnest effort was made to create a library for each, and the liberality displayed in this direction, as well as the discretion exercised in the selection of books, was worthy of all commendation.

In 1879 the Board of Trustees proposed to the Societies that they would appropriate two handsome halls in the new Heck-Williams Building for the use of the Societies, and would fit up in good style a Library Hall, if the Societies would place at their disposal their libraries, to be called thenceforth the College Library, and to be under the management of the faculty and students. The Societies accepted the proposition, and the Trustees prepared the best arranged Library Hall in North Carolina for the reception of the 8,000 volumes thus turned over to them. In connection with the Library is a Reading Room, the furnishing of which was generously undertaken by the Hon. C. M. Cooke, of Franklin

county, in which are to be found nearly all of the papers of the State, and many of the leading newspapers and periodicals of this country and Europe. The Reading Room is open for two hours, and the Library one hour every afternoon.

The Librarian and Superintendent of the Reading Room have their tuition fees remitted in consideration of their services, and are chosen annually from alternate societies. A library fee of \$2.00 per term is collected from each student to be applied to the improvement of the Library.

The Halls of the Societies will soon be too small to accommodate the increasing number of students, but they are very handsomely frescoed, and are beautiful and adorned by furniture and pictures elaborately, and at very considerable cost. Indeed I do not know a college in the South which has handsomer Halls.

I may add in this connection that the Library Hall will accommodate 50,000 volumes, while we have but 8,000, and it is in order for any lover of learning to fill up those shelves by gifts of money or books.

A REMINISCENCE.

"—Heu, Fortuna. quis est crudelior in nos Te deus? Ut semper gaudes illudere rebus Humanis." —*Horace, Sat. II. viii.*

I know that it was a lawn dress she wore—a dress of snowy whiteness and light and ethereal as a gossamer web. I know this, I say, because I remember wondering at the time whether the angels and all the little seraphs and cherubs were not clad in just such graceful and unsullied drapery. I can see her now, twirling around with her fingers a light chip hat, as she entered the parlor at the hotel, with a cordial greeting and an apology for having kept me waiting.

You see I had made an engagement with her that morning, just before she left the Hall, at the close of the Commencement exercises, for a walk at sundown. Of course it did not make much difference which way we went; but, wanting to have our walk uninterrupted, if possible, I suggested that we should go to the Rock Spring, and

we were soon on our way thither. I don't think that I ever was much happier. Ever since I had met her the Christmas before at Mrs. Aaron Jones' candy pulling in Frankville county, I had been desperately in love with her. She would not let me write to her, but that had not kept me from dreaming and dreaming about her, till I did not get through on Greek—or anything else.

It was quite a lively scene as we passed through the Campus and up Main Street. Scores of couples were promenading together, and handsome equipages were rapidly dashing by. But I did not see much of them, nor care much for them either, for that matter, for had not the hour for which I had longed come at last, the supreme hour, all golden and radiant, with hope and expectation?

Now everybody that knows me, knows that I do not find much trou-

ble talking—the fact is, sometimes I talk too much, but that evening it was the hardest work that ever I tried to do—even harder than writing exercises all by myself. I thought of lots of things to say, but none of them were just the right things; they did not seem specially to lead to, or be in keeping with the main thing that I had made up my mind to say. But, just after we turned the corner, and entered the solitary lane, we faced a perfect inspiration of a sunset, burning in the western horizon—I wish I had time to describe it, but never mind about that now. I called Flora's attention to it—you see her name was Flora—and then I said some pretty little pieces of poetry that came in very nicely in connection with the gleaming clouds and far-streaming light. This lubricated things a little, and opened the way for a tenderer strain. The ice once broken, I found myself, not without some embarrassment, it is true, but still with more ease than I had anticipated, approaching the delicate and personal question; indeed, ere we had sauntered slowly, side by side, adown the long declivity, she had good reason to know what was coming, and it came soon, too! Of course we took a drink from the crystal waters which trickled into the moss-lined rock basin. I remember saying some foolish trifles as I folded away in my pocket the leaf which had served as her cup—that the spot her lips had touched was sacred, or something like that. I was not thirsty a bit, but I had noticed my voice getting husky a little, and I did not want to appear embarrassed, so I drank a

leaf full. Just above the spring is a broad rock where we sat. I never go there now and see it without having a peculiar feeling, but nothing like such a peculiar feeling as I had that evening. I had often thought it all over, and fixed it up in my mind how it would be, but it was more solemn times than I had ever dreamed of. If things do not get to be personal when John has Jane all alone to himself, and tells her about it—then when do they? that's what I want to know? I really had no notion in the world how Miss Flora was going to take it, but I soon discovered that she liked me, nay, when I pressed the question, on my knees, with all the piteous appeal that can come out of one's eyes, or speak in the tones of his voice, she confessed to it, and with a smile that was like the opening, for an instant, of the gate of Paradise, she whispered, "Yes!"

Just how we got back to the hotel, I don't know, and never have known. It seems to me that we floated—yes, that's just the word. It was as if millions and millions of little houris and peris and fluttering cupids hovered in the air around and lifted me homeward—the very fence rails were rainbow hues, and the earth on which we trod seemed carpeted with violet petals, and all the perfumes of Araby filled the circumambient. But, yes! I do remember this! where Flora stepped in the clean, white sand, slightly moistened by the recent shower, she left, like a pretty dimple, the print of her little slipper there, and I made up my mind that before breakfast the next morning I would repair to the spot with a

pan of melted wax to pour into the dainty mould, that I might keep it forever. The understanding, as we parted at the hotel door, was that our love for each other was to be a profound secret, and that I was to promenade with her at the Hall that night. She said she could not go thither with me, because she had promised to go with Mr. Silas Slimberwig, who had come with her from Frankville county.

I thought that I had about done my best that afternoon when, before my glass, I arrayed myself for the walk, but I must say, though I say it myself, that that night I did put on an extra touch. There was a cravat at the store which I had looked at lovingly and longingly for three months but had thought it cost too much for my purse; but that night I took some of the money which I had saved to carry me home, and bought it. Adnoddle lent me his diamond pin (he said it was diamond, though some of the fellows maliciously declared 'twas nothing but glass.) In fact, I think I may say that I was gotten up "quite regardless." That the Hall was a blaze of light and a dazzle of beauty goes without saying. I was so full of a sense of joyous triumph and of bright anticipation of the promised promenade that I did not talk to any other young ladies. True, Balldrop wanted to introduce me to a lovely young lady with yellow hair, from his county, but I was so much afraid that if I got with her no one would relieve me and that I might lose my anticipated pleasure, that I declined and anxiously awaited 11 o'clock when my time was to come.

Flora was sitting in the President's chair of the Phi Hall—that dreadful bore, Slimberwig, was talking to her. In order to be on hand and not lose any time I had seated myself just to her left and slightly in her rear, where she did not see me at all, though I could very distinctly hear every word she uttered. I knew she would not mind that, for were we not as one, with every thought in unison? I confess, however, it worried me a little, to see how much she appeared to be enjoying herself. But, of course, I knew she was anxious for the time to come when I should join her, and that she would rather be with me than with anybody else in the world, so, after all, in spite of the worry, I rather enjoyed the way she was deceiving her escort in making him think she really was—pleasantly entertained by him. For a few moments my attention was attracted to a party of young ladies—one of them, I remember, wore a pale green silk—who were standing near me, and when I heard Flora's voice again, she was saying: "—And would you believe it? that stupid boy had the impudence to make love to me this evening! You know I couldn't well refuse to walk with him, as I had no other engagement, and so I went with him to a place he called Rock Spring, and O, I would give anything if you could just have seen the silly fellow on his knees on the bare ground! It was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face." "What did I tell him?" continued she, in response to an inquiry which I did not hear, "why, I told him I loved him ever so much,

and we are going to have some capital fun out of it—that is, *I am*."

* * * * *

I did not promenade any that night, I thought I'd rather not. One of the boys asked me after a while what made me look so. I told him that I had a headache; but I did not: it was a fib. Folks often say they have headaches just as an excuse for something else. The fact is I had the heartache, but I was not going to tell him so.

I concluded not to carry out my plan about the wax. After all, it was only a foolish conceit. The cravat is

in my trunk now. I have wished a hundred times I had not bought it. It is not half so pretty as I thought it was.

I had thought that I would finish telling about me and Flora, but I don't believe I will. I do not take half the interest in it that I did when I began. I have just received a letter from down in Frankville. It says that Flora married old Mr. Bunkin during the Christmas holidays. She is his third wife, and he has seven small children.

WORTH REPEATING.

[Extract from address before the New York State Missionary Convention at Auburn, by John H. Deane, Esq.—*Examiner.*]

WHY WOMEN SHOULD BE EDUCATED.

Now, sir, I make, and I think I can maintain, these two propositions:

First, that the higher education of women—the collegiate education, if you please—is just as desirable, and just as essential, as the higher education, the collegiate education of man; and second that society needs and the church needs educated, and highly educated women, just as much, to say the least, as they need educated, and highly educated men. “But,” says some educated man, proud of his Latin and proud of his beard, “*cui bono*, what the good of educating women thus?” I answer, sir, by asking the inquirer two questions for his one. First. What the good of colleges for men? and, second, what the good of any education for either men or women? And by whatever argument it may be shown that it is wise and well to educate at all, whether man or woman; or that it is wise and well to provide high schools and colleges for men, by just those arguments can I demonstrate that it is wise and well to provide high schools and colleges for women, and to offer them co-equal opportunities with men.

What, then, is the true, the fundamental argument whereby to prove the expediency and the necessity of colleges for men—of educating men? Is it that he may become thereby a

better jurist, or a better statesman, or a better legislator, or a better president or governor, or a better teacher, or a better preacher? I think not. But it is something above, and beneath, and beyond, and outreaching, and yet including all these, and all such specific objects. It is that man, being educated, is better fitted and prepared and better able, whatever be his place or station, to perform his duty towards, and to exert his influence upon his fellowmen.

No man lives unto himself, but unto his neighbor, and through his neighbor unto his God; and yet every man is daily shaping destinies besides his own for time and for eternity. No woman lives unto herself, but unto her neighbor, and through her neighbor unto her God; and every woman is daily shaping destinies besides her own for time and for eternity. And whatever of help, of encouragement, of preparation, of education, man requires to enable him to perform his life work more faithfully and more successfully, woman requires, and is entitled to the same.

OBJECTIONS SOMETIMES MADE.

And now permit me, sir, to notice, very briefly, a few of the objections which are most frequently encountered, when we attempt to advocate the cause of woman’s education.

First: We are told that woman has a different sphere—with an emphasis, and sometimes a contemptuous emphasis on that word—a different sphere from that of man; and that, so long as she is content to be and remain and work in her own proper sphere, she has comparatively little need of a liberal education.

That woman has her sphere, her own particular sphere, her God-appointed sphere, I grant. That, as a general rule, she is and always will be willing to abide therein, I hope and believe. But that she in her sphere, and because of her sphere, requires but little education, or less than man, that I deny.

Why, Mr. President, when you come to look at it, woman's sphere, much as it may seem to differ, has in it all the elements of man's, and after all, the two are very much alike. In these United States we have one president, some forty governors, a few hundred legislators and judges, and a few thousand preachers who are men, and whose especial need of education, being men, and holding these positions, every one concedes. But, sir, as this nation is composed of sovereign States, so are these States made up of little sovereignties, numbering millions, in each of which the chief executive, and half, at least, of the legislative and judicial power, is vested in—a woman, who at the same time is principal pastor, preacher and teacher. And I cannot but believe that whatever of mental discipline and of educational acquirement will aid a man in making laws for men and women, in preaching the truth to men and wo-

men, the same will aid a woman in making laws for boys and girls, and in preaching the truth to boys and girls.

Second: We are told that woman has not the physical ability of man, and is, therefore, less able to acquire an education. If, by "physical ability" is meant dynamic power, mere strength of muscle, wherewith to lift and pull and strike, then I admit that woman is the inferior in that respect. But if you mean the power of endurance, the power of persistence, the power of continuing, untiring, persevering labor, then I claim that woman's physical ability equals, and perhaps, surpasses man's. Of the two, the man undoubtedly will be the better able, and the more willing, to pull somebody else's tooth; but when it comes to having one's own extracted, he will be the first to propose an anaesthetic. There are, of course, delicate girls and delicate women, and so there are delicate boys and delicate men, and many more of each than there ought to be, or would be, if our mothers were better educated in the laws of health and physical culture; but that girls and women are, of necessity and constitutionally, less able than boys and men, to acquire a thorough education, is a proposition which, according to my observation and information, cannot be substantiated.

Third: We are told that woman, intellectually, is so constituted that she cannot compete with man in the acquirement of knowledge, nor equal his attainments. In answer to which, I have only to say that it is hard to

determine the mental capabilities of woman, as compared with those of man, until she has been given corresponding opportunities. And yet, in the history of science, literature and art, how many names there are of women, whose achievements have been glorious, who have ranked among the highest, and whose memories we cher-

ish with love and admiration. What woman can do is yet to be determined, but this we know, that with all her disadvantages, she has already evinced a high degree of intellectual power, and accomplished marked and benificent results in the advancement of Christian civilization.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

[From January ECLECTIC.]

The traveller by railway across the American continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the

souths of narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim, creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty, monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of water-falls, leaping down the crags, scattered pine trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys, to find, too, that every mile brings you further into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons

have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

Winding rapidly down a succession of gorges or cañons (for every valley in the West seems to be known as a cañon), the traveller finds at the last that he has entered the "Great Basin" of North America, and has arrived near the margin of the Great Salt Lake. Looking back, he perceives that the route by which he has come is one of many transverse valleys, hollowed out of the flanks of the noble range of the Wahsatch Mountains. This range serves at once as the western boundary of the plateau country and as the eastern rim of the Great Basin, into which it plunges as a colossal rampart from an average height of some 4,000 feet above the

plain, though some of its isolated summits rise to more than twice that altitude. From the base of this mountain wall the country stretches westward as a vast desert plain, in a slight depression of which lies the Great Salt Lake. By industriously making use of the drainage from their mountain barrier, the Mormons have converted the strip of land between the base of the heights and the edge of the water into fertile fields and well-kept gardens.

Everybody knows that the Great Basin has no outlet to the ocean; yet nobody can see the scene with his own eyes and refuse to admit the sense of strange novelty with which it fills his mind. One's first desire is naturally to get to the lake. From a distance it looks blue enough, and not different from other sheets of water. But on a nearer view its shore is seen to be a level plain of salt-crusted mud. So gently does this plain slip under the water that the actual margin of the lake is not very sharply drawn. The water has a heavy, motionless, lifeless aspect, and is practically destitute of living creatures of every kind. Fish are found in the rivers leading into the lake, but into the lake itself they never venture. Nor did we see any of the abundant bird-life that would have been visible on a fresh-water lake of such dimensions. There was a stillness in the air and on the water befitting the strange desert aspect of the scenery.

After looking at the water for a little, the next step was of course to get into it. The Mormons and Gentiles of Salt Lake City make good use of

their lake for bathing purposes. At convenient points they have thrown out wooden piers, provided with dressing-rooms and hot water apparatus. Betaking ourselves to one of these erections, my companion and I were soon fitted out in bathing costumes of approved pattern, and descending into the lake, at once realized the heaviness of the water. In walking, the leg that is lifted off the bottom seems somehow bent on rising to the surface, and some exertion is needed to force it down again to the mud below. One suddenly feels top-heavy, and seems to need special care not to turn feet uppermost. The extreme shallowness of the lake is also soon noticed. We found ourselves at first barely over our knees, so we proceeded to march into the lake. After a long journey—so long that it seemed we ought to be almost out of sight of the shore—we were scarcely up to the waist. At its deepest part the lake is not more than about fifty feet in depth. Yet it measures eighty miles in length, by about thirty-two miles in extreme breadth. We made some experiments in flotation, but always with the uncomfortable feeling that our bodies were not properly ballasted for such water, and that we might roll over or turn round head downmost at any moment. It is quite possible to float in a sitting posture with the hands brought round the knees. As one of the risks of these experiments, moreover, the water would now and then get into our eyes, or find out any half-healed wound which the blazing sun of the previous weeks had inflicted upon our faces. So rapid is

the evaporation in the dry air of this region that the skin after being wetted is almost immediately crusted with salt. I noticed, too, that the wooden steps leading up to the pier were hung with slender stalactites of salt from the drip of the bathers. After being pickled in this fashion we had the luxury of washing the salt off with the *douche* of hot water wherewith every dressing-room is provided.

It is strange to reflect that the varied beauty of the valleys in the neighboring mountains, with their meadows, clumps of cotton-wood trees, and rushing streams, should lead into this lifeless stagnant sea. One could not

contemplate the scene without a strong interest in the history of the Great Salt Lake. The details of this history have been admirably worked out by Mr. G. K. GILBERT. Theoretically, we infer that the salt lakes of continental basins were at first fresh, and have become salt by secular evaporation of their waters, and consequent concentration of the salt washed by them out of their various drainage basins. But in the case of the Great Salt Lake, the successive stages of this long process have been actually traced in the records left behind on the surface of the ground.

WHAT A TIMELY WORD MAY DO.

[From THE EXAMINER.]

On a Sunday evening some twenty years ago, a dissipated young man was lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of time. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard. His nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said in cordial tones, "Mr. GOUGH, come, go down with me to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the young man con-

sented to go. He went. He heard the appeals there made, and with tremulous hands he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet.

The poor boot-crumper, who tapped him on the shoulder, good JOEL STRATTON, has gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet JOHN B. GOUGH on the platform of the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester.

THE DEAD STUDENT.

[From Will Carleton's FARM FESTIVALS.]

'Twas mighty slow to make it seem as if poor Brown was dead ;
 'Twas only just the day he died, he had to take his bed ;
 The day before he played first base, and ran McFarland down ;
 And then to slip away so sly, 'twas not at all like Brown.

'Twas hard for my own life to leave that fellow's life behind ;
 'Tis work, sometimes, to get a man well laid out in your mind !
 It wouldn't have shook me very much, long after all was o'er,
 To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past my door !

Poor Brown ! so white and newly still within his room he lay !
 I called upon him, as it were, at noon the second day.
 A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward like, and queer ;
 We hadn't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We never pulled together square a single night or day :
 Whate'er direction I might start Brown went the other way ;
 (Excepting in our love affairs ; we picked a dozen bones
 About a girl Smith tried to get, who fin'lly married Jones.)

He worked against me in our class before my very eyes ;
 He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize ;
 I never wanted any place, clean from the last to first,
 But Brown was sure to have a friend who wanted it the worst.

In the last campus rush, we came to strictly business blows,
 And with the eye he left undimmed, I viewed his damaged nose ;
 In short, I came at last to feel—I own it with dismay—
 That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out the way.

He lay within his dingy room, as white as drifted snow—
 Things all around were wondrous neat—the women fixed them so ;
 'Twas plain he had no hand in that, and naught about it knew ;
 'To've seen the order lying round, it would have made him blue !

A bright bouquet of girlish flowers smiled on the scene of death,
 And through the open window came a sweet geranium-breath ;
 Close-caged, a small canary bird, with glossy, yellow throat,
 Tripped drearily from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed sat poor McFarland near,
 Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear ;

A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake,
Sat sobbing in a corner near, as if her heart would break.

The books looked pale and wretched like, almost as if they knew,
And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to the view;
His rod and gun were in their place; and high where all could see,
Gleamed jauntily the boating-cup he won last year from me.

I lifted up the solemn sheet; the honest, manly face
Had signs of study and of toil that death could not erase;
As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,
Brown's face showed yet the mind and soul that late had burned within.

He looked so grandly helpless there upon that lonely bed—
Ah me! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead!
“Old boy,” said I, “’twas half my fault; this heart makes late amends.”
I grasped the white, cold hand in mine—and Brown and I were friends.

TRUE WOMAN.

HERSELF.

To be a sweetness more desired than spring;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree’s arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine’s drained juice; a music ravishing
More than passionate pulse of Philomel;—
To be all this ’neath one soft bosom’s swell
That is the flower of life:—how strange a thing!
How strange a thing to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven’s own screen
Hides her soul’s purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,—
The wave-bowered pearl—the heart-shaped seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

HER HAVEN.

If to grow old in heaven is to grow young,
(As the seer saw and said,) then blest were he
With youth forevermore, whose heaven should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes have sung.
Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of the tongue,—

Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee
 About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
 Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.
 The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
 Like any hill-flower ; and the noblest troth
 Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's promise clothe
 Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
 This test for love :—in every kiss sealed fast
 To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

IO VICTIS.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
 The Hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife ;
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplets of fame—
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
 Who strove, and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part ;
 Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the
 dying of day

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheard, alone,
 With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
 Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
 Thronging after laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
 In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying—and there
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a
 prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, “They only the victory win,
 Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts
 us within ;
 Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on
 high ;
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die.”

Speak, History ! who are life's victors ? Unroll thy long annals and say—
 Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day ?
 The Martyrs, or Nero ? the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
 Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges or Socrates ? Pilate, or Christ ?

EDITORIAL.

LIKE PRESS, LIKE PEOPLE.

The secular press of our time, despoiled of forgeries, defalcations, divorces, desertions, suicides, murders, and a hundred nameless crimes, would be seriously dwarfed, but most pleasantly improved. A poor, obscure wretch in South-western Texas, in a fit of passion or greed, perpetrates a crime whose horrible details make the editor's hair stand on end. It is seized as a piece of good luck—a charming bit. In a pleasant home in North Carolina, where "our paper" is looked for with eagerness, a maiden opens it for an hour's entertainment and profit. "A Terrible Tragedy," in deep type, is the first thing that strikes her eye. Curiosity stirs; she reads and shudders, but under the fascination of an undreamed revelation, she goes through to the end. The sweet chambers of her mind are haunted by the horrid picture; the pure current of her thoughts has been tainted—she is not what she was before.

Such stories in our newspapers are to be deprecated on the same grounds as dime novels and the *Police Gazette*. They show how different crimes may be consummated, invite the mind to dwell upon the depraved side of human life, and not infrequently invest it with something of romance. The youthful reader sees in each paper numerous instances of the breach of the moral principles taught him at home

—sees as much of that as of the opposite—and unconsciously loses respect for these principles; there is a gradual letting-down in his character; and, without due restraints and opposing influences, he becomes capable of doing, not to say stimulated to do, the deeds on which his thoughts so often rest. On the other hand, we may ask, Is there any profit in these revelations of crime? None. "What of the knowledge of human nature?" We reply that the knowledge of human nature which generates and fosters suspicion, distrust, and misanthropy, and so makes life a night of watching against imposition, were better exchanged for blissful ignorance. "But, should we not know what is going on in the world?" Certainly; but we cannot know all. Tell only what is worth the telling, and remember the principle of perspective. The suit for divorce on the part of an unworthy man against an unworthy woman—bring it not into the picture; we want no such spectre haunting the peace of our domestic life. The young man was overcome in the life-struggle, and killed himself. Well, leave the sinner with his God, and with the story of his fall do not frighten clean away the fickle hope of another strugger. Horrifying crimes are abnormal and exceptionable. Let the effort expended in the search for these be

given to the search for the healthful industries, the successes, the triumphs over adverse circumstances, and views of happy home-life—and the bright and encouraging side of life will be presented, the wholesome effect of which may require time to appear, but will appear in more virtuous and happy homes, and in a purer government. The commission of a crime at once gains public mention for the criminal. If any name is to be borne about on the winds, let it be one which will not contaminate, but instruct or inspire.

But it is insisted that there is a demand for this information, and the business of the *newspaper* is to furnish it. It should be remembered, however, that this morbid appetite has been strengthened as it has been fed by the press. Besides, the standard of the press ought to be above that of the people, at least a little above, so that there will be a natural progress in people and press, from the rude and elementary, to the refined and noble, character possible for both. In our opinion the proper line of newspaper research and record is indicated in the opening of MACAULAY's *History of England*. We say "the proper line," because there is an obvious difference in the work of the editor and the historian, which need not be dwelt upon. But both have in view the same end—the communication of valuable knowledge about men and things. The editor records what is passing under

his eye. The historian succeeds in proportion as he transports himself into the past and describes that past as an eyewitness. MACAULAY's words are: "I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements." On a smaller scale these changes *in transitu* are the staple of the editor's materials. But our ideal editor, as the ideal historian, is the culmination of a growth: in the words of the old grammarians, "the present is imperfect, the perfect is future." For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with a bit of advice to the young reader. When you see "A Terrible Tragedy," "A Story of Crime," "Blank Ends His Life on the Gallows," "A Strange Suicide," "A Mortal Feud," "Horrible Termination of Misguided Love," etc.—just say, "I'm sorry for the poor creatures," and turn another page.

BOOKS AND MEN.

Those who read effectually do not fail to recognize a manifest analogy between books and men. The reason is obvious when we consider the relation a book sustains to its author. What a man does depends upon what he is. No man can produce a work greater than himself. A book, if it deserves to be called such, is an embodiment of thoughts, sentiments and principles—not so much ink and paper bound in a portable form. These thoughts and principles possess the prevailing characteristics of the author. It is true here, just as in other departments of nature, "Like begets like." No man can make a book the character of which is better than his own. The book is a transcript of the author. The prejudices, whims, idiosyncracies of the one are transmitted to the other, though sometimes in a disguised form.

This view of the subject would suggest choice in what we read, as we are careful in choosing our companions. If men, by the influence of their personality, exert a power in fashioning our character and destiny, their writings, which possess the same qualities, may be productive of the same results. One cannot afford to read a bad book any more than he can afford to keep bad company. There are some that would shrink from companionship with a débauché, and yet read with eagerness a novel or romance that would lead them to the bad by a shorter route. If evil associations stain character, a pernicious book yields a subtler influence in vitiating

one's tastes and corrupting his morals. We never read a good book without having greater esteem for its author; we never read a bad one without feeling disesteem for its author.

Some men are *brusque*, spleenish, morose, phlegmatic; others are genial, humorous, and effervescent with glad-some gurglings from Pierian fountains. Are we not warranted in expecting these qualities to appear in books? There are some at the mere opening of which the reader begins to grow sleepy; the reasoning of the author falls like an incubus on his mind. If he were inquisitive enough to search out the philosophy of the stupefying effect, he would perhaps conclude that his author had sprung from Thracian swamps. On the other hand, he takes up a book, the pages of which glitter with gems and sparkle with wit till his spirit is exhilarated in delight, and he rejoices in the newly-made acquaintance of a genial companion.

Men are mortal. Has it not occurred to you that books, too, are mortal? Some live a few years, some a generation, some even longer, and then die—a few are imperishable. In our public libraries are books in which there is no more life than in an Egyptian mummy. When books die, we loose respect for them. It would seem that they are entitled to a decent burial! Practice, however, adheres to the Egyptian plan—they are only embalmed.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

In the January number of *THE STUDENT*, in an editorial, "Success in College," we expressed as our view that success in the school was not in every case sufficient guaranty of success in the active duties of life. As some have been disposed to put an unfavorable construction on some things we said, we will state, in justification of the position then taken, that we were addressing those who were already in the school or had finished a course at college, and not those who had never sought the advantages offered at college. The chief object of that article was to encourage some that might be dissatisfied with their facilities for acquiring knowledge, and to caution those whose brilliant talents had given them preëminence in college against relying too much on their success and neglecting the efforts necessary to meet the demands of unceasing activity in life.

So far from depreciating college advantages, we cherish as one of our strongest convictions that college education at the present age is a necessary prerequisite to an enlarged sphere of usefulness. The fact that many have been an honor to their country, and a blessing to the world without such advantages, is not to be ignored. But these triumphed in spite of impeding obstacles.

Why go to college? We answer, that agencies are necessary in acquiring an education, and college training

is the best agency; that those who have spent years in study are better prepared to discipline mind and teach what we want to know; that young men aspiring for knowledge and usefulness find a wholesome stimulus and emulation at college which promote larger development than could be otherwise attained; that the number of failures in life is infinitely smaller among those who have availed themselves of a college education than among those who have aspired unaided by it to usefulness and eminence; and finally, we owe it to ourselves, our country and our God, to make the best use of the powers with which we are endowed.

It is universally recognized that Germany stands at the head of nations in scholars, thinkers and philosophers. The reason is obvious. German universities are the best in the world. Their educational advantages are superior to all others. Hundreds go from England and America to Berlin, Leipzig and Göttingen. Great numbers of English and American graduates are found there, pursuing their studies from the point at which they left off in their own country. An instance of a German graduate coming to Cambridge or Oxford to complete his education is scarcely on record. What stronger proof would one ask of the value of college or university training?

"SCIENTIFIC" AND "SELECT" COURSES.

What we mean by the above is that class of courses, sometimes, and very properly, called "short" ones; and which quite often include numerous branches of study denominated as "optional;" that is, you can take them or let them alone, and, sad to say, all such are more frequently "let alone" than "taken." A true definition of them would be, shadows which look like substance, a name which promises more than it gives, a poor substitute for that which is intrinsically valuable. And a more specific definition is, the classical course minus the classics, a compromise between the teachers and the student who wants an education, but who does not feel inclined to *work* for it—who desires to graduate, but can't exactly see the use of Latin, Greek, &c., &c.—does not want to befog his brain by digging and searching amid the dry, dusty ruins of the past. *He* wants something fresh, practical, useful, and yet pleasant. We make no argument against the study of Science, or indeed, any of those branches usually embraced by "Select" or "Scientific" courses. The study of all these is indeed of the highest importance, but the trouble of it is, that the man who prosecutes them through a "Select" course is not prepared properly to appreciate or understand them. The mind needs a certain amount of training before it begins to grapple with the hidden powers in nature. The mind also needs a certain *kind* of training which is essentially necessary to

an educated man, but which is never found in any "Scientific" or "Select" course. Such courses are attractive, and for this reason also they are objectionable. If you take up a catalogue and examine them, they read very well; in fact, they often strike a young man as being just the identical thing he wants. He very easily comes to this conclusion, for he knows that Latin and Greek are hard, and his youthful mind, aided by this knowledge, urged by natural laziness, and charmed by the beauties of Science, soon grasps the idea, and he enters his "Scientifically Selected" course, looking with scorn upon the man who is so foolish as to spend the best days of his life groping in classic darkness. Not only do such courses often start boys in the wrong direction, but also frequently lure them from the proper path. A young man comes to college and, not knowing exactly what to do, some friend wisely advises him to take up a regular course. So he buys his books—complete outfit—and enters with enthusiasm upon his long journey of four years. He has a great deal of trouble at first—says he can't get his mind to working, but thinks he will overcome that soon. But the shadows deepen as he penetrates further into the dense forest which CICERO, HORACE, LIVY, PLATO, XENOPHON, DEMOSTHENES, and others of like character have planted; and now and then, as he plods along he becomes entangled in some long Latin sentence, and struggling to free himself

he falls, striking his aching head against some jagged, horrible Greek form. This accident repeats itself with such painful frequency that as he halts occasionally to rest his wearied, bruised frame, serious doubts begin to cross his mind as to whether he is on the right road or not. Gloomily brooding over his troubles and trials, suddenly an enchanting "Scientific" course looms up before his distorted fancy. He at first refuses to entertain the idea, but the more he stumbles, flounders, and falls, the deeper grows the conviction, that a "Select" course is the thing for *him*, till finally he yields, drops his regular studies, and enters with fearless step the fields of Science. Here he soon finds that, for him at least, things are not what they seemed. He becomes restless and begins to write postal cards for catalogues of other colleges—business colleges, where a man takes the whole course and *graduates* in six months. Soon you see a trunk carried to the depot and a boy departing, and the next time you hear from him he is married and settled down near home and running a little one-horse farm, or, more likely, a little

store or perhaps clerking for some retail merchant. If perchance he completes his "select" course, and *graduates* in the sublime degree of B. S., B. L., or Ph. B., as a general thing *he* is the man who on the day of graduation thinks that he has reached the acme, and congratulates himself on having reached it without engaging in the rough-and-tumble conflicts with his companions. Of course there are exceptions to all rules. "Oh but!" says one, "I can't come to college but two years, and I had better take up a short course." Well, we don't think so; for the first two years of a long course will do you as much good, or more, than two years of a short one; and if you take up a regular course and prosecute it for two years, the chances are, two to one, that you will complete it—friends will rise up who will help you. If you start a "selecto-scientific" course and complete it, you will then be at the end of the row, and that a very short one. Father, if you have a boy to send to college, see that he starts right. Young man, if you want an *education*, you must make up your mind to work for it.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE average daily attendance of the Chicago schools is about 50,000 pupils.

—DURING the Fall Term, just closed, Wake Forest College catalogued 148 students—more than during the same term of last session. The prospect for the Spring Term is good.

—JANUARY 26TH—meeting of the Alumni and Trustees of the University in Raleigh.

—IN New Zealand, generally regarded as a heathen country, the day schools have an enrolment of 1,623, and an average attendance of 1,277. Most of the scholars are Maori.

—THE Ohio State University has a mechanical department, which is said to be well equipped and effective.

—DURING the revolutionary period the four or five chartered schools of North Carolina were under Episcopal control.

—ON the 2nd of January Oxford Female Seminary lost Prof. FREY, the chief in the department of music. He was walking in the yard, fell, was carried in, and died in half an hour.

—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY has 322 students, divided as follows: College of Liberal Arts, 156; College of Medicine, 42; College of Fine Arts, 132; (counted twice, 8.) The students of Fine Arts are nearly all ladies.

—A YALE FRESHMAN, it is said, stood examination for entrance twenty years ago, but went into business instead. Now, at last having placed his financial affairs on a solid basis, he returns to enter upon his long-deferred course of study.

—THE late STEPHEN WHITNEY PHÆNIX bequeathed nearly \$1,000,000 to the Columbia College, part of it at once, and the rest on the death of his brother and sisters. The money is to be applied chiefly to the purchase of scientific apparatus and books.

—THE Brown University Catalogue contains the names of twenty-two Professors, instructors, etc. Brown reckons its Librarian and his assistant as members of the Faculty, and neither of these gentlemen fills any other position in the College. There are 54 Seniors, 54 Juniors, 69 Sophomores and 74 Freshmen—total, 251. Sixteen students take a "select course."

—MAJ. BINGHAM gives his boys four weeks Christmas vacation, Davidson College gives two weeks, Chapel Hill two, and Wake Forest *forty-eight hours*. Evidently there is a difference of opinion as to the length of time boys should have for Christmas. Who is right?

—THE HON. J. L. M. CURRY, agent of the Peabody Fund, has written to the committee appointed to confer with him about the delivery of an address before the General Assembly on the subject of education, and designated Wednesday, January 18th, as the time.

—THE first school law in North Carolina was enacted in 1840, and continued in its main features until 1865. North Carolina was the only Southern State that kept up any system of free schools during the dark days of 1861-'64. At the close of the war the permanent school fund, amounting to \$2,850,000, was lost.

—WORK has been commenced on the "Jeter Memorial Hall" of Richmond College. It is believed that it will be an ornament to the college grounds, as well as a fitting memorial of the great man whose name it will bear. The college has already a much larger number of students than it catalogued altogether last session.

—SEVERAL of the missionary societies North are interested in the education of the Freedmen of the South. The American Missionary Association asks for an endowment fund of \$500,000 for the Freedmen schools under its care. The secretary of the Home Mission Society asks for \$200,000 for

a similar purpose. The Missionary Union also has manifold mission-schools of all grades. It will require the most liberal aid of these great societies to lift the night of ignorance from the minds of the 6,500,000 colored people in America.

—THE Freshmen in Brown University, in Providence, ordered their annual dinner of a caterer. At the time appointed they marched to the dining hall with banners flying and keen appetites. The scant remnants of a magnificent feast which the Sophomores had consumed were exposed to their infuriated gaze. The caterer had been imposed upon.

—JUDGE TOURGEE is of the opinion that the increase of manufacturing industries and the building of railroads will have about as much tendency to better and educate the South as three drops of oil in a bucket of water will have a tendency to make the water oil. "Pour four or ten millions of dollars into the schools, and the coming generation will grow up enlightened, and the differences of the North and South will disappear."

—SOMEWHERE else in the world, as well as in North Carolina, the schools have inadequate accommodations. A few Sundays since Mr. BEECHER said from his pulpit: The condition of our schools in Brooklyn—overcrowded, unhealthy and unventilated—is such as to make humanity ashamed of itself, and I am ashamed of my own neglect in this matter." Since that utterance the city has got a new Board of Education, and there is a prospect of improvement.

—IN a recent communication to the *New York Tribune* by "an occasional correspondent," upon "Events at Yale," of the fifteen different paragraphs, nine of them referred to baseball, rowing matters, etc. Such letters justify the supposed remark of a Japanese student, that, at New Haven and Cambridge there were two rowing clubs whose members read books when it rained.

—NINE Professors and an instructor in elocution make up the Faculty of Colby University, all of whom are at work. Of students there are 35 Seniors, 34 Juniors, 33 Sophomores and 30 Freshmen—in all, 132. Only five take a "special (*i. e.*, partial) course," and two of these are young women. The names of eleven young women appear in the Catalogue, besides one "Robie —," which is of doubtful gender. If any students, other than those above mentioned, take any course except the ordinary classical course, the fact is not indicated in the Catalogue, whence we infer that Colby does not approve the "scientific course" humbug.

—PRESIDENT EVEREST, of Butler University, sets these down as GARFIELD's striking characteristics as a teacher: 1. He was always clear and certain. 2. He impressed the main things, but passed perhaps too lightly over the subordinate portions. 3. He had rare ability at illustration. 4. He gave more attention to the boy than to the book. He strove to develop the student, not the lesson or science. 5. He was abundant in praise of success, but sparing of blame. 6. He inspired his students with a spirit

of investigation and conquest. 7. By frequent and rapid reviews he kept the whole work in hand and gave it completeness."

—ON the 18th of October, 1881, long cherished hopes of the Canadian Baptists were realized in the dedication of McMaster Hall in Toronto. The building was erected and furnished by the munificence of Hon. WILLIAM McMASTER. It is designed for the education of young ministers. The college opened with twenty students, and from a correspondent of *The Examiner* we learn that there are now twenty-five, and that the expectations of all are more than met in the success already attained. Dr. WAYLAND HOYT, of Brooklyn, recently gave three lectures to the students which excited the utmost possible enthusiasm. His eloquence convinced some of the Canadian brotherhood that he ought to leave the pulpit and become a theological professor!

—NATIONAL AID TO POPULAR EDUCATION.—Says the Charleston *News and Courier*: "Several bills are before Congress which propose in different ways to appropriate public money for the advancement of education in the United States. One of the most important of these is the bill introduced by Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, 'to establish an educational fund, and apply a portion of the proceeds of public lands to the public education, and to provide for the more complete endowment and support of national colleges for the advancement of scientific and industrial education.'" We hope that Congress will, *for a moment at least*, forget the *old issues*, and laying

aside present party feelings, give the country something that it needs—*money* for education, and plenty of it.

—“IOWA raises for schools \$4,250,000, and out of 1,625,000 total population she has only 28,117 over ten years of age who cannot read; the children there come into the world with a primer under each arm, and those 28,117 who cannot read, we suggest, were born blind. Maine collects for schools \$820,000, and has 18,181 unfortunates over the age of ten who cannot read. New Jersey devotes \$1,745,198 to education, and out of 1,131,000 Jersians, but 39,136 who have reached ten years of age cannot write and cipher too. Vermont spends \$417,000 on her children, and with 332,286 population has 12,993 who cannot wield the pen.—*News and Observer*. At a glance it will be seen that it takes *money* for a State to have a good system of education. North Carolina will never have a system of education worthy of the name until our legislators pour the *money* into it, and then she will step from the rear.

—MANY features of interest pertain to German universities which are not common to the universities in this country. At the time of matriculation the student selects the course he intends to study, and makes that a specialty throughout. Not only in the choice and manner of study, but also in the matter of discipline there is entire freedom on the part of the students. The deportment of undergraduates is characterized by great ceremony everywhere. Even friends when they meet tip their hats. A species of duelling prevails as a means

of recreation, though not dangerous except in extreme cases. Expenses of the student in Germany are considerably less than in the higher universities of this country. At Berlin or Leipzig the cost for the scholastic year is about \$485, whereas at Yale or Harvard the expenses are \$800 to \$1,000 a year. At the larger universities there are always great numbers of Americans. The American "colony," as they call themselves at Gött-

tengen, have a regular organization. A book is kept in which all new comers are enrolled, and the "colony" is presided over by the American of longest standing, who is called the "Patriarch." It is his duty to look out for new arrivals from the States. The books of the colonists date back from the early part of this century, and contain, among other illustrious names, that of RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE poet WHITTIER was seventy-four years old on the 16th of December last.

—MUSURUS PACHA, Turkish Minister to England, has translated Dante's "Inferno" into modern Greek.

—GEORGE ELIOT's grave at Highgate is said to be visited more frequently than any other in the cemetery.

—CHARLES READE, after some years of rest from literary pursuits, will furnish a novel for *Belgravia*, beginning with the first issue of the new year.

—THE last words written by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND were these referring to GARFIELD: "His sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world."

—JUDGE TOURGEE has a new book in hand, *John Eax*. Southern society is depicted in it in a more pleasing manner than has characterized his other books; and politics and the negro question are ignored.

—PAUL H. HAYNE, the Southern poet, is said to be very poor and too ill to work. He lives near Augusta, Ga., his residence being little more than a hut.

—SCARCELY a week passes but some new book occurs with SHAKSPEARE as its theme or inspiration. Some one observes that there never has been a greater interest in the productions of that "myriad-minded" man than today.

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS was originally named FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WASHINGTON BAILEY by Mr. NATHAN JOHNSON, who befriended him after his escape from slavery. He changed his name to "DOUGLASS" after reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

—GERMAN scholars are engaged in the work of revising the standard translation of the Bible, which is Luther's. The New Testament they finished about ten years ago, and are now engaged upon their final consideration of the Old Testament.

—IT is the opinion of some critics that the best history of the Civil War has been written by a Frenchman, the Comte de Paris. He strikes the mean between GREELEY's *American Conflict* and JEFFERSON DAVIS' *History of the Southern Confederacy*.

—WHEN the late Mr. JAS. T. FIELDS visited Stratford, one of his stage companions asked him why he was so eager to stop at Stratford. "Because SHAKESPEARE happened to live here," was the reply. "SHAKESPEARE!" said his interlocutor, "*he'd* never been thought anything of if he hadn't written them plays!"

—DEAN STANLEY's *Life of Thomas Arnold* is one of the finest of existing biographies, and a book almost indispensable to the educator. A new edition, corrected by the late Dean, will be issued during the coming season by the London publisher Murray.

—THERE is considerable discussion in Germany over the proposition to totally abolish the present German alphabet. Scholars and historians are using the Latin type, while BISMARCK and the chief newspapers and reviewers cling to the ancient contortions.

—MR. RUSKIN evidently does not intend that his influence shall perish with him. He has determined to devote the remainder of his life to making the museum he has founded at Sheffield the most complete institution of the kind in the world. He has lately given to it his unique and almost priceless library, and a portion of the books and plates have already arrived. JOHN BINNEY's large painting of St. Mark's, Venice, is also to be placed there.

—A THEOLOGICAL professor lately declared in a sermon that the representation of hope by an anchor was first used by Spenser, and that it was not the best emblem that could be selected. He forgot that Paul had written "which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."

—THE American Book Exchange, which a year or more ago promised, and in part effected, a "literary revolution," is in trouble. The concern is in the hands of a receiver. While it is to their interest, it is yet doubtful whether its creditors will make arrangements for its continuance.

—THE *North Carolina Baptist Almanac* for the year 1882 deserves mention as a valuable addition to the "almanac literature" of the State. Containing much statistical matter, and interesting material on the history and progress of the Baptists of the State, it is worthy of a place in every household.

—THE *Christian Union* states that, "the probable reason why Mr. BEECHER does not quote poetry in his sermons is that he almost entirely lacks verbal memory, and preaching, as he usually does, either from brief notes, or with none at all, he could not quote even a familiar stanza without taking the book into the pulpit with him and reading from the printed page."

—MR. TENNYSON, who is now 73, grows more indifferent to all sorts of society as time goes on. Occasionally he goes over to Oxford and stays a few days with Mr. JOWETT, and sometimes visits Mr. GLADSTONE. Last year he

was awhile in London, and gave a few dinner parties at his town house. His principal companion, however, is his pipe, and as to what goes on in "society" he is utterly indifferent.

—A CANDIDATE for the appointment to the Bodleian librarianship, who flatters himself that he is skilled in Latin hymns, lately bored Mr. SWINBURNE for some time by a conversation on hymnology. The poet, with characteristic audacity, invented a line and a half of monkish Latin, and asked his interlocutor if he happened to know the hymn from which they came. "Know it!" was the answer, "why I say it over every night before going to bed."

—ALL the known books for children two generations ago were some half a score; whereas at the present time new "juveniles" are prepared by the hundred a year. During the recent holiday season more books for the young were issued than at any former time. This is a step in the right direction. The child is father to the man, and whatever promotes the development of childhood will enlarge the sphere of manhood and womanhood.

—WALT WHITMAN publishes in the current number of *The Critic* a review of his late New England trip. The greater part of it is devoted to an account of his meetings with EMERSON, of whom he says, that "amid the utter delirium-disease called book-making, it is comforting to know of an author who has, through a long life, and in spirit, written as honestly, spontaneously, and innocently as the sun shines or the wheat grows—the

truest, sanest, most moral, sweetest literary man on record—unsoiled by pecuniary or other warp—ever teaching the law within—ever loyally outcropping his own self only—his own poetic and devout soul!"

—IN a recent sermon Dr. JOHN HALL, of New York, held this language: "There is another class of workers, Christian workers, whose field is the literary field. They communicate between class and class, the educated and teaching classes, and between those who have not time to pursue the study of many things for themselves. The literary field is a great field; it is a noble field, and those of you who follow it can bring forth abundant fruit. You that are toilers in it, be Christian workers."

—MR. H. CRABB ROBINSON relates an incident of himself showing the confidence he had, when a child, in the issues from the press. He was corrected for mis-spelling a word on the authority of his spelling-book. When told that the word was wrongly printed, he says, "I was quite confounded. I believed as firmly in the infallibility of print as any good Catholic can in the infallibility of his church. I knew that naughty boys would tell stories, but how a book could contain a falsehood was quite incomprehensible."

—HERBERT SPENCER's *Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical* is a book which all who have the management and training of youth would do well to read; and those who control the courses of instruction in the public schools would find in it valuable suggestions which, if acted on, would

increase the efficiency of that system. Don't be frightened by the name of the author; he will not harm you here, and in a lucid and vigorous style will tell you many an important thing of which you had not thought before.

—THE new book, *Authors and Authorship*, by Mr. WILLIAM SHEPPERD, is an illustration of the growing curiosity of the reading public about the lives of writers, and of the fact that men are found ready to satisfy it. The New York *Herald* has this to say: "There is about the life of an author a glamor which affects him from one point of view, and the public from another. To him the fascination is in the work itself; to others it lies in the methods of his work. In no age has the ferreting curiosity about the lives of writers employed so many hands and eyes. Biographies multiply, memoirs fecundate essays,

and the man who owns the pen-wiper of a poet is prouder than the student who has annotated his epic."

—“CANON FARRAR,” says Dr. CUYLER, is a tall, manly, intellectual-looking personage in the pulpit, and delivers his brilliant discourses with much emphasis. Everywhere and always FARRAR is in dead earnest. But his superb volumes on *Christ* and *St. Paul*, and his peerless eloquence against the drinking usages, have won for him the enthusiastic admiration of tens of thousands. He is a large-hearted and lovable man, with a prodigious capacity for work. Among the ministry the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York are regarded as the two strongest men in the Church of England. But among the laity Canon FARRAR and Canon LIDDON are regarded as the two most brilliant preachers.”

SCIENCE NOTES.

PLYMOUTH Rock is but a fragment now, and has to be looked for in a sort of well.

THE Gorilla was first made known to the world by DU CHAILLU, the author of *Land of the Midnight Sun*. He is perhaps the most noted traveller and writer of books now living.

For the year 1880 the world's production of gold is estimated at \$107,000,000, and of silver at \$87,500,000. For the corresponding fiscal year the United States furnished—gold, \$36,500,000, silver, \$42,100,000.

THE railroad enterprise in China was bought up by the government, the rails torn up, and the grade destroyed. Mr. CHENG, Chinese Minister, lately arrived in Washington, says that China has about 1,500 miles of telegraph, and before long will perhaps be open to railroads.

THE largest diamond found this century, and one of the most valuable known, was brought to light February 12, 1880, on the claim of Mr. PORTER RHODES, in the Kimberly Mine, South Africa. It was recently

exhibited in London. It weighs 150 carats, and though yet uncut will probably produce a net weight of 100 carats. Its remarkable whiteness completely silences the charge that Africa is the nurse of tawny diamonds.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEMENT.—A catalogue of some of the important papers contained in the *Scientific American Supplement* may be had on application to MUNN & Co., New York. Some of the general subjects under which these papers fall are Engineering, Mining, Mechanics, Manufactures, Photography, Chemistry, Architecture, Agriculture, Anthropology, Biology, Zoölogy, Botany, Geology and Hygiene. They contain the most recent information on the subjects they treat, and are written by experts. Each number may be had for 10 cents.

THE FORMATION OF COAL.—Coal is generally understood to be the product of the decomposition of vegetable matter; but just how that decomposition took place is a matter yet unsolved. Was the vegetable matter amassed by drifting, or was it carbonized *in situ*? Dr. MUCK, in a recent work, contends that it is of marine origin, in which opinion he seems to be supported by the recent investigations of Herr P. F. REINSCH. The latter examined 1,200 sections of coal, and came to the conclusion that it was not formed by the alteration of accumulated land plants. He claims to have discovered that coal consists of microscopical organic forms of a low order, and he thinks that the plants of higher order have contributed only a fraction of the matter of the coal veins.

IMMIGRATION IN 1881.—The New York *Herald* estimates that during the year just past 700,000 foreigners came to the United States for permanent homes. At the port of New York alone. 455,681 landed—a large increase over the arrivals of any previous year. In some sections of the West a man may ride for days, shoot deer and bear, have his camp-fire dreams broken by the howl of wolves, and not see a man or find traces of him. We but poorly appreciate our country's vastness. We have room and support for hundreds of thousands more; but, as they pour in upon us, we should see to it that the simplicity and peculiar freedom of our institutions are not corrupted by this unprecedented influx of alien sentiments and opinions.

ONE of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who should suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is

struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water.—*American Kindergarten.*

THE rapidity of the wing strokes of insects and birds is in inverse proportion to the length of the wing. It is estimated that the house-fly flaps his wing at the rate of 19,800 times a minute; the butterfly, 540; the heron, 120.

OSTRICH FARMING.—In Cape Colony alone ostrich farming employs a capital of about eight millions. We get some idea of the growth of this industry from the statement made by PACKARD, that on the farms of Cape Colony in 1865 there were only 80 individuals, and in 1875 there were 32,247. The price of a good pair of birds for breeding purposes varies from \$500 to \$650. Each pair requires a run of forty acres, on which they find their own food, except in severe drought. The chicks fetch \$30 each when only a day old, because in process of time they will yield annually in feathers \$60 apiece. The process of artificial incubation has been introduced with satisfactory results. The plumes are plucked every eight months. The greatest expense at starting an ostrich farm is the cost of fencing; but with good management a net return of 30 per cent. can be reasonably expected.

EARTH-WORMS.—One of the most important of the recent contributions

to scientific literature is Mr. CHARLES DARWIN's book "Vegetable Mould and Earth-worms." It is the result of observations extending over a period of forty years, and is a monument to the author's patience and genius. Just think! He spread a layer of chalk over a patch in one of his fields in 1842, and waited till 1871 to exhume his result. The humble "fishing-worm" henceforth takes rank as one of the great forces of nature. Though terrestrial, worms are able to live under water. They are nocturnal in their habits, and seldom wander far from their burrows. They line the upper part of their burrows with leaves with great neatness and skill, a fact which is a discovery of Mr. DARWIN'S. Though destitute of eyes, they are not insensible to intense light. When kept in the dark, still, from habit they come out in the night and withdraw into their burrows during the day. They are entirely deaf, but that they are sensitive to the vibrations of the earth in which they burrow was proved by setting two pots which contained them on a piano. Single notes sent them into their burrows forthwith. There are some indications of a sense of smell. They like raw fat best, onion next. They protect the entries of their burrows with little heaps of sticks and stones, seizing them with their mouths. They are very strong, for one stone dragged over a gravel walk weighed two ounces. And they show no little intelligence by taking hold of the small end of a leaf or stone so as to drag it in more easily. What farmers call "the tendency of things to work them-

selves downward" is explained as the work of worms, which swallow the earth below and cast it out on the surface, thus burying stones, or chalk as in the case above, and even Roman villas, pavements, and other ruins. As Mr. D. concludes, it may "be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as these lowly organized creatures."

WHAT INVENTION MAY Do.—A semi-humorous article with this heading occurs in the *Scientific American*. Its prophecies, though bordering upon the ridiculous, excite no less incredulity than would have been excited a hundred years ago by prophecies of what invention has already accomplished since that time. "Fruits of the earth will be multiplied enormously by the use of electric light behind colored glass. Fruits and vegetables will be grown all the year round, winter and summer, day and night, so that the field which now produces a hundred bushels of any product will yield 10,000. We now cook our food, but take our air and water raw, and through these two elements come all the disorders and contagions which afflict humanity. In the future water will be distilled and prepared for human use, and thereby purified from all the germs of disease, while air will not be breathed by human beings until it has

been cleared of noxious qualities, after which it will be admitted to the glass-covered streets and dwellings in which man of the future will live. Houses and places of business will be situated in immense enclosed edifices, the air of which will not only be wholesome, but delightful to the sense of smell. Summer and winter, so far as extreme cold or extreme heat is concerned, will be abolished, as the temperature can be controlled by artificial means, and all parts of the globe will be equally inhabitable. Day will have no attractions over night, for the artificial lights will be more pleasing than any which the great luminary of day can give us. Then, of course, the air will be navigated, which will help to change the appearance of the surface of the earth, for the great cities will then be situated on healthful hilltops, instead of on the insalubrious plains below. With the great motors shortly to be discovered, huge mountain chains which obstruct man's progress in any direction can be levelled, while the ice-packs around the two poles can be liquified and made navigable." To be sure this is wild, but doubtless great changes will occur in the next hundred years. If there be an approach to this, there must be even greater changes in the social and political life of the race to suit its altered circumstances.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—WHEN you have your professor's heartfelt sympathy, you may lay in an extra supply of oil.

—THE regular examinations are now over. The average boy is waiting anxiously the answer to the query which he daily propounds to himself —“Did I get through?”

—REV. THEO. WHITFIELD, D. D., of Charlotte, conducted the devotional exercises in the chapel one morning recently. There is a rumor that the Doctor intends to become a citizen of our town.

—FOR several days during the severe cold weather, skating was the favorite amusement, and the frequency with which the new beginner sought a soft place to sit down, afforded constant enjoyment to the looker-on.

—IF a young man of susceptible nature is led by the witchery of love to transport himself into the ideal realm, there to be borne up on wings into the empyrean of a lover's life, just ask him to find the value of the subtangent of the logarithmic curve, or to determine whether a plane curve has rectilinear asymptotes; and it will as effectually halt him in his flight and bring him back to the stubborn and plain-faced reality as clipping the eaglet's wing when it begins to fly consigns that bird to the necessities of a pedestrian.

—THE monthly concert of prayer on the evening of the first of January, was of more than usual interest.

Dr. PRITCHARD spoke on African Missions. After general remarks on Geographical Africa, and its population, suggesting the vastness and importance of the field, he called attention to the connection of Southern Baptists with it as a missionary station. The labors and difficulties of those who have devoted their talents and their lives to the missionary work in this field were feelingly portrayed. Can't Wake Forest send a missionary to Africa, too?

—WE have always believed in mottoes; they have an inspiring effect upon the youthful mind; and the tone of the motto shows, at least, in what channel the mind is running. We believe the most elegantly gotten up commencement ticket ever sent from college walls, to be incomplete without one; and we consider that their importance cannot be overestimated. It is with no small degree of pleasure, then, as proof of our observations, that there is to be seen written in glowing characters (chalk) on the door of a fourth-floor resident who often burns the midnight oil, this inscription: “*Labor omnia vincit*,” and right opposite on the door of a young brother whose illustrious record as a “lady's man” it would be well for some of our senior class to emulate, we note, “*Amor omnia vincit*.” Here, at least, is diversity of opinion. That's right, boys, don't be ashamed of your sentiments.

—THE young men who went home to spend their Christmas have all returned, and life's stern realities have begun again with them.

—IT is with great pleasure that we note the fact that Wake Forest is becoming a favorite visiting place for the young ladies of the State. There was an unusual number present to spend the Christmas holidays, and all expressed themselves well pleased. We call especial attention to the Anniversary of the two Literary Societies on the 17th of February. We wish every young lady in the State to feel that she is cordially invited to be present.

—ON account of Professor SCARBOROUGH's desire to devote his life more exclusively to the ministry, he has resigned his position as Assistant Professor of Mathematics in our Faculty. CHAS. H. MARTIN, Esq., has been elected to occupy the vacant chair. Mr. MARTIN graduated with honor at this Institution some years ago; and subsequently, at the University of Virginia, took diplomas with high distinction. At the time of his election by the Faculty, he was a member of the Raleigh bar.

—REV. ELIAS DODSON recently visited our community. He is an efficient agent in the work of Home Missions, and in the sight of Heaven is a man of great price. In a private conversation he gave good advice to the girls. He said a young lady ought not to pay much attention to dress or go out into society until of a certain age. She ought rather to stay at home and cultivate herself by reading and study; and then when she

made her appearance in society the old people would notice her and introduce her to those who were worthy. He said, furthermore, that the young man whom a girl of sixteen would marry she would not notice, probably, when she became twenty. A young lady who has finished school ought not to dress much for a year or two, but save that money for a trip to New York, and up the Hudson, and to Niagara Falls—travel some. As he was leaving, he turned and asked if all did not agree that his advice was good. "Yes, sir." "But will you follow it?"

—THE minds of our students have recently been agitated as the sands on the sea-shore by a mighty billow. Unseen, mysterious influences took possession of them, and *spiritualism* in its worst form raged. For a day and two long, restless nights it held sway, many things being compelled to give place to this more important subject. Knots of eager, anxious youths might have been seen gathered in the passages, around the doors, on the walks; and the subject discussed in each instance was *spiritualism*. Unbelievers, there were many; believers, there were more, and converts were being rapidly made at the frequent seances, where spirits rapped and held high carnival. Philosophical arguments were brought forward and refuted, and still the work went on. One enthusiastic medium was in communication with the spirit of President GARFIELD, and the answer was given to an eager seeker after knowledge that GUITEAU was crazy and would not be hung. But alas! Fraud

became known. Human agency was discovered. Skepticism seized upon the ranks of true believers, and the bubble *spiritualism* burst ere it had reached maturity.

—WE congratulate the managers of the "Wake Forest Amateur Troupe" on the success that attended the first appearance of that company before the public. Although many of the young men had gone home to spend Christmas, the chapel was filled with an appreciative and delighted audience, who frequently testified their appreciation and delight by their *encores* of favorite pieces. All of the performers acquitted themselves creditably, but we cannot withhold special notice of several. First and foremost among these stands the "Widow Bedott," whose performance, for an amateur, was unsurpassable. The Scotch, Chinese and African Buttercups ably sustained their parts. No words can do justice to the beauty of the tableaux, "Clinging to the Cross," and "Night and Morning." In "Leap Year" the characters were ably sustained, yet, in our opinion, "Biddy," "Kate Dare-All" and "Pat" deserve special commendation; while the performance of "Bones," in the "Minstrels," would make him a star in a professional troupe. The proceeds from sale of tickets amounted to a neat little sum for a Christmas gift to the Orphan Asylum at Oxford.

—AMONG the sources of diversion for increasing the pleasure of the holidays, none were more fruitful of joy than the Christmas tree, especially to the "wee ones," whom it was designed chiefly to make happy. At

7 o'clock p. m. on Saturday evening, the College Chapel was lighted up, where the tree flourished. The young and the old were assembled—the former to feel joyous emotions in the freshness of youth, the latter to experience a rejuvenation by the revival of youthful memories. Pithy and happy remarks were made by Professors ROYALL and TAYLOR, reminding us that the Christmas tree, laden with its fruitage, is a fit emblem for the display of human affection; and that the occasion is rendered more appropriate for presents by its being a recurrence of that occasion on which the Great Giver of all gifts made the world a Present that has been gladdening the hearts of humanity for eighteen centuries. After this began the distribution of presents. We could not see all the happy faces; but looking on some of the younger ones as their little hearts fluttered with joy, we were made to experience sweeter emotions and keener sympathies with childhood's innocence, and led to attach greater value to the less pretentious, yet joy-producing agencies of life than ever before.

—PRESIDENT PRITCHARD on the second Sunday in January preached a sermon on the text, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." (John xv: 7.) He presented some of the theories of prayer in its relation to the unchanging course of nature, discussed the promise and its conditions, and developed the thought that prevailing prayer is accompanied by earnest effort for the attainment of its object.

In conclusion he mentioned some worthy objects of prayer; especially these four with reference to this College, saying that by them God's glory would be advanced, and that they must be in accord with His will. 1. That there be a greater diffusion of the spirit of education among the people of our State, and an increase of the patronage of all the schools, especially of our own. 2. That God would call a larger number of the young men who come here into the work of the ministry. 3. That He would put it into the hearts of those who have means to provide a fund to be loaned out to worthy young men for their education. 4. That He would speedily endow Wake Forest College through the liberality of His servants. The remarks which he made about them showed the thoroughness of his conviction of their importance, and of the power of prayer as a means to secure them. He believed the endowment of the College was a certainty in the near future, but was impatient to see the grand work accomplished.

—“KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL” usually have to undergo many perplexities in meeting the numerous demands of their work. But while they patiently ply their task for the benefit and entertainment of their readers, it is gratifying to know that there are occasional days in which relaxation comes, when they, too, can lull to sleep the cares of life and indulge in those amenities which sweeten the cup of tired humanity. The experience of an editor of the STUDENT is confirmatory of this view. While the holidays were passing, and our village

was made more gladsome by the presence of young ladies who were visiting for a short season, he determined to lay aside the quill and invest in whatever seemed to promise the largest revenue of pleasure. It were not prudent to say whom he met that pleased his fancy most; but that gentleman is entitled to more sympathy when it is known that a few days later found him soliloquizing in the following lines:

“The prettiest, tidiest little head
That ever sat on ivory neck—
So smoothe and so rounded, without a fleck,
That jewels were wasted such throat to deck—
With a flood of soft-rippling, nut-brown hair,
Reflecting in gold the kiss of the air;
Ears small and so perfect—but by him seen,
Praxiteles' models they might have been
To complete his statue of Beauty's queen;
And eyes like turquoise and sapphire mingled,
A voice as when silver bells are tingled—
And withal so sweet! There's not a grace
But finds a fit home in that charming face.”

SENIOR SPEAKING.—One of the most interesting occurrences connected with the festivities of the Christmas holidays was the Senior speaking on Thursday evening, the 22nd inst. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the fact that many of the students had gone home to spend Christmas, the audience was somewhat smaller than usual, but was not a whit wanting in interest and appreciation, as the many complimentary remarks and hearty bursts of applause made very evident. But four of the class delivered orations, the others having been excused for various causes; yet these ably sustained the enviable reputation of themselves and class-mates. The first speaker, Mr. WILL. H. OSBORNE, of

Asheville, handled his theme, "The Hidden Principle of Life," in his usual felicitous style, presenting the view that life is a mystery—too deep for human fathoming—too grand and complicated for the grasp of human intellect. The universal creation of the great I AM, bears testimony to the existence of a life principle, the influence of which causes those fluctuations which startle the mind and mark the eras in the history of nations, and which will yet subdue the world, so that Christianity shall rule supreme. This principle is located in man. But the man we see is not the real man—only the palace in which he dwells, unseen, yet seeing all. The world within is greater than the world around; and within dwells the true Hercules that conquers outward force. This hidden principle that moves the engine of all progress is known with all its mysteries to God alone—man can but see its effects. It is the sculptor which chisels out of the quarry of being statues which will exist long after the works of PHIDIAS are forgotten, and its monuments of lives shall be when man's proudest works have crumbled into dust.

Mr. J. W. FLEETWOOD, Northampton county, next presented to our mind's eye the subject of "Retrospection." This gentleman delivered his oration in an easy, graceful manner. His line of thought was somewhat on this wise: Man is surrounded by hosts of his fellow-men, who are striving after the same objects as himself. A true man does not suffer himself to be surpassed in any honorable pursuit. He likes to excel. To do this, he

must scan the lives of those who have preceded him, and noting their success try to improve upon them. Retrospection is essential to all grades and classes of mankind. Great warriors, scientists, scholars, statesmen—all have received the basis of their greatness from their predecessors. It is only by retrospection that we can learn what man is capable of accomplishing. Not only should we review the lives of others; but especially should we look back o'er our own—if there be mistakes, correct them, and profiting by the past, so order the future as finally to gain our appointed place at His right hand.

The third orator, Mr. CHAS. A. SMITH, Gates county, in an entertaining, lively oration, discussed "Searchings after Happiness." He argued that almost from time immemorial, happiness has been the great object of man's desire. A desire at first almost unnoticed, but which planted deep in his bosom, expands and strengthens till it possesses his soul. This desire is universal among men, and every one is constantly seeking with confident hope of ultimate success to gratify it. It is sought in many ways—each corresponding to the nature and disposition of the seeker. He mentioned several kinds of happiness; but his description of the lover, when he is first accepted, was perfect. He took the view that we pass by many moments of happiness without noticing them, while we gaze upon some dark cloud of sorrow, all forgetful of the silver lining. Happiness often springs from grief. He mentioned different kinds of happiness,

so-called, and then pointed out the only way to have real happiness—by making others happy.

Mr. W. T. LEWELLYN, of Surry county, was the last speaker, theme: "The Boundaries of the Past Fetter the Progress of the Present." He showed clearly and forcibly that man resembles some of the lower orders of being in the matter of imitation; for just as the young animal clings to its mother and from her learns the duties of life, so men follow the examples of their ancestors. Boundaries established centuries back are still "lines" for modern surveyors. Custom and habit bind us with unyielding shackles, and a genius of to-day dares not make known a theory without reviewing the arguments of savans of other days upon that point. The call from every quarter is to stop those channels through which the dead and obsolete come to us. Talents are obscured and opportunities lost on account of these

restrictions. Even if a youthful mind, full of promise, starts out into the great unexplored fields of truth, it is stopped short by antique boundaries. And yet the best and most beautiful productions of nature are those least seen by human eyes; so with the wealth of thought and truth. It lies back from the beaten pathway amid the rugged wilds. A rich reward awaits the daring adventurer who can break these fetters. Only those who escape the bounds of servile imitation make life a bright success. The Western hemisphere holds out her hand to the Eastern, and calls upon her to help to tear away these boundaries, and let progress have full sway.

After the speaking we withdrew to the Halls and Library, and spent an hour or two in pleasant conversation with the ladies, who graced the occasion with their ever-welcome presence.

REVILO.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—MR. J. T. BLAND (class '76) is practising law at Burgaw, the county-seat of Pender.

—REV. L. T. CARROLL (class '81) is principal of a high school in Cochran, Ga. He is also preaching in the neighborhood.

—MR. L. T. BUCHANAN left College in '76. For several years he was principal of the academy in Durham. Recently, against the strong protest of his patrons, he gave up teaching, and is now in charge of milling interests in Wake county.

—MR. W. D. GULLEDGE (class '74) is teaching in Anson county, N. C.

—REV. M. V. McDUFFIE (class '81) is the successful pastor of the Baptist church, in the prosperous little town of Henderson, N. C.

—WE learn from Rev. R. R. OVERBY, pastor of the Sawyer's Creek Baptist church that Mr. W. G. FERESEE (class '80) is superintendent of the Sunday school, and a useful member of his church. Mr. FERESEE is engaged in farming and merchandising.

—MR. C. A. ROMINGER (class '79) has given up the management of his school, and is now studying dentistry.

—MR. B. H. PHILLIPS (class '80), whom we spoke of in our last issue as having determined to devote his life to the ministry, is now principal of Fork Academy.

—MR. ROBERT E. ROYALL (class '71), son of Dr. WM. ROYALL, is engaged in extensive manufacture of turpentine in Dodge county, Ga. He visited his father's family here during the holidays. When he returned South he took with him about two dozen laborers from this neighborhood and from Granville.

FIRST GRADUATING CLASS.—The first class graduated in June, 1839, and consisted of four members, all of whom were ministers.

The oldest member of the class was WM. JONES, who was the first beneficiary of the State Convention. He was fitted for college by GEO. W. THOMPSON, and for many years travelled as agent of the convention. He was a good man, and though of moderate abilities and scholarship, was eminently useful in his generation. He died at the College in 1852.

W. W. CHILDERS was a native of South Carolina, and is said to have been the best scholar of his class. He was a saintly character, and died early.

JOSIAH BROOKS, a cousin of Dr. W. T. BROOKS, was from Chatham county. His Christian character was not consistent for many years, but before he died he became devout, and was ordained as a preacher of the Gospel. He died a few years ago in Randolph county.

The only surviving member of this class is the venerable Dr. W. T. BROOKS, who is ripe in years and usefulness, and awaits in much feebleness his summons to a better world. He was born in Chatham county, N. C., December 6th, 1809; was baptized in 1832, and ordained at the session of the Convention held at Rives' Chapel, in 1836, Rev. Dr. WAIT and Rev. THOMAS CROCKER constituting the presbytery. He entered Wake Forest Institute as a student in 1834, and after graduation was retained as tutor, and afterwards as adjunct professor of languages. Dr. BROOKS was pastor of Mount Vernon church for thirty-two years, of the Henderson church for twenty years, and of the chuch at Forestville also for many years. In 1869, he was elected president of the Baptist State Convention and served in that capacity for five years. He was also for a long time president of the Board of Trustees of the College, and in 1874 received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his *Alma Mater*. May the evening of his days be serene and happy! T. H. P.

Exchanges.

Out of a considerable list the *Virginia University Magazine* is the best college publication that we have examined. The December number is an improvement on previous numbers. Some issues, recently, have been exceedingly heavy. This one contains more variety and is more spicy—an essential feature for gaining favor with the readers of such publications. The article on "Literary Societies" is worth reading. It contains some very sensible remarks. The young men of all our Literary Societies would profit by the author's suggestions.

The constant complaint of the scarcity of material for the pages of the *Magazine* seems to us a useless expenditure of time and space. The editors ought not to let the public know all their troubles. A fine workman never exhibits his tools with his work.

—Other exchanges are too late to receive notice in this issue.

*Scraps.**A Study from Nature.*

The robin plucks the berry red,
And tastes its spicy flavor ;
The dainty bee the floweret waves,
And sips its honied flavor.

'Tis Nature's universal law
Her sweets should not be wasted,
If fruit and flower a lover finds,
Should ripe lips pout untasted ?

—*The Century.*

CORNERED HIM.—Dr. EMMONS, the able New England divine, met a pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute, but the abrupt question of the pantheist was :

"Mr. EMMONS, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"

"As old as creation," was the triumphant reply.

"Then you are of the same age of ADAM and EVE?"

"Certainly. I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you," rejoined the divine.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

MARCH, 1882.

Vol. 1.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 3.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina, west of the Blue Ridge, comprises sixteen counties. Its length, from the northern boundary of Alleghany to the southwestern corner of Cherokee, is about three hundred miles by the shortest wagon road. Its average width is about thirty miles. Saddle your horse in Raleigh, and ride to Washington City, after you have piled twenty high moutains in your way, and you will have some idea of the extent of Western Carolina, and the difficulty of travelling through it.

THE MOUNTAINS.

For variety of mountain scenery, travellers say that Western North Carolina has no superior. Mount Mitchell, the monarch of all peaks east of the Rocky Mountains, towers to the height of 6,700 feet. On its summit sleeps the body of Dr. Mitchell, surrounded by a grandeur surpassing description. His will be a double glory at the resurrection, as he beholds the glory of the second coming mingled with the glory of surrounding nature.

To the writer, Pisgah, eighteen miles west of Asheville, is the most beautiful of all our mountains, viewed at a distance. Graceful in its proportions,

yet grand in its dimensions, it appears in an evening sunset a veritable queen of beauty, covered with a canopy of golden clouds, and guarded by the surrounding smaller peaks, which stand like servants dressed in the livery of the sky, and glittering with spears of light. On Pisgah's left side is "The Mouse," or "Little Pisgah," which looks like a mouse trying to crawl to the summit. Sometimes in a high wind Queen Pisgah seems to be trying to brush off the little intruder with her fan of cloud, but his Mouseship seems only to stick the closer to his royal mistress.

Most of the mountains are covered with forests of huge trees. Here and there, however, are barren places, which the Indians say were the footprints of the Evil Spirit, as he strode from peak to peak. His Satanic Majesty must have tramped around considerably among the mountains of "Hickory Nut Gap," for we find there more bleak granite than anywhere else in the State. And his foot must have slipped, when "Chimney Rock" was broken off from the main cliff. This wonderful rock, the top of which is the only absolutely inaccessible spot in Western North Carolina, appears

from the road, a mile and a half distant, to be not more than fifty feet high ; but, when you reach its base, it has assumed stupendous proportions, measuring, we were told, about three hundred feet in diameter and rising, a perpendicular cylinder, to a height of five hundred feet. The mountain, of which it forms a detached part, is of solid granite, over one thousand feet high, and giving, it is said, a pretty good idea of the barren scenery of Switzerland. This mountain, as we approach it, reminds you of a huge train of cars, with "Chimney Rock" as the smoke-stack in front, ready to start on an excursion down the country. Should it start off some day, and come lumbering down through the sand-banks, wouldn't it "astonish the natives"?

BALD MOUNTAIN,

of rumbling notoriety, is a neighbor to Chimney Rock. We had the pleasure last January of hearing his majesty do some of his loudest rumbling. We were eight miles distant and, though it was cold and snowing, we thought it must be a thunder storm among the mountains. On our arrival, however, at Judge Logan's, he told us that it was the rumbling of Bald Mountain, the loudest he had ever heard, though not so long-continued. It is almost certain that this noise is not caused by internal fires; so we need not expect a volcano. The explanation seems to be this: the mountain of solid granite has split in two, and, after long continued rains, one side of it gives way, and its rubbing against the other side makes the noise. It has thus formed a cave,

passing entirely through the mountain, and in this cave are bushels of powdered granite, as fine as meal, caused by the rubbing together of the huge rocks. Now and then a large boulder gets loose, and comes crashing down the side, making of course a great noise.

The people in the neighborhood have heard it all their lives, and are indifferent to it. It was reported a few years ago that they were frightened by it into a great revival of religion, in which about fifty professed conversion. There was a meeting in progress at the time, but the pastor of the church, at which the meeting was held, told us that Bald Mountain had nothing to do with it. As a fact, all the excitement was in New York and other places, from which reporters came to write up the volcano. The only interest the neighbors took in it was excited by the few dollars they made from guiding and feeding the visitors.

THE WATERS.

For purity and power, the water of the mountains is unequalled. The rocks are the bones, the soil the flesh, the clouds the arteries and the streams the veins of the earth. As the arteries carry pure blood, the clouds carry pure water, and as the veins carry the impure blood to the lungs to be purified, so the streams take up the impurities of earth, and carry them off. These mountain streams, however, before they reach the cultivated districts, seem as pure as the rain before it falls. However much swollen, they are as clear as crystal; and, hence, the fords are often deceptive, luring the trav-

eller by their apparent shallowness into the swift current which sweeps him down. Wherever railroads go, mountain streams are marred in beauty; and we are almost tempted to join Ruskin's society, and swear eternal vengeance to these enemies of nature.

The power of these streams is easily utilized. The man who wishes to make a mill has only to build his house, fix his wheel, and, by a small wooden race, turn the swift torrent upon it. We think it no exaggeration to say that there is enough water power in Western North Carolina, capable of being utilized, to turn the machinery of all the factories in the world. We cannot leave the streams without referring to some of their names. Swannanoa, Savanna, Watauga were left us unchanged by the Indians; but, O shade of the red man, return, and haunt the pale faces who have heathenized your beautiful names into such makeshifts—*Hominy, Sandy Mush*, and *Hanging Dog*. We candidly think that the Legislature ought to stop such desecration. The "Warm Springs," thirty miles below Asheville on the French Broad, is one of the marvels of nature. It has the year round a blood temperature. People flock thither, to bathe in its waters, which act like a charm in neuralgic and nervous disorders.

What warms these waters the present writer does not know, nor does he know of any other writer who has given a satisfactory explanation. Why there should be two waters, so close together, that in winter you can warm your right hand in one, and freeze your left in the other, is more than he

can understand, but he is reliably informed that such is the case.

THE MINERALS.

The copper mines of Ashe are noted for two things: their rich ores, and their flagrant violation of the Sabbath. The gold of McDowell and adjoining counties is attracting the attention of capitalists. The mica mines of Jackson and Macon look like great gorges in the mountain sides, cut by the mattocks of mighty giants. The marble of those sections made a fine exhibit at Atlanta. Iron ore is abundant. Of the famous "Hiddenite" and diamonds recently discovered, we will say only what we know—nothing.

PRODUCTS.

Let another speak: "The general soil of the West is good, and even upon the mountains it is equal to the best lands in the low country. The whole country is peculiarly adapted to grazing, as all kinds of grass grow luxuriantly, while there is an almost unfailing mast of oak, chesnut, beech, sugar-maple, and lime. The products of the soil by culture are very extensive. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, tobacco, Chinese sugar-cane; in fact, everything which can be raised anywhere else in the State except rice and cotton." (Henry E. Colton in *Mountain Scenery*.) Tobacco raised in Madison county took the premium a few years ago at the Vienna Exposition. Many people live amongst the coves of our highest mountains, and make an abundance with little labor. A farmer on Pigeon river told the writer that he could raise a fair crop on his farm without a

drop of rain. The fogs watered his fields, and, strange to say, without making the place unhealthy.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Strawberries and raspberries grow wild in such abundance that it hardly pays to cultivate them. The huckleberries of Mount Pisgah can put to the blush the "big blues" of Sampson county. Everybody knows that apples luxuriate in this climate, and peaches do well, though not so extensively cultivated. As to flowers, the woods and fields are full of them. The humble Arbutus, hid beneath the leaves is in striking contrast with the bold and brilliant Azalia, differing in color from a bright red to a pale yellow. The Rhododendron (Rose tree) and Ivy make the mountains look in spring like large bouquets, tastefully arranged by the Creator's hand for our enjoyment.

THE ANIMALS.

Among birds, pheasants and partridges are the sportsman's delight. Turkeys seem not so plentiful as in Orange county. In March the wild ducks stop a few days in the French Broad, and give a short time of fun to the sportsmen. Now and then the shrill croak of the loon is heard. In summer the high mountains swarm with snow-birds that take refuge thus from the heat, instead of going north, and there raise their young.

In the forests of Black and Balsam Mountains, bear, deer, and wolves are found. Occasionally bruin seems to get lost, and wanders down through the valleys, making, as he goes, a great stir among pigs, dogs, men, and boys. Two bears were killed last summer

within a few miles of Asheville. They show no inclination to fight, unless wounded or "penned," and then they will turn upon their pursuers for an affectionate hug.

Among the mountains of "Hickory Nut Gap," wild cats are the farmer's pet abhorrence, and scores of them are caught in traps. They are considered a more dangerous foe than the bear.

The East have an idea that the chief production of the mountains is rattlesnakes. We have not yet heard one of them rattle, though we have been in the mountains more than two years, and have roamed considerably among the rocks. It is a matter of surprise that there are so few poisonous snakes where it seems they could live so comfortably.

The "Mountain Boomer" is a queer little animal of the squirrel species, in size between a gray and a ground squirrel, with a light red back and a very white breast. It lives among the balsams, and is noted for its restlessness and continual chattering. One was never known to sit still half a minute at a time, so far as we have heard; so that they are hard to hit with a rifle. Their flesh is not good like the squirrel's, as they live to a great extent upon the poisonous buck-eye.

THE CLIMATE.

In winter it is sometimes cold, though mild enough to be a resort for Northern consumptives. The atmosphere, even during rainy seasons, is comparatively dry and bracing. One does not suffer from that languid feeling so common in the low country during wet weather. It has been a

matter of surprise that in the mountains it usually turns cold to rain, and warm to clear off. The reverse is true in the flat country. The reason seems to be this: while it is warm on the mountains, the cooler winds, striking them, are thus made capable of retaining more moisture rather than giving off; but, when the mountains are cool, the warmer winds striking them leave the water condensed, which falls in rain. Our warmest days are often the clearest, and our coldest, the wettest. The cool nights of summer are always a luxury. Having worked yourself weary on a hot August day, what is more refreshing than to draw over you a warm blanket at night, and sleep soundly till morning!

Summer before last our slumbers were a little disturbed by the mosquito. We wondered how they came, until we learned that they first made their appearance near the depot, and along the omnibus line. It was then plain that the Eastern mosquitoes, hearing so much of the healthfulness of this country, had determined to immigrate, and, as the agents would not sell them tickets, they decided to creep into the cars, while their windows were open during the night at Salisbury, and, taking a lofty seat, to make the trip unobserved. Considering the inconvenience of such a mode of travelling, one is not surprised that they should, at the end of their journey, present their bills to conductor and passengers. Finding, like the Queen of Sheba, the country even better than they anticipated, they deliberately decided to make it their future home. These first settlers were

sufferers from chills and fever, or perchance consumptives, and the visitors from the East in the summer should bear with their afflicted countrymen, when they come around at night for the purpose of renewing old acquaintance.

THE PEOPLE.

Of the whites we need say but little. They are hospitable, shrewd in business and energetic, now that the railroads have opened a market for their produce. The poorest and most ignorant of them have native intellects like the granite which surrounds them—strong and capable of polish. To say that there is educational and religious destitution is to state a fact which ought to make our legislators blush for shame, and cause the followers of Christ to weep. But the time is not distant, we believe, when this beautiful country will be conquered for Jesus.

THE INDIANS

must not be overlooked. Several thousand of them still live in the extreme western counties. The United States Government, about fifty years ago, ordered them to go west, and sent soldiers to coerce them, but "Uncle Sam" didn't have soldiers enough to drive them from their native hills. They dodged and fought, until the officers became weary of their task, and recommended that they be allowed to remain. They dwell now in huts without windows, and farm on a small scale, living, we are told, in a style more miserable than the poorest negroes. At night they wrap up in a blanket, lie down on the floor

with their heads to the fire, and snooze till day. They make good hands on the railroad, or anywhere, doing about the work of two ordinary white men, until all of a sudden they decide to go fishing or hunting, when down falls the axe or shovel, and off they go without asking anybody's permission. Many of them are religious, not a few Baptists, and one or two of their preachers usually attend the Western Baptist Convention. Some of their traditions greatly resemble the Jewish ceremonials; so much so that an intelligent lawyer, who had given the subject much study, once told the writer that he thought they were probably the lost tribes of Israel.

Their forefathers were evidently mound-builders. Near Franklin we saw one of their mounds about 75 x 40 feet, and at least 30 feet in height. They say that these mounds were intended as platforms, upon which their chief men sat, and watched their games. Is it not possible that all the mounds, which have led philosophers to believe in a prior race, were built by Indians for the same purpose? The fact that many of them resemble

hawks, snakes, etc., only goes to confirm this presumption

OUR PALESTINE.

Many see, or imagine, a striking resemblance between Western North Carolina and the Land of the Book, with Mt. Mitchell as our Hermon, Pisgah our Carmel, (though not by the sea), and the French Broad our Jordan. This much is true: Asheville is the same height from the water level to a foot as Jerusalem, and almost in the same latitude. The distance from the court house to Beaucatcher is the same as from the Temple to Mt. Olivet, while Beaucatcher is exactly the same height as Olivet. As one turns the brow of Beaucatcher, approaching Asheville, the town flashes in an instant upon his view, and reminds him of the time when our Saviour, catching a view of Jerusalem, as He passed the brow of Olivet, wept over His rebellious people. The shelving rocks, the clouds hanging over mountains and suddenly vanishing, are constantly reminding us of Scripture figures: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." "I will blot out as a thick cloud thy sins."

RESERVED POWER.

[The late Anniversary Oration, delivered by the Orator of the Philomathesian Society.]

In our day there has been established the grand doctrine of the Conservation of Energy.

It has long been known and acknowledged that the sum of matter in the cosmos is always one and the same. Now it is claimed as an established truth, that the sum of energy, actual and potential, in exercise or

ready to be exercised, is likewise always one and the same. According to this doctrine the physical forces are all beautifully correlated, though they assume various forms—the purely mechanical, the chemical, the electric, or the magnetic. There is clear evidence, however, that there are other potencies or powers in nature besides the

mechanical or physical, to which this doctrine cannot apply, as the vital and mental.

That the vital force can be resolved into the physical has never yet been proved, and it is impossible for us to conceive how living beings can proceed from non-living, independent of some extraneous force. But there are other agencies in our world more clearly distinguished from the physical forces than the vital.

It does not seem possible that the mental powers can be included in those forces which can neither be increased nor diminished. The physical forces cannot be transformed into the mental—thoughts, inclinations, and volitions. This would be bridging over the chasm between mind and matter.

However different the nature of these various forces, we find them co-operating to produce results. To them in this co-operation, as it is seen in all the effects upon the world, may be appropriately applied the general term *Power*, in its common acceptation. Every man is perfectly familiar with the meaning of Power. It belongs to that class of things which are furnished us by original suggestion. It is not seen by the material eye, nor reached by the sense of touch; but, emerging of itself from the mind, like a star from the depth of the firmament, it reveals itself distinctly and brightly to the intellectual vision. Though there is somewhere a great original fountain of Power, independent of all created beings, every one knows that he has a portion of the element in his own mind and in his

own person. There is indeed a Power unexplored and invisible, which has reared the mountains, which rolls the ocean and propels the planets; but it is nevertheless true, that man, humble as he is in the scale of rational beings, possesses as an attribute of his own nature, an amount of real efficiency suited to the limited sphere which Providence has allotted him.

As the various forces are measured by the momentum they are capable of producing, just so Power is measured by its effects. That, and that alone, which is efficient in producing results is real Power. Though in this, as in everything else in this world of sham, the false is often mistaken for the true, the real for the unreal. Behold the towering mountain,—how imposing, as it lifts itself above the meaner things of earth! A fit emblem of Power. Go stand by the roaring ocean—what a feeling of awe it excites as that illimitable world of billows flashes in sight! You half expect at every moment a Power to burst forth sufficient to sweep the world before it. Contrast the effects which are produced through these, with those of the seemingly weak, indifferent, inert atmosphere—the very nothingness that is all around us. When set in motion by the forces in Nature, it makes a play-thing of the mighty ocean, as it furrows its surface, and wraps up, with one breath, proud man and his wonderful invention, levels cities to the earth, and devastates countries. The same distinction may be traced in the moral world. Who can fail to ascribe real power to wisdom, as it grasps the truths around it, and renders them subservient in

exhuming the unknown things in Nature ; thus collecting the hitherto wild streams of power in one great reservoir and appropriating it to the use of man ? No one will refuse to acknowledge, with the great philosopher, that " knowledge is power," as it unlocks worlds of priceless gems to eager recipients. Wherever we find it, we see it, queen-like, sitting on the golden throne of prosperity, with ignorance as a foot-stool.

Is there *real* power in a thing so intangible as public opinion ? As well would you ask is there power in the hand of the tyrant who locks the galling chain of despotism upon his thousands. We have but to look around us to see our statesmen, our doctors of divinity, our leading men in all the stations of public service, bowing—nay, falling prostrate at this shrine. Aye, it is appalling to behold its ghastly tracks as it walks rough-shod over this enlightened land of ours, from sea to sea.

But the true philosophy of that power which is under the control of man is that it must be

RESERVED.

This is necessarily the case, because of two great facts in nature—the mutability of human affairs, and the inertia of innovation. We behold the moon clinging with unerring tenacity to its path through space, the *perpetual* effect of a power exerted when it was hurled forth from the hand of God in equilibrium with the constant force of gravity. So it is with all the great causes that are independent of varying circumstances; there is a perfect uniformity in their

effects. Not so, however, with those man is capable of producing ; for he is not independent of his varying circumstances. To produce required results, his power must be such as to vary with the circumstances of its operation. Hence, there is required, on the part of man, a reserved supply to which he has ready access when demanded by the emergencies which beset his pathway ; otherwise, he cannot pursue with steady step his course through life. But in this world of developments and human attainments, he is not content with this. In every heart there lurks a desire, varying from the hopeless wish to mad ambition, to take some of the diverging paths which lead to eminence and distinction. But in order to do this, there is further demand for Reserved Power. We must have all observed that real distinction is based on grand achievements ; these, too, must be acknowledged by the world. This, the world is reluctant to do ; there is a disposition on its part to reject innovations of every sort, and persist in the beaten track the fathers trod. When the engine starts to pull a train of loaded cars, more force must be exerted to overcome inertia than is afterwards required to keep it in rapid motion ; for even this which was at first a retarding force, now allies itself with the propelling, and conduces to the accomplishment of the same end. How strikingly analogous to that inertia that is to be overcome in projecting any enterprise of a novel character, the inertia of innovation.

And to add further to the reasons for the wisdom of a *Reserve* of that

power which is wielded by man, we have only to notice the progressive nature of its efficiency. As the little stream goes dashing over the rocks or playing with gentle flow over its pebbled bed, we see no power in it. But when its waste is prevented, its onward course stopped, and held in reserve, little by little, soon its power,—how wonderful! How efficient when brought to bear upon machinery! For years inquisitive man gazed upon the little cloud as it curled its way from the furnace, little suspecting there was power in the seeming nothingness from which it was converted. Yet the world has been revolutionized by its effects when reserved. This likewise applies to the case of man; there is a great deal that is wasted, which, if reserved, would be efficient and far more productive of the desired results. By reserving their powers till effective, the names of many have been recorded, famous for their grand achievements, which stand out like pyramids immovable in the broad expanse of the past. These occasional reserves have kept the wheels of civilization and advancement in motion. By an unusual number of these, they have been made to revolve with lightning speed during the last three centuries. While other men, with all the bustle and stir of great essentials in this busy world, have been straining at the wheels of progress in science and civilization, these benefactors of mankind stood off, calmly waiting their opportunity, zealously accumulating the necessary reserve to step forward, unclog the wheels, and give them a healthy push up the hill o

Time. They were slow to speak and act, in order that when they did, the world might give attention. Behold this course in Newton, a fit representative of them all. The power he wielded has called forth such applause that its echo will reverberate throughout the countless ages yet to come. With access to such a reserve, the Father of our country ascended higher and higher on every wave of difficulty until he took his place as "first in the hearts of his countrymen." We have no small illustration of this in the life of him whom Time has not yet sufficiently embalmed, to whom this spacious hall has been dedicated as one of the least of his memorials. How happily did the supply which he had wisely reserved sustain him all through life, and give him that glorious victory over death!

In discussing this subject, it is convenient to consider it separately, with respect to persons or individuals, and nations or the divisions of men. For further convenience, as it pertains to individuals, it may be noticed, first,

FINANCIALLY.

Remembering that we are determining the power of the various causes, agencies, and means—to the latter this passive power is nearer akin—by their effects, and observing as we do the various results accruing to man and the world from wealth, we cannot fail to ascribe power to it. The fact that there is such a prevalent desire among men for it, is a convincing argument that there is power in its possession. God has implanted in man the desire of power. In this there must have been some wise design, since it

was done by Him who doeth all things well. So far as the desire of wealth is an offspring of the desire of power, that man who is entirely destitute of it is lacking in one of the requisites of the true man, and will be apt to fall far short of his duty in the world. Too frequently we, *the very few*, who are not rich, attempt to reason it entirely out of the category of useful helps in the affairs of men, and try to exhibit to the world a prominence in the better part of our nature; for wealth is rightly stamped by public opinion as secondary to other things we possess. That financial power which wisdom, prudence, and economy dictate, is that which we term reserved means. But you say the miser, the veriest non-essential in the world, is he who keeps his wealth in reserve. A mistaken idea. That which is included in our acceptance of the term, is accessible. It is by no means so with his; it is thrown without the sphere of utility, and the great iron door of an inordinate, nay, a damning love of wealth is forever closed upon it. The demand for a reserve of financial power was acknowledged and contended for, with all the enthusiasm of patriots, by the advocates of the protective system in the forenoon of this century. It is the lever power by which every enterprise is set on foot. Where would have been the great discoveries and numerous inventions, had not their projectors or their friends had the means of introducing them into the favor of the world? But for the fact that Arago interceded in behalf of Watt, and secured for him the necessary means, his grand conception

would have winged its way from earth on the departure of his soul. There is a still more practical view, if possible, than this; and it not only comes under the observation of all, but its necessity is urged in thunder tones by the condition of the poor, the suffering, the homeless, and the pitiable inmates of our poor-houses and asylums. How often the grog-seller has to bear the calumny of a poverty-cursed country, when he is chargeable with only a portion of its sad condition! How often want, in its most horrible aspect, is seen where morality, accompanied by plenty and even luxury, once dwelt! Is not this suffering the same as though it had been bequeathed by one who filled a drunkard's grave? Is it more easily relieved by our benevolent institutions? Yet there are people in this "practical age" who, with the smiles of the world upon them, wrapped up in the beautiful garment of liberality and sympathy for the suffering, will stand up and reprove the poor debauchee, and help to pile on him the depressing power of the respectable portion of humanity, when only time is required for the same fate to befall the families of both.

2. PHYSICAL POWER.—Taking man as having both a spiritual and a material being, the latter, in comparison with the former, deserves but little consideration; for it goes not beyond the grave. During the six thousand years man has had access to earth, countless millions of souls have visited it, worn borrowed bodies, and in their turn, surrendered them to dust. And as no substance has

since been created, destroyed, or changed in its elementary parts, is it not quite probable that many of them had at least part of the same body for the habitation of the soul? [That smiling beauty may have in her system some of the identical substance laid down by some poor old Indian on his departure from his hunting grounds.] Still, with reference to this world, it is a most essential part of man. It is not only his dwelling place, but without it he could never come in contact with, and hence never effect, the material world. In many cases, his efficiency varies as his physical ability, and in every case, the latter is more or less required. Here, too, he is subject to varying circumstances; hence wisdom orders a *reserve*. Not only that reserve which consists in the physical education and training, so necessary in many of the occupations of life, but also that physical development which is essential to the efficiency of every man. Often the physician, when he has examined the constitution of his patient, sighs; he sees there is not a sufficient reserve of vital force from which his system may draw until the chemical, now in excess, may be checked. His death is inevitable. Then, too, the ability and strength of the mind is dependent, in no slight degree, upon the strength of the body. From a lack of it, how many great minds have had their usefulness circumscribed, and, in many instances, entirely destroyed!

3. MENTAL POWER.—Mind, unlike the body, is distinctly characterized by its individuality. Every mind that has leaped from heaven to earth

and hid itself in the brain of man, is existing as a distinct thing still. It is not only eternal, but it partakes further of the nature of Him after whom it was fashioned—it is infinitely great in its capacity for expansion. Though its power is inconceivably small in the beginning, no man has ever yet lived so long or learned so much, but there was still capacity for more. Hence it is especially expedient to store it with such material as will best provide a reserve. But every thing we lay up in our minds does not add to our stock of Reserved Power; indeed, it often diminishes it, in that it prevents a ready access to that which would otherwise be efficient. The power of the mind depends not so much on the amount of information, as on its trained capacity for using it to advantage. The unskilled workman strains himself to accomplish a thing, yet never does so; while one more skilled in the use of machinery, applies his lever power and accomplishes still greater results with ease. Would it have added any thing to the power of Bacon, in his scientific research, to have had a knowledge of the poets, or to have been skilled in the fine arts? Such beautiful things might have intoxicated his mind and claimed his attention. Shakespeare has left his name coexistent with the English tongue, by being prudent enough to confine himself to the department of his genius. Others like Goethe, have attempted to become great in all things, to excel in every thing, and have brought themselves into disrepute and tarnished their already acquired fame. Those

ever have effected the grandest results, who have had minds so trained that they could baffle emergencies by their rapidity of thinking, and solve mysteries that would sweep a world of another kind from the field of thought. Every prudent youth, who contemplates the battle of life, will not fail, so far as he can, to acquire the Reserved Power of an education; of the instruction and discipline of the schools, that of books, and that derived from observation, examination, comparison, reflection, and reasoning.

In the fourth place, there is a Reserved personal Power in a *Moral Character*, which is an essential in the catalogue of those things which go to make up the sum total of the reserve sufficient to take one smoothly through this life, and to any eminence to which he may aspire. He who possesses a character consisting of strength of purpose, truthfulness, integrity, and goodness, carries with him a power which is irresistible. It is a capital surer to yield full returns than any other, unaffected by panics and failures, fruitful when all others lie dormant. It is the acropolis which remains impregnable, imparting security and peace, when all the other defences have been surrendered to the enemy.

II. NATIONAL.

Noticing the power exerted by men taken collectively, we find the same demand for it in reserve. The history of the world, made up of the incidents connected with the rise and fall of the various nationalities, is but an enumeration of evidences of the necessity and wisdom of Reserved Power. Those have been longest-lived

who have recognized this fact, and provided against destructive circumstances, the common heritage of every people. There is a demand for enough not only to maintain the affairs of government, in time of peace without and harmony within; but for the inevitable crises which are occasional. Instances are numerous, when a people losing sight of this, have been unable, though prosperous in peace, to resist invasions, to quell insurrections, and have had their guiding star set, themselves scattered over the earth, sold into slavery, or completely destroyed. Such experience has taught the value of a sinking fund, a

FINANCIAL RESERVE.

In European history, we find the "Balance of Power," the bone of contention between the various governments, always in the possession of those which reserved a sinking fund. So great has been the acknowledgement of its power in some instances, that those which did not possess it, would willingly become tributary to those which did thus provide against the emergencies. Likewise associations and corporations of every sort have no assurance of long life, unless they have access to a sufficient reserve to arm them against reverses and misfortunes. Why in the general panic of 1873, when the wheels in the financial department of our government were suddenly reversed, did so many corporations, as well as private enterprises which seemed to be self-sustaining, fail? Why is it that the great national universities of Europe have withstood the defacing hand of centuries, and bid fair to be as perpetual as

time itself? Their financial reserve has been such as to bid defiance to the many crises which they have encountered. So with like institutions in America; for they are all heirs to reverses, and must be endowed with more than present requisites. For the history of those which failed thus to provide, you must search among the dusty records of the past. Hence, there is wisdom in the cry that comes up from this, and like institutions throughout the land, for endowment. This institution must be endowed, as its prudent friends tell us, or it may not last. There have been times in its short history, when it would have failed, but for the fact that it had a reserve, that love which the Baptists of North Carolina had for it; their treasury was its treasury. But we hail the day as not far distant, when it shall be independent of such a reserve. This should be the case, even though they would ever guard it against reverses, for the second prime reason for the wisdom of Reserved Power, which is the Inertia of Innovation. Why is it that the Trustees of Wake Forest College have not every thing here needed for the promotion of the capacity of the institution, for the fullest development of the minds of the youth of our country, and securing for them the greatest attainments in the sciences and literature of our times? They have not the financial power to make these outlays, some of which would astound its staunchest friends, upon whose generosity it is now dependent for every improvement. To consider the importance of this reserve further. What is it that most agitates the politi-

cal world to-day? Why is it that monopoly so threatens our national prosperity? and from what source do we hope for relief? Why is it that North Carolina had to give up one of her most profitable enterprises, thus giving occasion for the so-called "Railroad war."? But perhaps the beauty and wisdom of Reserved Power is seen better in the

MILITARY WORLD.

On reading the military operations of the great commanders of the world, to which history is largely devoted, it is interesting to notice how often the grandest achievements have been accomplished in the wise management of reserves. Kingdoms have been saved, governments restored, shackles of slavery thrown off, and liberty won. In the morning of this century of great events, two of the mightiest armies of earth met. Behold them as they march face to face. The very earth trembles beneath that step so firm. Depicted on their countenances we read, "Death or victory!" their eyes flaming with hatred, with vengeance; mad shouts of enthusiasm fill the air. Nearer, nearer! Now between the thunder of cannon, amid the dismal roar of musketry, the shrieks of dying thousands strike the ear! Oh, the scene! The sun, as he pursues his course in the heavens, gazing upon the ghastly spectacle, gladly turns his back on the world before it is all done. See them as they waver. Now they rally! Again! again! On each side stands the brave commander, with gaze so fixed the world might pass away unnoticed. But look! the mighty Napoleon, the terror of Eu-

rope, leans forward, gazes to see—what? The issue! The issue! The end of his glory! "Tis done! In his agony he clasps his hands and exclaims: "Oh, for a thousand Reserves!"

Fresh in the memory of many is Manassas. They can behold it now as on that awful day. That the men are countrymen is all forgot. The fiery zeal of the soldier is ablaze in every heart. Together they rush on the elevated plateau, as though it were a play for the world. They come together with a momentum that is terrible, only to produce a deadly equilibrium. Here the "Stonewall" is first seen, while all fight as they never fought before. Regardless of exhaustion from excitement and marching, under the scorching sun, from one to three the fierce conflict rages. Alas! the Confederates shudder at the approaching issue. Courageous still, again they rally, and like the old three hundred, resolve to die as did their comrades strewn around. Forward and backward surge the opposing lines! Thrice the brave Confederates advance—thrice repulsed! Thus they roll forth and back as though it were the work of the day to pile up the dead, alternating between the *gray* and the *blue*. But behold in the distance fresh recruits rushing to the conflict! Aye, what feeling is that passing over the anxious beholders, as they still grapple for victory? A strange mixture of hope and dark despair. Neither side dares hope, for naught is discernible to distinguish that on-coming host, amid the cloaking clouds of dust, and the heavy,

slow-wreathing volumes of cannon-smoke. But hark! the joyous cry runs along the Southern lines, "Johnson's Reserves are come!" The world knows the result.

Lastly, in brief, contemplate some of the results of Reserved Power. A change, limited as it is, has caused the present successful operation, both national and personal, which is enabling the Treasury Department to pay off the great debt; and has induced the smiling goddess of prosperity with her golden wings to hover over the rural hamlets and village shops throughout the country. Look abroad. By this means England, though rotten at the core, holds her head high among the powers of earth. And the land-owners of Ireland, by an abuse of it, are grinding under heel the populace. A lack of it drove France to the wall. By reserved power, the American "Trio" reached the meridian of their glory. By it, they left their fame untarnished, and saw their sun set beneath a clear sky, that will radiate to all posterity the greatness of their noble deeds. Without it, Roscoe Conkling has fallen, and oblivion yawns to receive others of his comrades, who are now riding high on the waves of party spirit, in the name of statesmen, revelling on the very life-blood of our neglected country. Still, we hope there is a sufficient reserve among those who hold the reins to take us through. We can see, not far back in our history, darker days, and more trying ordeals, through which we have already come. To comprehend at a glance the crises common to man, and the necessity of ready power to re-

lieve, behold that young man as he stands before the anxious multitude the supposed criminal, but in his breast beats the purest heart—no consciousness of guilt casts a shadow to sully his serene countenance. But condemned, he must die. The executioner, half conscious of his innocence, walks forward and veils him for the awful event. Ready! All is ready! and with sudden jerk he is launched into eternity. Just now rushes through the crowd, with panting steed, the dusty messenger bearing in his hand the release of him whose body now ceases to quiver. Too late! Alas, too late!

Notwithstanding we cannot under-

stand the transformation of one force into another, and how far this doctrine may apply, we cannot fail to ascribe them all to one author—the great God of the universe. In Him we may conceive a vast reserve of power, lasting as eternity. The teeming millions who have lived since the beginning, those who are living to-day, those yet to live, in this, and perhaps other worlds—when all these shall have drawn from this reserve throughout eternity, it will be as full as it was away back beyond the conception of man. “The moon shall wax old, the stars fade away, and the sun grow dim with age,” but *this reserve* will be ours still.

AN ARCTIC SURVEY.

Thinking men seem never to tire in a pastime survey,—looking over nature's face; so, when they observe one of her phenomena, they can catch a system, or at least, a part of one, concerning natural laws. Across the shades of eve in the sinking twilight, the close thinking man hardly ever fails to catch a new feature; so an upward look hardly ever fails to reveal a new mark for scrutiny. All along every highway, path-side, in every moving water, are attractions for the grasping intellect. Where then will nature unfold her canvass most strikingly? No spot on the globe possesses more remarkable phenomena than Iceland. Think yourself amid the bulks of lava, the broken mountains, the sky blackened by volumes of smoke; you are then gazing upon an

Icelandic volcano. In May, 1783, near Cape Reikies, there commenced the projection of a new island whose elements had fought upward,—grappling with the pressing waters until they had not only mounted above the ocean, but also made immense deposits, which resulted in the formation of new sea land. From what depth this mass pressed its way through the earth is unknown; but this much may be unquestioned, that it received an impetus of great force at some immense depth, sufficient, not only to enable it to overpower the forces struggling against its rise, but to rend asunder the ocean which, doubtless, opposed with the strongest arms, and come unyieldingly to the waving light above the hoary, bursting waters, making new territory. No sooner had

this news gone abroad than "His Danish Majesty" ordered that his standard should be planted on the newly formed island. But the flag of Denmark had not waved long on the island before nature had called it back to its submarine resting place. But the fiery serpent did not crawl back through the earth and take his coil in quietly; but kept moving his huge form in his subterranean cells,—muttering until the earth flinched. After having crawled many miles from his marine bed and having stopped himself in his home in the interior of the earth, complaining with mutterings that caused many parts of the earth to quiver, he began to spit out the greatest columns of volcanic eruptions ever recorded. For several consecutive months his fiery tongue ran above the summit of the mountain peak throwing out great masses of melted, boiling, corrupt fluid. Skaptar Jokull, a mountain whose circumference is many miles, was the chimney through which so great a spout of lava passed, which gives to Iceland one of the greatest eruptions ever known. While the earth made the most piteous moans within and its strata were rent in broken mounds, above were seen showers of sand, sulphur, and ashes floating obliquely above the horizon, not merely in the form of a slender column, but cover-

ing a large space in the sky. The effects were so poisonous that immense verdant fields were parched, as though they were in contact with a hot fire. Around the mountain's base for a great distance was a variety of deposits,—some as though they had been neatly arranged by human skill, others occupying a zigzag line, hundreds of yards. Thus the deadening lava had sheeted the earth over with general destruction, burying houses, destroying the feeding cattle in immense numbers. It is remarkable that the clouds of dust that were cast out of this volcano were carried across Faroe Isles, beyond Great Britain far on the continent of Europe to Holland, a distance of 1500 miles. Another observation was made which discovered the fact that all the neighboring water-courses were emptied of their fish, and the water-birds had, without exception, gone, and when a passing bird happened to meet with the air which passed over these volcanic deposits he would retrace his line of flight with redoubled speed, uttering pitiful screams in his backward course.

Thus has the Arctic region spread her canvass for the world to see or read; and among all the exhibitions of nature, what can be more attractive or suggestive than so great a manifestation of her power?

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

O Muse, I now implore thine aid to sing
The cruel woes and horrors all untold
That move and throng in Dreamland's dark domain,
That made thy minstrel's soul to waste away
In torture's fervid grasp. And how at last,
When faint and weak his spirit grew, a flood
Of angels' music laved his soul with hope.
And how from fiery bonds he was unloosed,
As with a gentle touch, so soft, so strange,
An angel called him forth from Dreamland's realms
To wake and find his love had watched near by,
And now stood ready to bestow her hand,
Her heart, on him who longed to call them his.
What blessed fortune and auspicious fate
Did thus this timeful meeting prearrange,
And bring our strolling steps together there?

How can I e'er forget that summer's day
Whose morning charmed me off to spend its hours
In shady solitude? Equipped complete
To capture fish or fowl, I turned my steps
To seek a distant wood along whose edge
A winding streamlet rolled with tranquil flow.
Midsummer's thirsty breath had swept away
Each shining dewdrop from its chosen home;
In anger fast the sultry heat increased,
And full its fervid wrath began to blaze
From cloudless skies upon the verdured earth.
With hasty strides to flee th' oppressing heat
I strove to reach the shady stream that flowed
In cool and tempting waves by yonder wood.
And soon, while still the shadows westward looked,
I found my weary self reclining on
Its mossy banks, resolved to first attempt
What fortune lay in hook and line, and thus
Reposing, gazed into the water's depths.
Admiring now the trembling images
Reflected from the dancing waves, and now
With eager eye, I watched my floating cork,

And longing soon to see the signal shown
By which I'd know the finny tribe was there,
But—look! the signal's given; up the line
Is snatched, and with it comes the flutt'ring game.
The barb-concealing bait adjusted, down
The treach'rous snare is sunk again. But now
I wait impatient. Not another sign
Of daring in the wat'ry game is shown.
And still I wait, and waiting, fall asleep
Beside the waters clear and cool. Upon
A soft green bed of grass and moss I lay
More gorgeous far than any royal couch.
Then straight to Dreamland wandered off my thoughts.

With melancholy step and slow I passed
Along the road to vast Eternity,
With troublous thoughts indeed; for many sins
Had made a burden grievous to my soul.
My path lay through enchanting groves whose leaves
In gently sighing zephyrs rustled low;
While odors sweet were wafted from the fields
Of lovely flowers now in fullest bloom.
But yet, though beauties numberless were strewn
With lavish hand around, they had no charms
To soothe me, conscious of my dreadful guilt,
Refusing to be comforted. With sad
And cheerless heart I forward bent my steps
Along the solemn highway. Slowly on
I journeyed to sublime Eternity.

I came within the dread domain, and stood
A frightened, trembling soul before the throne
Where Justice sat supreme as judge and king.
To me his eyes were darts of terror sharp;
His countenance had sternness deeply stamped
On every line. There round that throne of awe
Were gathered many, many others who,
Like me, must soon the judge's sentence hear,
And to endure appalling woes be doomed,
Or else consigned to everlasting bliss.
With sentence just, I saw them one by one
Depart, with cries of wailing some, and some

With songs of joy. Then I was called, and mute
I stood before the throne, oppressed with awe
Intense that made my bosom quake with fear,
When with a voice that rung in thunder peals
Through all Infinity's sublime expanse,
That judge, upright and trumpet tongued, pronounced
This awful sentence :

“ O thou reckless soul,

Didst thou not see this very day thy life
Before thee plainly mirrored ? Oft, how oft,
Hast thou by th' adversary of men's souls
Been snared, and drawn away from virtue's paths ?
And though thou knewest in those elfin snares
There lurked a hidden dagger for thy soul,
Yet thou didst yield with reason less by far
Than did those creatures dumb thou late didst snare
For cruel sport on yonder worldly shores,
An : drew from out their native element ;
For they knew not their danger. Thou hast seen
The wiles of evil capture and destroy
The nearest friends; yet willingly allure^d
By glitt'ring, golden gain, by sparkling wine
That blushed so red within the cup's embrace,
Or by the oily-tongued persuasiveness
Of some belov'd but wayward comrade, or
Bewitching smiles and fascinating charms
Of bright-eyed, youth-destroying maiden fair,
Or woman strânge, beseeching earnestly
With honeyed words, thou hast been drawn away
Without resisting, from the pleasant ways
Of virtue and her paths of purity.
Yet when were felt the piercing thorns of sin
And from the depths of sorrow raised, thy cries,
For pardon, mercy for thee interfered
And thou wast freely pardoned and restored.
Again, and still again, thou wast seduced,
And full as oft thou wast forgiven all.
Thy footsteps even then would not the fair
And lovely paths of virtue tread, but strayed.
At last, to thee the gates of mercy must
Be closed, for now the great and final day
Of retribution is at hand. Depart

Into the burning horrors of yon world,
Into the silent caverns of the doomed.
And there shalt thou remain, until from here
Some angel shall be moved to fly across
The pinion-scorching billows of the pit,
And with the hand of mercy free thee from
Thy woful torment."

Oh! what bitter grief
Did then besiege my breaking heart. I turned
With wailing and in dark despair to mine
Accursed home within a cavern wild
And boundless, where in its own native realms
Heat burned in all its unspent violence
And motionless, with not a single flush
Of flame or breeze to lessen or rebuke
Its crisping fury. I, poor wretch, was doomed,
And justly, too, to suffer pangs and throes
Unnumbered in those stifling fumes, and with
Each muscle fettered fast. How like a mass
Of boiling lead, th' unbroken silence weighed
Upon my parching soul! And how 'twas torn
By torments merciless because enchained,
And must in stillness lie unmoved! Within
My bones the very marrow hissed and broiled
And in its melting rage burst through their walls.
My wild and throbbing heart hurled forth a stream
Of scalding agony through every vein.
My dashing blood oozed out at every pore,
But only to be scorched and dried away
As soon as e'er it met the heat intense,
Or burned like iron streams its channelled grooves
Adown my haggard cheeks. In vain I tried
To cry for mercy; for a consciousness
That I was justly doomed would bar the doors
Of speech. Alone and still in chains I lay
Within the steady glowing flames of those
Infernals realms.

But hark! there softly falls
Upon my ears a sound unearthly sweet
Like music of a distant angel choir
Whose voices mingle in enchanting strains.
The sounds approach and seem to touch me with

Their soothing melody. But I was bound
And could not turn myself to see whence came
Those healing strains. Just then the music
Ceased, and from behind I felt a gentle touch
About my parched and twinging shoulders. Off
The blist'ring fetters fell from every nerve
And quick as thought I left those horrors dire,
And now my seething bones were drinking in
The soul-refreshing coolness from the clear,
Pure waters of a life-restoring stream ;
The baked and clotted blood was washed from off
My throbbing brow; a tide of soothing joy
Broke o'er my thirsty, panting soul; and I
Was rolling on, embraced by cooling floods,
" Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
Then wond'ring whether I did truly wake
Or dream, in that empire of bliss, I asked
Myself to tell me which were true, and lo !
I waked and found me struggling in the stream
Upon whose banks I'd slept. 'Twas all a dream,
And this th' intrepretation :

Quite fatigued

I'd gone to sleep beneath the morning shades,
Regardless that they flee at noon's approach.
And thus exposed, the summer's sun threw down
Its rays relentless full upon my frame
And drew the heated perspiration to
My burning cheeks. And so the cavern dread
To which I was consigned by Dreamland's King
Did well nigh prove reality. When in
The creek I waked, I looked and saw with joy
Upon its edge a lovely maiden whom
I knew and loved, whose love my heart
Had deeply yearned for in return. She stooped
And with a sportive smile, she gave her hand
And gently lent to me her aid to rise
And climb the streamlet's banks. Just here I saw
Another maiden flee with mirthful laugh
And leave her friend, my love, with me. She told
Me, when we stood alone, that strolling off
With merry songs to while away the time,

They'd left their pic-nic party fishing, and
Had found me sleeping there so close beside
The water's edge that they were tempted much
To roll me in, and this they did. So now
I know whence came that music sweet I dreamed
About, and how I from that murd'rous heat
Was saved. "But why," said I, "didst thou thus seek
To play thy girlish pranks on me asleep?"
"Because," said she, "I simply wished to test
Your—your—" and hesitating said, "to test
Your goodly nature." "Canst thou not express,"
Said I, "in just *one* word alone what thou
Didst then a 'goodly nature' call?" A blush
Of modesty, a soft assuring glance,
Sufficiently declared she could. Of course
I fondly urged her next to tell me true
If toward me in her heart there did not lie
Some "goodly natured" inclinations. Then
The longed-for answer came, "I have; with such
My heart is full; but well thou knowest that
It sometimes harbors mischief too."

We'd met,
We'd loved, and now we promised faithfully
And pledged ourselves to be each other's now,
Henceforth, forevermore. The purest love
My heart could know there melted into hers,
And hers in mine.

The sun went slowly down
Behind the western hills, she left to join
Her friends; I went in raptured triumph home.
Vacation o'er, the happy school-girl left
For Oxford Seminary; I returned
To college, here to spend two long, long years,
Or rather, *centuries*, for such to me
They seem, and then, I'll *claim* her as my *own*.

WORTH REPEATING.

PERSEVERANCE.

[From HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town. She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace, his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there! I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off, and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors that might be called types: the old established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are very apt to be good-natured, and so,

looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and indeed if I had, he is too young—why, he is a mere child."

"I am twelve next so and so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed, but he is, sir," said the widow: "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way, "To be sure, there *is* a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands,

carry papers ; and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye of his fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend ; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not the stepping-stone to that." He added, warily, "At least there is no precedent reported."

"La, no, sir," said the widow ; "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Ay, ay ; to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em."

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me."

Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said young master Robert, stoutly, indorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty ; "only mind, it is half a crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering, and pushing. In less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed, and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employers, and respected too ; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was

strict in morals, and religious without parade.

In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk ; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys.

Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down, for once in a way, and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he told Mr. Chitty he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would he oblige him, and part with this young man ? Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that young man was a pearl—"I don't know what I should do without him ; why, he is my *alter ego*." However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in, and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remembers him

well at this period, by meeting him sometimes in his own chambers, and sometimes in judges' chambers. My brother says he could not help noticing him, for he bristled with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked only a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterward turned out to be four years older than that solicitor who took him for a boy.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received, or evaded it.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister who had two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside and said: "I have only two hundred pounds in the world. I have saved it, a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter one hundred pounds, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folks call breakfast, but they called it dinner; and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose, and surprised them a little. He said: "I

am sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to. It will take me just one hour."

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but their confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was his first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the bar, paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a twofold life. He worked as a clerk till five; dined in the hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience; he became a writer, and produced a masterpiece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel, and judges. The author, though his book was entitled "Practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly, but firmly, unscientific legislative and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel, and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch-potch for you. All this did not in his Inn qualify him to be

a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, salary included, and was a pauper—for an afternoon. But work that has been long and tediously prepared can be executed quickly, and adverse circumstances, when Perseverance conquers them, turn round and become allies.

The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sowed with such pain and labor that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the managing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book, *toc*, brought him clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel soon found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy, and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; so much for Perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now a popular junior cannot always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man whose career I am epitomizing did not hesitate; he still pushed onward. And so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel, learned

in the law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors, and took his seat within the bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

I knew him only as Queen's Counsel. I had him against me once, but oftener for me, because my brother thought him even then the best lawyer and the most zealous at the bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally, Mr. Lush had still a plump unwrinkled cheek and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow, and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence, which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts. An argument by Lush enchain'd the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid that he rooted and grew conviction in the mind—*tantum series nexuraque pollent*.

I never heard him at *Nisi Prius*,

but should think he could do nothing ill, yet would be greater at convincing judges than at persuading juries right or wrong; for at this pastime he would have had to escape from the force of his own understanding, whereas I have known counsel, blatant and admired, whom native and flippant fluency had secured against that difficulty.

He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me; but to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer who knew him well as counsel and judge will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We can not all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which from an office-boy made this man a clerk, a counsel, and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business—with the difficulty of rising in any art, profession, or honorable walk, and down with despondency's whine and the groans of self-deceiving laziness! You who have youth and health, never you quail at “those twin jailors of the daring heart, low birth and iron fortune.”

See what becomes of those two bugbears when the stout champion SINGLE-HEART and the giant PERSEVERANCE take them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's Inn in fees and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right nor left, but went straight on—and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds, but to the power of single-hearted Perseverance there is no known limits.

Non omnis mortuus est—the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English courts; his gesta are for mankind. Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance, and proportionate success in spite of odds is not for one narrow island, but the globe. An old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment: If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush and trample on them. If impossibilities encounter you, up hearts and at 'em.

One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though impregnated from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of Prosperity which have hurt the soul far oftener than “low birth and iron fortune.” He flourished in a skeptical age, yet he lived and died fearing God.

THE WAITING.

I wait and watch ; before my eyes
 Methinks the night grows thin and gray ;
 I wait and watch the eastern skies,
 To see the golden spears uprise
 Beneath the oriflamme of day !

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance,
 I hear the day sounds swell and grow,
 And see, across the twilight glance,
 Troop after troop, in swift advance,
 The shifting ones with plumes of snow !

I know the errand of their feet :
 I know what mighty work is theirs ;
 I can but lift up hands unmeet,
 The threshing floors of God to beat,
 And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair,
 The steps of progress wait for me ;
 The puny leverage of a hair
 The planet's impulse well may spare ;
 A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
 And yet not mine if understood ;
 For one shall grasp and one resign,
 One drink life's rue and one its wine,
 And God shall make the balance good.

Oh, power to do ! Oh, baffled will !
 Oh, prayer and action ! ye are one.
 Who may not strive may yet fulfil
 The harder task of standing still ;
 And good but wished with God is done !

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
 Do it, boys, with all your might !
 Never be a little true,
 Or a little in the right.
 Trifles even
 Lead to heaven,
 Trifles make the life of man ;
 So in all things,
 Great or small things,
 Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
 Spotless truth and honor bright !
 I'd not give a fig for him
 Who says any lie is white !
 He who falters,
 Twists or alters
 Little atoms when we speak
 May deceive me ;
 But believe me,
 To himself he is a sneak !

Help the weak if you are strong,
 Love the old if you are young,
 Own a fault if you are wrong,
 If you're angry hold your tongue.
 In each duty
 Lies a beauty,
 If your eyes you do not shut,
 Just as surely
 And securely
 As a kernel in a nut !

Love with all your heart and soul,
 Love with eye and ear and touch ;
 That's the moral of the whole,
 You can never love too much !

'Tis the glory
 Of the story
 In our babyhood begun :
 Our hearts without it—
 Never doubt it—
 Are the worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
 Say it, if it is but true ;
 Words may give delight with ease,
 When no act is asked from you.
 Words may often
 Soothe and soften,
 Gild a joy or heal a pain ;
 They are treasures
 Yielding pleasures
 It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
 Do it, then, with all your might ;
 Let your prayer be strong and true—
 Prayer, my lads, will keep you right,
 Prayer in all things,
 Great and small things,
 Like a Christian gentleman ;
 And forever
 Now or never,
 Be as thorough as you can.

THE ROSE'S VALENTINE.

A Rose was once in love, a sweet musk-rose,
 Blooming beneath the sunny Asian sky;
 Not with the tulips bright,
 Nor with the lilies white—

She loved a gay and splendid Butterfly.

And who should know, if Roses do not know,
 Cupid's own fete-day and his mystic sign ?
 So to the nightingale
 She told her sighing tale,

And bade him sing her love this valentine :

"O angel Rose, O wondrous flower with wings,
 Whose golden petals roam the warm sweet
 air,
 Here on my constant tree

I blush and wait for thee,
 Thou who art so divinely free and fair.

So free to come and go, while I must watch
 For happy visits, all too short and rare,
 Dreaming, in waiting bliss,
 Of thy last tender kiss,
 While thou art straying amid blossoms fair.

But in my Rose heart thou alone art king,
 My bright-winged love, fairer than all fair
 things !

By me take root, I pray;
 Or if thou fly away,
 Let me go with thee ; give thy Rose, love,
 wings !"

EDITORIAL.

A CHEAP LIBRARY.

ONE of the characteristics of the last decade is the revolution in the cost of standard literature. The principle on which this great reduction may be made with safety to the publishers, is that a very small margin on a very large number of books sold will cover the cost of publication and pay a reasonable profit.

Of course a cheap book or pamphlet is not so pleasant to the eye as a more costly one; and in what we now say this should be borne in mind. But there are many books which one wants to read only once; there are others to which he needs occasionally to refer. In such cases he can afford to lose in the quality of the letter-press, if he gains greatly in the number of volumes at his command. And, after all, of what use are books but to be read? The best books are now in the reach of the smallest purse,—and bad ones, too.

This is the suggestion which we make. If you want standard fiction (and of course you will not allow that element to predominate in your library), you can buy DICKENS, or THACKERAY, or SCOTT, or GEORGE ELIOT, for ten to twenty cents a volume in the "Franklin Square Library." If you want standard science, you can get at fifteen cents a volume, in the "Humboldt Library," such books as *Naturalist on the Amazons*, KINGSLEY'S *Town Geology*, TYNDALL'S *Forms of*

Water, SPENCER'S *Education*, and some two dozen more. In the "Standard Series" you can get for ten to twenty-five cents a volume FARRAR'S *Life of Christ*, and *Life of Paul*, HUGHES' *Manliness of Christ*, *Imitation of Christ* by THOMAS A KEMPIS, John Ploughman's *Talk* and John Ploughman's *Pictures*, MACAULAY'S *Essays*, and many others of like value. For similar prices you can obtain history, biography, criticism, poetry, etc. Now, send for catalogues of the "Franklin Square Library," "Humboldt Library," and "Standard Series,"* and make your selections. Put together six or eight volumes on kindred subjects, and have EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & Co., or some such firm, bind them in one volume. They will do it for 75c. You will then have for an outlay of \$1.75 books in a substantial and convenient form which would otherwise have cost eight to ten dollars. A dozen books, or more, might be bound in one volume, but it would be rather large for frequent use.

In this way a cheap library may be obtained, and, what is more, one which is valuable, convenient, and durable. This suggestion springs from the writer's experience, which has been so satisfactory that he could not but give others the benefit of it.

* "Franklin Square Library," Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York; "Humboldt Library," J. Fitzgerald & Co., 143 Fourth Avenue, New York; "Standard Series," J. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York.

WHEN TO ENTER COLLEGE.

THIS may seem a foolish expression, when you read without reflection,—*When to Enter College*. “Why,” you will say, “whenever one gets able and feels so inclined, of course.” But in our opinion, there is often a lack of discretion shown, a want of appreciation of what is for their own interest, by those who have to solve this question for themselves.

There seems to be a prevailing sentiment in the minds of a great many of our young men, that all they need to make them warriors perfectly equipped for life’s battle, is the polishing to be obtained from a connection of a few months, or at most a year or so, with some college. Perhaps a young man has already nearly attained to years of maturity, and his stock of knowledge consists of a moderate acquaintance with the rudiments; and a more than moderate supply of self-sufficiency, engendered by his very ignorance. He has a few hundred dollars to spend on the enlargement of his mental calibre. There is a good school within the precincts of his own neighborhood, with a fountain of knowledge in which he may safely lave for years. But no,—he has only two years to waste on an education, and that much time spent in a country school seems a reckless prodigality of time and money. Thoughts of college life, like pleasing visions, flit around him. “I can go there,” he says, “and come back at the end of two years an accomplished scholar; or, if not as learned in reality as the

rulers of states, I will, at least, have been to college, and when this reputation’s gained, half the battle’s won already.” The result is, a new arrival within some classic walls, and a new addition to the prep. department. His mind, in his own opinion, is capable of the magnificent developments of a *BACON*. The idea of staying there five or six years, simply for the sake of a diploma, seems ridiculous to him.” “Why,” thinks he, “in my two years I can embrace about the whole ground,—minus indeed the classics, and we all know they are utterly worthless, and minus also higher Mathematics, which is good enough in its way, but of no practical utility.” The sequel is, at the end of his two years his mental calibre is of about the same bore as it was in the beginning, and he is lacking not a whit in that opinion of *ego* which distinguished him of old.

All this time we find that not a serious thought of the realities of life has ever been felt. “Only let me finish my self-allotted time, and get my reputation up, and it will be plain sailing then.” He fixes on some vocation for which, the notion strikes him, he is just the man. But he finds that it doesn’t work. Of course it is not his fault, but the fault of the people who fail to see his genius. “Ah, by the way, I think that the law is the very thing that will suit my taste. What a dolt I was not to see that my abilities and inclinations have all ever pointed in this direction.” He

meets like success in his new enterprise, but by no means dismayed, only disgusted with an unappreciative world, he tries something else; and thus old age finds him no nearer the goal of success than when he first courted fortune. That man made a mistake in entering college too soon; not that he was too young, by any means, but too soon, because he was unable to appreciate the benefits attending a thorough college course. It is only a small percentage of those who commence at college with branches they might and should have learned at home, who ever graduate.

Now what is necessary for our youth,

is to determine for what he is suited and work for excellence in this pursuit. Let him not be in too big a hurry to enter the prep. department of a college. Let him make good use of the means of education within his reach, be they ever so humble. Let him not underrate the value of preparatory schools, and let him not think when he is able to read a passage from CÆSAR, or even to blunder through a line of XENOPHON's *Anabasis* that only a college will allow his expanding intellect to develop. And then when once he is fitted to enter college, let him enter with a determination to use all legitimate means in his power to go through.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE University of Virginia has 365 students.

—THERE are about sixty students at the Seminary at Louisville.

—THE Freshman class of Cambridge, England, numbers 835.

—IN the 15th century the University of Paris is said to have had 25,000 students.

—DR. BROADUS believes "that, on the whole, young people are safer in college than at home."

—THERE are 7,000 Americans now studying in the German schools and universities.—*University Monthly*.

—SOME one has said that a thoroughly educated gentleman is as good an educator of a community as a school. So, college boys, look to your grade! To the front!

—ONE hundred and sixty-nine boys have attended Wake Forest up to this time of the collegiate year 1881-'82.

—THE graded school at Franklin-ton, over which Mr. N. Y. GULLEY presides, was opened on the 6th of February.

—THE library of Amherst College will receive \$500,000 from the estate of a Boston lawyer who graduated at that college in 1825.

—THE HORNER school at Oxford is said to be doing good work. During the present scholastic year forty-eight boarding pupils have been enrolled.

—ENGLAND has four Universities, France 15, Germany 22. Ohio, with that simplicity characteristic of the West, contents herself with 23—'Varsity.

—IT is reported that President MC-COSH intends to prohibit Princeton students from being on the streets at night.—*Echo*.

—THE last report of the Librarian of Harvard tells that the number of bound volumes and pamphlets in the different buildings of the University Library is 474,943.

—MERCER UNIVERSITY, of which Dr. A. J. BATTLE is President, holds a warm place in the affections of Georgia Baptists. It has five professors and 120 students.

—ROCKY MOUNT has raised by subscription \$2,000 for a graded school. Graded schools at Rocky Mount, Wilson and Goldsboro are signs of better times for the eastern portion of the State.

—NO EXAMINATIONS are required of students at Amherst if nine-tenths of the recitations are attended.—*Ex.* We recommend such a law to the serious consideration of the Faculty of Wake Forest. You know the reputation of Amherst.

—THE Greek play *Antigone* will be brought on the stage at Toronto University this winter. At the Boston Globe theatre, *Edipus Tyrannus* is to be presented on a scale similar to that at Harvard, all the parties but one, however, being in English.

—WE are glad to hear of the good condition of the University. One hundred and ninety-seven students are now there, of whom forty-eight have received aid from the "DEEMS Fund." The railroad comes within a mile and a-half of Chapel Hill.

—“FURMAN UNIVERSITY (S. C.) is coming to the front again under the enthusiasm awakened by Dr. MANLY, its new President. Students are increasing in numbers. The Faculty has been recast and strengthened. The ‘Bonds question’ has been satisfactorily disposed of—peace reigns, and the University is a success.”

—IN New York city there are 299 public schools. The population, 1,206,500, increased during the last ten years 28 per cent.; but it is gratifying to note that the school attendance for the same period increased 35 per cent. In the State there are more than a million children in the public schools, and there are only nineteen States in the Union which have each a greater population.

—THE Bureau of Education reports that at the end of the year 1881 there were 3,881 pupils in the non-Mormon schools at Utah, and that these pupils were taught by 94 teachers. These schools are under religious denominations, and the largest number of pupils—1,660, with 41 teachers—are under the Presbyterian denomination. The remainder are divided among the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist and Catholic denominations.

—IT is said that at Harvard University, in the last fifty years, no student who smoked has graduated at the head of his class. The case is far different at our own University, for almost invariably our best men have been habitual users of “the weed.” So you see the rule is far from general.—*University Monthly*. While your comments may be true in regard to stu-

dents at Chapel Hill, we beg leave to suggest that, however brilliant may have been your smokers, they would have been more so, had the "filthy weed" never touched their lips.

—THE UNIVERSITY.—The trustees of the University of North Carolina held their annual session in Raleigh on Thursday, at which time the annual report of President BATTLE was submitted to the Board. The report must gratify every citizen of the State. The venerable institution is making steady advance in numbers and prosperity. The receipts from tuition have been larger during the past year than at any time since the war, and the indications of continuing prosperity are apparent. The "Deems Fund" which was founded by the liberality of DR. DEEMS, of New York, has already given aid to 48 students, in acquiring their education.

—Two bills have been recently introduced in the Senate having relation to the subject of education. One by Senator LOGAN directing that the revenues derived from the tax on spirituous liquors be applied to the promotion of education among the people. And a bill by Senator VANCE directing that the tax shall be collected by each State within its limits and the fund applied to the promotion of education under the direction of the States. Both bills are important, but the bill of Senator VANCE is to be preferred, for the reason that the State government has a more intimate knowledge of the educational condition and wants of the citizens and can apply the fund with greater economy and benefit than by agency of the

large and intricate machinery of the general government. The subject is an important one in all its aspects and deserves the careful and liberal consideration of congress.—*Economist*.

—EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—Says the *Morning Star*: "Virginia expends more money for educational purposes than any of the Southern States. In this she acts with wisdom and shows a true appreciation of the situation. At this time there is \$600,000 in the State Treasury. It is thought that much of this will be distributed among the schools." The Richmond *Advocate* says:

'The leaders, Funder and Readjuster, in the Legislature, are now bidding against each other as the 'friends of popular education.' The lavish appropriations to school the 'dear children of the people' will astonish plain folks. A mere incidental item of four hundred thousand dollars was tossed, the other day, into the Free School revenue.'

We would like to see political parties in North Carolina begin to "bid against each other as the friends of popular education." Unfortunately there is too much likelihood of an opposite course. When you talk of increasing the school fund, the demagogue begins at once to talk of the "dear people," and to declare that the party that dares to raise the taxes any higher will go down. If the opposing parties would only rally around the banner of educational progress and rival each other in their well directed zeal for popular elevation, there would indeed be a good time coming. The *Advocate* says that in Virginia "both political parties are on their metal as

champions of the public schools." Why may not this be the case in North Carolina? We carry the flag of illiteracy—lead in the class of ignorance; why then may not all men of all parties unite in demanding liberal, enlarged appropriations for education, that illiteracy may be diminished and the stigma removed from our escutcheon? There can be no such thing in our State as popular education without money. The funds must be raised or illiteracy must continue to abound. How shall the money be raised?

—THE PEABODY FUND.—Says DR. CURRY in his letter of information recently published: * * MR. PEABODY's gift, unparalleled in aim or scope by any previous or subsequent individual gift for education, was entrusted to distinguished gentlemen, selected by himself, who were empowered to use and apply the income for the promotion and encouragement of "education among the young of the more destitute portions of the south-

ern and southwestern States." MR. PEABODY left "an absolute discretion" to the Trustees as to the localities in which the funds should be expended, and was careful to negative the idea that the benefits of the fund were to be distributed upon any measure of proportion among the States, or that any State had any claim to a distributive share.

As the income of the fund does not exceed \$100,000 annually, only a few schools can be aided, and a special arrangement must be made with them through the State superintendents. In making a selection, schools located at influential points have the preference, and all schools aided must be free, be properly graded, must have at least one hundred pupils, with one teacher for every fifty, and must continue in session nine or ten months. In no instance has the entire or chief cost of maintaining schools been met by the Trustees. Funds are given to stimulate and encourage those who provide for the principal part of the expense.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—BEFORE the year 1500 there had been issued only 25,000 editions of books. Now new books appear at the rate of 25,000 a year.

—THE Congressional Library at Washington, for which a new building will soon be begun, now numbers 420,092 volumes and 146,000 pamphlets. Its present home is in the Capitol.

—WE are obliged to the Wilmington *Star* for a complimentary notice of THE STUDENT. It shall advance in merit, Mr. Editor, as it advances in age.

—THE largest collection of books in the world is said to be the Imperial Library of Paris, which contains 800,000 volumes and 100,000 manuscripts.

—THE *Orphan's Friend* thinks THE STUDENT "a handsome, spicy, and highly interesting magazine." We are pleased to note a growing appreciation of our work, and thank our friends for their words of encouragement.

—OUR CONTINENT, edited by Judge ALBION W. TOURGEE, makes its appearance as a sixteen-page illustrated weekly. It promises to rank high as a literary paper. Among its contributors are several noted names in prose and poetry.

—THE average edition of *Scribner's Monthly* during its last year was 120,000; while for the first four numbers of *The Century*, the average is 132,000. Since the magazine changed its name the circulation has greatly increased, both in this country and in England.

—"SPARTANS, stoics, heroes, saints and gods," said Mr. EMERSON in his *Century* essay, "use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centres. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun."

—THE *Century* has secured the right to bring out in serial form an unpublished diary of the late Mr. CARLYLE. It gives a full account of a tour in Ireland in 1849, written in the author's raciest style. The manuscript, which is an autograph, was preserved by a friend as a secret treasure. Mr. FROUDE had not heard of it till recently. The author of "Reminiscences" is now impressed with its importance. The world is eager to know anything new of the Chelsean sage.

—WE are indebted to the Elizabeth City *Economist* and the *Roanoke Patron* for commanding the STUDENT in encouraging words. No effort shall be spared on our part to make the magazine of such value as to deserve a place in every home in the State.

—IN England in 1881, 5,406 books were published. Of these theology has 945, education 682, fiction 674, while juveniles number 500. Art and science fall to 452, history and biography claim 339, voyages and travels 291, essays 247, poetry and drama 148.

—OF MARK TWAIN'S latest work the *Athenaeum* says: "To the innumerable admirers of 'Roughing It' and 'A Tramp Abroad,' 'The Prince and the Pauper' is likely to prove a heavy disappointment. The author, a noted representative of American humor, has assayed to achieve a serious book. The consequences are at once disastrous and amazing. * * * Of Mr. CLEMENT's many jokes the 'Prince and the Pauper' is incomparably the flattest and the worst."

—AN article in the February *Century*, written by the late Dean STANLEY contrasts the comparative obscurity of FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON while living with his immense posthumous celebrity. The Dean wrote: "It is not too much to say that he has become, beyond question, the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century, the most widely admired, and with the most powerful reasons for this wide-spread judgment." ROBERTSON is then, compared with SPURGEON, Bishop RYLE, Cardinal NEWMAN, Dr. THOMAS ARNOLD, and others.

—MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has published a new poem in the *Nineteenth Century* on Westminster Abbey. The poem commemorates the late Dean Stanley. Referring to the Dean the poet has the following lines:

And, truly he who here
Hath run his bright career,
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
And borne to light and right his witness high,
What can he better crave than then to die,
And wait the issue, sleeping under ground?

Why should he pray to range
Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,
And break his heart with all the baffling change
And all the tedious tossing to and fro ?

—THE *Critic* says: " And so common is eloquence, or what passes for eloquence, that the thinking has come to be a very unimportant part of the talking. Let the orator but have learned the stage-tricks—the attitude, the gestures, the tones—it does not matter much what he says; the audience is carried away all the same. There is a story in Mr. Russell's book much to the point. A deaf man listened to one of the really eloquent speakers of thirty or forty years ago. He was bathed in tears at the pathos, roused to the most vociferous applause by other passages. ' I can't hear a darned word,' he said; ' but, great Jericho, don't he do the motions splendid ! ' "

Miss CAROLINE Fox's *Memories of old Friends* is an entertaining book about authors. She says CARLYLE had to take a journey always after writing a book and then got so weary knocking about that he had to write "another to recover from it." The great man himself wrote to her of his work. " I am about writing upon

OLIVER CROMWELL—still about it; for the thing will not stir from the spot, let me shove it never so desperately! It approaches the impossible, this task of mine, more nearly than any task I ever had. How awaken an oblivious world, incognizant of CROMWELLS, all incredulous of such; how recusitate a hero sunk under the disastrous wreck of two such centuries as lie dead on him?"

—“ OWEN INNSLEY,” whose recently published volume of “Love Poems and Sonnets” has been so highly praised by the newspapers, turns out to be a woman—Miss LUCIA W. JENNISON. The following addressed to EMERSON is one of the most charming bits of verse in her book :

“ As sweeps a wind at morning cool and clear,
Against the wavering mists that break and flee,

Leaving the wide blue prairies of the sea
Outstretched in sunlit splendor far and near ;
As, in the early breeze’s fresh embrace,

The autumn flowers shake off their sleep and shine,

Gold, purple, 'mid a blaze of scarlet vine,
And all the fields are clothed with joy and grace.

So, loftiest Teacher ! sweep thy winged words
Against the mists and errors of our days.

So to thy voice respond a thousand chords
That slumbered, thrilled to perfect praise.
And 'neath the breast of thine inspiring mood
The soul grows strong, and life seems sweet
and good.”

—OSCAR WILDE, the latest literary importation into this country, is receiving more than his share of public attention. The curious stand on tip-toe to see his performances, admiring him in his velvet coat and knee breeches, with fantastic hair, as he propounds and answers the question, “ Shall I tell you why we love the lily

and the sunflower?" Reporters for the press follow him through all his gyrations to catch the novel aspects of his career and spread them to the public gaze. Philosophers speculate on the tendencies of æstheticism, of which he is a *sublime exponent*. In a recent lecture the young æsthete said: "We should never talk of a moral or immoral poem. Poems are either well written or badly written; that is all. All good work aims at a purely artistic effect."

—THE critics seem to regard WALT WHITMAN as fair game. The *Dial* says "his lack of sense of poetic fitness, his failure to understand the business of a poet, is certainly astounding. His virility, as applied to the purposes of poetry, seems to us not unlike what the virility of a buffalo bull might be, applied to carriage purposes, and his freedom such as might more properly be expected of an irresponsible and rampant savage." *The Independent* expresses itself concerning his poetry on this wise: "The diction is repulsive. It is the strained speech of an uneducated man, who lugs in all the big words he knows—Spanish (apparently bad Spauish), queer French, scraps of Latin and what not. Besides all this, the author is a literary 'crank' of a most desperate kind. It is sheer madness to believe that such dreams as these will ever be counted objects of art by the general voice of the sane."

IN AN interesting article in the *Dial*, ROBERT COLYER says of JAMES T. FIELDS, that "underneath the beauty and sweetness which was so abundant, the fine humor which took us captive

in his home and on the platform, and the gentle heart which made him to me the perfect type of an American gentleman—and that is the best I have found,—there was a solid endurance and power to hold and to bind which was still, to my thinking, the noblest of all. Once sure the thing was right, he must do or refuse to do, and this was the end of all controversy. His *No* was as the refusal of Mount Washington to slide down into Casco Bay. He was a man with solemn and sacred deeps of conviction and character such as one seldom finds—a man with 'a correspondence fixed wi' heaven.' The kindly and sunny heart was strong and sure as the pillars of the world. I have known no man in all my life I could tie to with a more absolute conviction that the rock and ring would hold, no matter about the strain."

—IN the late *Harper's* we have from the pen of ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS "Last Words from GEORGE ELIOT," with extracts from a correspondence with the great authoress. In one letter GEORGE ELIOT says: "As to the great novel which remains to be written, I must tell you that I never believe in future books. Always after finishing a book I have a period of despair that I can ever again produce anything worth giving to the world." In another place she writes, what is not in keeping with an alleged propensity of her sex: "I hardly ever read anything that is written about myself—indeed, never unless my husband wishes me to do so by way of exception." Hear what the female philosopher has to say of criticism:

"I hate sitting in the seat of judgment, and I would rather try to impress the public generally with the sense that they may get the best result from a book without necessarily forming an 'opinion' about it, than I would rush into stating opinions of my own. The floods of nonsense printed in the form of critical opinions seem to me a chief curse of our times—a chief obstacle to true culture."

—PERIODICAL literature may be said to date from the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1802. Since then it would be safe to say that every prominent writer, almost without exception, has been represented, with more or less frequency, in the numbers of some periodical. It is also safe to say that, often, for conciseness, force, and helpfulness, these productions are above the literary average of their day. Some subjects have never been treated save in some popular journal. In a great measure this rich mine is not available to the literary prospector, as it is buried beneath the covers of some forgotten review or dispersed through the pages of many volumes. To place this material, which forms no small part of almost every public and private library, in shape for reference, Mr. W. F. POOLE, in 1853, published an "Index to Periodical Literature," which has been in use ever since. Mr. POOLE, who is now the accomplished librarian of the Chicago Public Library, has in manuscript another index upon the same general plan which embraces the principal articles in one hundred and eighty-two American and English periodicals, and which is brought

down to January, 1882. This volume will be published in the spring by J. R. OSGOOD & Co., of Boston.—*Standard*.

—Mr. W. L. ALDEN, the funny man of the New York *Times*, has written a history of Christopher Columbus; *The First American Citizen (by Adoption.)* His object seems to have been to give the eager inquirer information which he did not already possess and could not obtain from other sources. In this he has certainly succeeded. Here is an illustration. The youth had been sent to the store by his mother for a pound of "blueing," but had spent the day watching a base-ball match. His stern father invited him to the woodshed, where he made the following remarkable vindication: "Father, I stayed to witness that base-ball match, not because of a childish curiosity, nor yet because I had any money on the game, but solely in order to study the flight of the ball, hoping thereby to obtain some hints as to the law of projectiles that would enable me to improve the science of gunnery, which is now by no means in an advanced state. If, in view of these circumstances, you still think me worthy of punishment, I will submit with all the fortitude I can summon." It is distressing to learn that the father wore out two apple-tree switches in connection with his promising son. The book is an amusing burlesque of history. "There is no other history of COLUMBUS at all comparable to it, nor is there likely to be, and to those who wish to know COLUMBUS as he wasn't, we can confidently and cheerfully commend it."

SCIENCE NOTES.

—SIMPLICITY OF DIET.—There is no doubt that the variety and richness of food so much sought by persons in comfortable circumstances tax to injury the digestive organs and result in disease and shortened life. Those who have lived longest and done most work have been small and simple eaters. A note-worthy instance is the life of PETER COOPER, of New York. A few weeks since he celebrated his 91st birth-day, having spent the morning in his usual visit of inspection to the Cooper Union and in signing leases for tenants. His strength of body or mind seems little abated. He attributes his advanced age to the regularity of his life and the simplicity of his diet. He lives mostly on milk.

—A CARNIVOROUS PARROT.—The kea, or mountain parrot, is a native of New Zealand. A specimen has lately been added to the Zoölogical Gardens of London. It was struck down while in the act of attacking a sheep. The man who captured it had his clothes torn and his hands badly lacerated. Its plumage is green; its length is 25 inches, the bill being two inches and very strong. The kea is peculiar in being an exception to all the parrot tribe, which live on fruits, etc., and in the further fact that its carnivorous appetite is not natural, but acquired. In the time of the MAORI rule, it was innocent and harmless; and it was not until the mountain districts of the country became settled and utilized as runs for sheep that it was tempted to

join the army of the carnivora. In 1868 sheep were found mangled about the loins, and the enemy remained unsuspected, until the kea was seen by the shepherds perched on the back of his victim. Of course after this discovery there was an organized effort for his extermination. His attacks are quite exclusively upon sheep, and he is by no means without choice in his mutton; the fat in which the kidneys lie is the delicacy, and he rarely ever dissects any other part. He fastens his claws in the wool and at his leisure tears out the flesh, gets his sweet morsel and then leaves the victim to die. The specimen in London takes his mutton raw with most relish, but will take it cooked when hungry; he will also eat beef, and seems fond of pork, but the fruits, seeds, leaves, and buds on which his ancestors lived are too insipid and tame for his advanced and cultivated appetite.

THE SIZE OF LONDON.—It is the greatest city which the world ever saw, covering, within a fifteen mile radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles. It has more than 4,000,000 inhabitants, of whom there are 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff. It has a birth in it every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes; has seven acci-

dents every day in its 7,000 miles of street; has 123 persons every day; and 45,000 annually, added to its population. The list of its crimes is of like proportions: it has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, 23,000 prostitutes, and 38,000 drunkards, and has 60 miles of open shops every Sunday. Its influence on the world is represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.—*Sci. Am. Supplement.*

AN INQUIRING CANARY.—Rev. Dr. Ray, of Titusville, Penn., is fond of canaries, and the bay-window of his library is occupied by a large number of these favorite songsters, to some of whom is given the freedom of the entire room at times. One of these is very much interested in penmanship, and will watch Dr. R. write by the hour. The black line left by the pen in its travels is the greatest of mysteries to the bird, and he will follow it as it spins out across the page, and make frequent examinations, first with one eye, and then with the other, but can never quite understand it all, and after scratching his head with his claw, he will follow the line across again. This he will keep up by the hour, and it would be interesting to know his thoughts on the subject—if canaries ever do have thoughts.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE STOURBRIDGE LION.—On the 8th of August, 1829, the first locomotive that ever turned a driving-wheel on a railroad track in America was run at Honesdale, Pa., on the newly-finished road that connected the Lackawanna coal fields with the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Up to that

date there were only twelve miles of railroad in operation on this continent. The first enterprise of the kind in England—the Liverpool and Manchester Railway—was approaching completion. While GEORGE STEPHENSON, the father of steam locomotives, was preparing his subsequently famous engine, the Rocket, for trial on this road, HORATIO ALLEN went to England to examine into the merits of steam as a motive power on railroads. He was satisfied, and ordered three engines for the pioneer road in America. One of them, the Stourbridge Lion, named for the place of its manufacture, reached New York in May, 1829, where for six weeks the wonderful machine was visited by thousands. Mr. ALLEN managed it on its first trip. He ran several miles up the shaking wooden road at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and then returned to the village amid the shouts of the people and the booming of cannon. The engine was too ponderous for the road, and it was accordingly housed in a shanty on the dock, where it lay for years. Parts of it were on exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. But PETER COOPER claims the distinction of being the builder of the first locomotive engine ever built in the Western Hemisphere.

WHAT BECOMES OF DISUSED CURRENCY.—Worn-out Federal currency is destroyed in the Government "masticator" in the basement of the Treasury building at Washington. The masticator, which is somewhat similar to the machinery used by paper-makers in disintegrating rags, is

under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the United States Treasurer, each of whom has a key to the door by which access is had to its interior. The three locks are so arranged that without the use of all the keys the door cannot be opened. When it is proposed to put the machine in operation, these gentlemen proceed to the room where it is located, each applies his key so as to unlock the door, the currency is placed in the hopper, the door is relocked, and the work of mastication or grinding begins—the officials being then, and not before, at liberty to retire. The machine runs forty-eight hours at a time. The pulp being drawn off, is made into mementoes of one sort and another—paper-weights being one of the most common—the currency being thus, even in its last estate, ornamental as well as useful.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

WHAT THE DRAGON-FLY IS UNDER WATER.—The dragon-flies common around all of our still pools, and known as “devil’s darning-needles,” are called in Scotland “flying adders,” in Germany and France “water virgins,” or “damsels,” and in our Southern States “mosquito-hawks.”

There are said to be four hundred species of the dragon-fly. In its first stage of life it is an ugly water-crawler, that breathes through its tail (*i. e.*, its gills are in its tail), and sheds its skin like a silk-worm. It is then called the “water-tiger,” for it kills and eats every creature it can get hold of—even little fishes. A writer in the *American Agriculturist* gives the fol-

lowing account of its transformation: “They go on feeding and growing, some one year, and some, it is said, for two years, when the time comes for them to change to perfect insects—to leave the water and begin a new life in the air. At last its time comes, and the pupa crawls up the stem of some plant, and leaves the water forever. Instead of breathing the water through its tail, it now has to breathe air through openings in its sides, and instead of propelling itself, rocket-like, through the water, it has to dart through the air, and for this it must have wings. All these are provided. The pupal skin at last bursts, and the perfect dragon-fly slowly pulls itself out. At first the wings are damp, limp and useless, but they gradually spread and dry—and what beautiful wings they are! They are worth a close examination. See the delicate frame-work, so curiously netted, with a beautiful membrane filling the spaces between; this is wonderfully thin and transparent, and the light often plays on it with rainbow colors.”

Can anything be more complete than this transformation—from an ugly inhabitant of muddy water to a light and graceful creature of the air? But there is one thing the dragon-fly does not leave behind him with the remains of his former life: he has his appetite, and skims away through the air, devouring other insects quite as effectively as he did before, as a “water-tiger.”—*American Kindergarten.*

—THE ELEPHANT is said to continue to grow until he reaches the age of fifty years. In confinement he gets to be ninety years old.

CORK.—The cork of commerce is the bark of an evergreen oak (*Quercus suber*) which grows in France, Sicily, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Algeria. It is chiefly cultivated in Spain and Portugal. There are two kinds, the white and the black, the former being considered the more valuable on account of its superior texture and color. White cork is obtained in Spain, the black in France. Under favorable conditions, the tree grows to be 40 or 50 feet high and 10 to 13 feet in circumference. The length of the trunk to the first limbs varies from 9 to 13 feet. At the proper season the bark is cut all around at the base and summit of this trunk, and divided longitudinally. It is then prized off with levers and collected. The rough exterior is scraped or slightly charred, when it is ready for the manufactory. Its principal use is for stoppers. The trees are stripped every ten years. It seems a little strange that those trees which are thus treated live to a much greater age than those whose first bark is left undisturbed.

AMERICA.—No, not the continent, but only a baby elephant named for it. She was born at Bridgeport, Conn., on the 2nd of February, and is the second elephant ever born in captivity. Her weight was 145 pounds. Her mother's name is Queen. We take the following from *The World*: The exact measurement of the baby was 30 inches high, 36 inches long, and its little trunk, which it began to use exactly seven minutes after it first saw the light, measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Its ears are folded back like a lady's cape, and its tail, in its extreme thinness,

was out of all proportion to its legs. In fact, it seemed to be pretty much all head and legs, the body being thin and wasted. Its eyes were red and apparently somewhat inflamed, but were wide open. It stood upright nearly all the time, or walked slowly and tremblingly around the mass it owned as mother, but now and then, with a motion exceedingly awkward, it would bend its front knees, balance itself carefully, and then roll over helplessly among the loose hay that formed the maternal couch. At each of these mishaps the mother showed marked solicitude. Her body swayed from side to side and her trunk sought out the baby and vainly endeavored to turn her over. This caress, for the trunk of the monster seemed as tender as the hand of a woman, would invariably rouse the baby to renewed exertion, and with a turn or two more awkward perhaps than the movements which attended its lying down, it rose slowly and tremblingly to its feet. Ever since the birth of the baby—which Mr. BARNUM has christened America, the other baby elephant, born in Philadelphia, March 10, 1880, bearing the name of Columbia—the other elephants in the hall, numbering twenty, have been in a state of great excitement. They have exhibited a curiosity almost human to see the new-comer, and have been harder to control than usual. Early in the morning it is customary to release them in order that they may get their morning drink at a large tank. Ordinarily they enjoy this drink hugely, but yesterday not one of the twenty went to the tank direct, each making his way towards the mother and baby, in the centre of the ring. Columbia, who is now two years old and weighs over 1,000 pounds, reached the side of the Queen and was ready for a game of romps.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—FELLOW-STUDENTS, rejoice! Professor MILLS has put up the new clock. No more irregularity in college hours.

—ANNIVERSARY is numbered with the things of the past. Be on the lookout for the next Senior Speaking, the fourth Friday night in April.

—SOME of our young men, earnestly seconded in their endeavors by the young ladies, are trying to put in operation a skating rink. What next?

—TAKE notice, smokers!

Go north and south on German ground,
Eastward and westward wander,
Two nasty things you'll find abound—
Tobacco smoke and slander.

—Goethe.

—MR. D. W. HERRING, who will finish his college course next June, was on the 15th of February licensed to preach the Gospel by the church at this place.

—THE most popular college effusion at present is—

“Forty lines of Latin,
Fifty more of Greek,
Prompt a lazy student,
A trusty ‘horse’ to seek.”

—A NEW SIGN strikes the visitor's eye soon after he steps from the cars. It is this: “W. C. LANKFORD, PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST.” We commend the Doctor's enterprise, and wish him success.

—WE were glad to see at the Anniversary a number of the alumni: Messrs. W. N. JONES, C. S. VANN, J. N. HOLDING, W. H. PACE, J. E. RAY, M. A. JONES, C. S. FARRIS, B. F. MONTAGUE, showed by their presence their old-time interest in Wake Forest.

—THE question now agitating the minds of the Senior class, is the propriety of a white *class plug*. A jealous prep. says they have need of something to distinguish them. But who believes what he says?

—ONE of the chief industries of our students at present, is the careful cultivation of the incipient mustache. It will pay any druggist who keeps a fertilizer warranted to change the soft down into the silky beard, to advertise in the *Student*.

—THE contest for medals has already begun. The struggle for some of them will be of unusual excitement this year. The effect of keeping the midnight vigil will be, ere June, clearly discernible in the pale faces of some of our ambitious young men.

—PROF. H. J. WILLIAMSON, the penman so well known throughout the State, is now in Wake Forest, and a series of lessons in his art has begun. He is worthy the patronage of the students and citizens. His skill in the use of the pen is simply wonderful.

—REV. CHAS. F. DEEMS, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is to deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies at our next commencement. The sermon before the graduating class is to be from REV. J. R. GRAVES, LL. D., of Memphis, Tenn. The presence of these distinguished orators and divines, will add much to the interest of the occasion.

—THE election in the Euzelian Society for contestants for the essayist medal to be given at the commencement in June, resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen in the order given: W. H. OSBORNE, CHAS. A. SMITH, H. G. HOLDING, THOS. DIXON, W. J. FERRELL, and J. W. FLEETWOOD.

—A young friend with sorrow and longing depicted on his countenance stepped in as we were busily engrossed in the enchanting pages of Meterology, and requested us to state that in his opinion the girls ought at least to acknowledge the receipt of tickets. We sympathize with him. Surely, they ought.

—AN anxious Junior inquires what will be the next reformation. Our enterprising Faculty, with their customary spirit of innovation, have reversed the order of the sitting in the chapel at morning prayers. Of course, the accomplishment of an object was sought in this change, viz: better order at prayers. But will this meet the need? Time alone will tell. Meanwhile the college world moves on.

—WE have heard it rumored or suggested perhaps, that the members of the Faculty will this spring add another tie of remembrance to the many which they already have upon the Senior class. They each propose to give a social dining to the Senior class.—*University Monthly*. May some kind spirit put it in the minds of our Faculty to do likewise. Professors, would you have your memories deeply engraved in the heart of each member of the Senior class? Another such chance will never occur.

—MR. JACOB S. ALLEN was one of many friends whom we were glad to welcome on the occasion of the Anniversary. Two of the things which he loves are the Sunday-school and Wake Forest College. He says that, though he is no judge in such matters, he likes THE STUDENT, but thinks the local column is too short. We replied that in a community like our own—peaceful, law-abiding, diligent in an uneventful business—little *turned up*, and hence, in the popular sense of the word, there is little *news*.

—WE know that a new number of the STUDENT is ever welcome, and think it perfectly legitimate for any one to read it on any occasion: but one of our Professors thinks otherwise, as was shown by the graceful easiness with which he borrowed the numbers of two of his class who were deeply engaged in *In and about the College* instead of attending fixedly to some such beautiful rationale as the preparation of *Ferro-Cyanide of Potassium*. So deeply do we sympathize with these gentlemen, that if they call at our sanctum, they may read our copy.

—THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY has added much to the looks and to the value of its Hall in the portraits of Drs. PRITCHARD and ROYALL, and Profs. SIMMONS and TAYLOR. We cannot too much commend the execution of the work. Dr. ROYALL'S is decidedly the finest portrait we have ever seen. Prof. TAYLOR'S is hardly inferior. Dr. PRITCHARD'S is hardly up to the standard of the rest. The Doctor says it doesn't do him justice, but we will not express our opinion

on that point. The Euzelian Society, thanks to the princely generosity of W. H. PACE, Esq., of Raleigh, has added to its list of portraits, a new one of Dr. WINGATE, which is pronounced by all who knew him to be a remarkably fine picture. Both Halls now present an appearance of tastiness and beauty that reflect credit upon the College.

—MR. G. A. PLIMPTON, of the firm of GINN, HEATH & CO., Boston, was in the village a few weeks since. He was graduated from Amherst College, and has visited a great many colleges in the Union in the interest of his publishing house. He was shown into the Halls of the Societies. He was greatly surprised at their beauty, and said he had not expected to see such in North Carolina. On being asked how they compared with other college halls, he replied : "They are ahead of any I have seen, and I have seen a great many."

—THE Rev. Dr. A. D. MAYO, one of the editors of the *National Journal of Education*, visited us recently and delivered a lecture before the students and citizens on the subject of education, which for breadth of views, cogency of thought, and patriotic sentiment, has rarely been equalled. He has the gift of enforcing his doctrine in a clear, pithy, and humorous style that will make him long remembered in North Carolina. He shows that there is no rivalry between the common schools and the colleges of this country. All have one object, with different degrees of efficiency for obtaining that object. For obtaining an education the essentials are: Good

teachers; a wholesome physical and moral atmosphere; a broad horizon that opens out from the threshold of college life. These, he thinks, are all admirably furnished at Wake Forest. The elements of an education are these: 1. To know something. 2. To do something. 3. To be something. After urging the study of one's own nature, of history, and of science, he especially emphasizes the study of our own language. He endorses the President of Harvard in pronouncing the English language and literature all that is necessary to complete a gentleman. English literature is the greatest heritage ever given to any people. The Doctor's whole speech was replete with thorough knowledge and displayed fine judgment.

ANNIVERSARY.—In the great desert of college life there are occasional oases which refresh the weary, drooping student, as with a foretaste of the Elysian fields. Such an occasion was the forty-seventh anniversary of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies, which was celebrated on the seventeenth of February. The forces of nature had combined to make the occasion one of rejoicing, and when at $2\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock p. m., to the music of the Raleigh string band, the representatives of the two Societies marched down the aisle of the new chapel, an appreciative audience had already assembled to enjoy the feast of reason so shortly to be set before them.

After pleasing and appropriate remarks by Mr. STRINGFIELD, president of debate, the secretary, Mr. FLEETWOOD, read the question for discussion: "Is the system of universal

suffrage conducive to the best interests of the Republic?" and announced as first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. W. J. FERRELL, of Wake county, who proceeded to make a speech teeming with the good sense and good reasoning by which this gentleman is distinguished. Universal suffrage, he said, involves the most vital principle of the Republic. Though the system of suffrage in the United States regards all citizens by birth or naturalization as fit candidates for the exercise of the right of suffrage, yet each State may have such regulations as conduce to the best interest and harmony of the majority of its citizens. Property qualification, restricting suffrage to those who can read and write, and tax prerequisite, are adopted by some States in the Union, and can be by all. Although the principles embodied in universal suffrage have elevated humanity more than all other political systems, yet the political dyspeptics and democratic hypocrites are crying, change! change! and murmuring and sighing for the flesh-pots of England and the onions and garlic of the feudal ages. (2). It is the embodiment of our national character. Nations having universal suffrage have made the grandest achievements in political history, and for men to denounce it as a failure and for political eclectics to exasperate the people by berating their character and taking away the right of equal freedom, is but to lay up wrath against the day of wrath. (3). Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness have been decreed to man in the chancery of heaven. In this Republic tell a man

he is free and not allow him to vote, and you insult him. The deadliest enemy of the Republic is centralization of wealth and power, the only check to which is the suffrage of the masses. There is not an instance in history where the masses overthrew a nation not cruelly despotic.

Mr. E. E. HILLIARD, of Harnett, was the first speaker on the negative, who made an earnest and impassioned speech. He noticed the great regard of all people for political liberty and especially the regard due to American liberty. Three things, he said, prove the system not conducive to the best interests of the Republic. 1. Men in office are corrupt. Under this head, he showed, first, that the object of government is the highest development of the people, and for the accomplishment of this, great care ought to be exercised in the selection of rulers. To fill well his office, a man must be a patriot, and not have in view the object of many office holders—to "get fat." Secondly, rulers ought to know something of the principles of government, and thirdly, men who hold office ought to have the good of the people at heart. Yet some, to gain office, "would drain the life-blood to fill their own coffers and satiate their own morbid greed." 2. They are put there by those unfit to do it. Corruption in office ought not to be. The remedy is a restricted system. A man to cast a vote for good must do so intelligently. Demagogism is taught for patriotism, in the name of civil liberty. 3. Men not qualified for a public duty ought to have no share in its privileges. Men

are not born equal, are not born free, but in subjection to society and law. Natural rights are not political rights. No government can stand on such a foundation as sycophants and partisans make of such elements as they can purchase in the ignorant negro freedmen and the swarms of immigrants to our shores.

Mr. E. G. BECKWITH, of Wake, for the affirmative, made a speech showing decided genius and ability. Since republics are the outgrowth of oppressed liberty the voice of the people is conducive to the best interests of the Republic. He showed how association sharpens and develops intellect, instills honesty and integrity. Hence the importance of diffusing knowledge and honoring patriotism. When all are equally free, they work for the common good; when a few enjoy this privilege, a division grows up between these few and the people; and divisions work destruction in all republics. By the rule of the few are nourished the ambitious projects of corrupt statesmen. The negative say the people are too depraved to rule. Are the people more depraved than the Grants who robbed them? Have their political intrigues been generators of true morals and upright conduct? Who runs the political machine that brings our Republic on the verge of destruction? Is it the people? No: it is the wise and educated, the bribers and caucusers, whose only virtue is their money and whose only valor is their talents. The people may be fools in many things, but are they fools on such questions as the promotion of the Republic? They

have been closest to difficulties, and have learned that political wisdom which life teaches in its sternest school. At the appearance of a people's government, despotic kingdoms vanish. The American Republic caused the throne of France to fall; and the happy results of the French Revolution spread over Europe. The wise few might hold sway where liberty had never penetrated the hearts of the people, but our Republic will never be disturbed by their exploding theories.

The cause of the negative was then taken up by THOS. DIXON, of Shelby, in a manner no report can do justice to. His clear enunciation and his animated style, gained for him the closest attention of the audience. The theory of the system, he argued, the underlying principle of which is "all men are born free and equal," is erroneous. Any institution with error as its foundation cannot be conducive to the best interests of any nation. Human rights are of two kinds, *natural* and *acquired*. Natural rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Acquired rights arise from agreement, concession, compact. Such are the rights of the citizen. The man who votes is a sovereign. The system that declares ignorance and sloth entitled to equal consideration with knowledge and virtue, is erroneous. How can a dull untutored intellect pierce the mazy labyrinth of governmental machinery? No man deprived of the advantage of the press can vote intelligently. An educational qualification is *absolutely* necessary to the expression of a wise voice in govern-

ment—because that voter not possessing it,—1. Cannot possibly know his political duty,—2. Cannot be sure that his ballot really represents his wish,—3. Cannot secure the counting of the votes, when cast, nor protect himself in his electoral privilege. Universal suffrage is the true basis of the best form of government; but its stability and purity require that universal *teaching* should precede universal suffrage.

The system as we now have it, by reason of aggregated ignorance, gives its sanction to corruption, opens the grandest field in the world for the demagogue, by supplying him with nearly two millions of ignorant voters upon whom to operate. Require these men to read and write, and the power of the demagogue is destroyed. It also fosters ignorance, degrades the lofty functions of a free citizen, and augments the undue influence of

wealth, by multiplying dependent voters.

During the debate the utmost excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. By a vote of the audience, the question was decided in the negative by a majority of 70. At 7½ p. m., the audience again assembled to hear the orators of the Societies: Mr. H. G. HOLDING, of Wake Forest, from the Euzelian, and Mr. D. W. HERRING, of Pender county, from the Philomathesian. As we intend to publish these orations in full, we will attempt no synopsis, but will only say that both acquitted themselves in a manner that reflected credit upon their Societies. The audience was then invited by Marshal BRIGGS to the Halls, where, to some, the most pleasing and profitable(?) part of the entertainment was prolonged till the wee small hours.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—MR. C. J. HUNTER (class '81) is merchandising at Hamilton, Martin county.

—C. S. WOOTEN, Esq., of Lenoir county, who will deliver the address before the Alumni Association next commencement, was graduated in 1861.

—Hon. J. C. SCARBOROUGH (class '69) owes his present high position in North Carolina to his determination to be educated in spite of peculiarly formidable obstacles; and his life ought to be a standing inspiration to all who want education and fear they are unable to obtain it. He came to Wake Forest on foot with little beside his soldier blanket. He now stands at the head of the system of education in the State, with the respect and confidence of all parties.

—Mr. M. A. JONES (class '80), whom we were pleased to see at the Anniversary, is associated with Mr. JOHN DUCKETT in the Apex Academy. The school is prosperous, having had during the fall session 78 pupils.

—REV. C. S. FARRISS (class '80), of the *Biblical Recorder*, was on the 19th of February set apart by ordination to the ministry of the Gospel. He was ordained at the request of the First Baptist church of Raleigh, of which he is a member.

—Mr. J. N. HOLDING (class '80) at the February examinations at the capital received his license to practise law. He will be associated in business with W. H. PACE, Esq., of Raleigh. We wish him ample success with an untarnished character.

—Messrs. R. A. P. COOLEY and D. L. WARD (class '81) are studying at the Greensboro Law School. We are proud of the character which our representatives there last session sustained in the midst of temptations to intemperance and the allied vices; and our confidence in their successors is not a whit less complete.

—SINCE its foundation Wake Forest College has given diplomas to 210 young men, the first class being that of 1839. Of these, 67 are or have been ministers of the Gospel, 53 teachers, 37 lawyers, 25 farmers, 18 physicians, and 13 merchants. A few are counted twice, and the occupations of a few others we are unable to learn.

—CLASS '81. We find the following in a letter from the Seminary published in a late issue of the *Recorder* about the missionary meeting of January: "Bro. ED. M. POTEAT then read an interesting and instructive essay

on 'Religion in Colleges.' It was quite good, and we felt glad that he was from North Carolina. It not only did the students good, but was commended to our consideration by one of the faculty who does not compliment as a usual thing."

—REV. A. C. DIXON (class '74), the pastor of the Baptist church at Asheville, is held one of the most efficient preachers of the State, as he was one of the most successful students at college. In an article in a recent issue of the *Recorder*, "Power in the Pulpit," his name is mentioned with those of DR. BROADUS, HUFHAM and PENDLETON, as an illustration of "true, apostolic simplicity, the power to make others feel, as he speaks, that they could preach so themselves, all is so natural, easy, and clear." His article in this number of THE STUDENT on Western North Carolina will be read with interest.

PERIODICALS, &c.

—THE *Pennsy'vania University Magazine* first claims our attention. It is, as usual, spicy and entertaining. There is a scarcity of poetry in this issue, but in our opinion, one such piece as "The Scientific Critic" will gladly make the reader turn to OSCAR WILDE's last production for relief. The article on "Oral Examinations" states the case fairly. We imagine the down-trodden "A" must have been the writer, or at least there was a "fellow feeling."

—THE *North Carolina Home Magazine*, published at Salisbury, N. C., for \$1.00 a year, is on our table. This new monthly journal, which has reached its fourth number, is devoted to all the general interests of the State. The present issue gives special prominence to schools and colleges of North Carolina, omitting some that are best known. If variety is sufficient to please, the *Home Magazine* in that respect commends itself to every household in the State.

—THE March number of *At Home and Abroad* makes its appearance in its usual handsome style. Choice poems, entertaining stories, articles biographical and critical, with some good editorial matter, make up the leading features of the present number. The general tone of the magazine is elevating, while it

aspires to the worthy object of cultivating higher taste for good literature in the South. With the success already attained, it gives promise of wide influence in Southern homes. Published at Charlotte, N. C., at \$2.50 per year.

Our Book Table.

[All Books sent us by Publishers will receive due notice in this column.]

—THE lover of books who is less experienced ought to have some wise directions in this age deluged in printers' ink. *Books and Reading*, by NOAH PORTER, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale, is one of the most valuable works that can be read. The author answers the questions, "What books shall I read, and how shall I read them?" The work contains chapters on "What is a book," "How to read," "The influence of books," "How to read history," "Noyels and novel reading," and other kindred topics. The author is well known for comprehensive knowledge of the subjects he treats, and the volume is written in his richest style. Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S Sons, New York. Price \$2.00.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

APRIL, 1882.

Vol. 1.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 4.

LANDS AND—NOT LANDS IN FLORIDA.

PREFATORY.

As with Prefaces and Introductions, so with Titles to books, essays and articles, it is the evident dictate of Prudence that they be shaped to suit the conditions of the case, after that case shall have been fully made out by the writer on a careful review of what he has actually written. Indeed, to pursue the opposite course is often attended by the very unpleasant consequence of exposing oneself to the charge of failure to "stick to the text." Now, the writer of this article, determined to baffle the efforts of hostile criticism in this direction, announces that his theme received its wording and phrasing after he had well considered all the matter which found place in the article. And to make assurance doubly sure, he invoked the all powerful aid of dichotomy—and with such results as appear above. But lest his Pegasus too, sharing in the master's glow of conscious triumph over the critics, should "launch" out upon the high seas, and thus in the very preface expose his master to the charge which he had so sedulously sought to escape, he shall be made instantly to fold with swan-like grace his metaphorical wings

and gravitate with becoming dignity towards the

LANDS.

Florida is a country about which it is possible to form opinions most diverse and even contradictory.

In some parts one may travel through poor pine land a whole day and not see an acre on which a sensible gopher would consent to live. While in others—but I must not anticipate. As you pass from the Georgia line, pursuing your way southward by the "Alachua Trail," for seventy-five miles you tire of poor, poorer, poorest pine barrens, the only denizens of which seem to be an occasional fox squirrel and a lonely bee-bird. And here distance is measured not by miles, but by "sights;" and "sights" are more definite than you may suppose—the view being about equally unobstructed at all points—so that an ordinary sight would not vary much from a mile or two.

WHAT IS A HUMMOCK?

But when you reach the centre of Alachua county there begins the delightful alternation of Pineland and Hummock. The latter differs from

the former in almost every respect in which lands can differ. It is, mostly, exceedingly fertile. The growth upon it consists of several varieties of the Oak, of Hickory, Ash, Gum, Magnolia, Orange, Ironwood, Dogwood, &c., to the utter exclusion of the whole Pine family. The Hummock is usually higher than the surrounding land—a natural mound formed by the dumping upon the pineland of shiploads of the richest composts manufactured in the laboratories of nature—this dumping going on for ages, until the desert is transformed into an Eden. Or perhaps you prefer

ERDBAUMEISTER'S THEORY.

During the Devonian Age, several millions of years ago, Florida was an incipient coral reef. When the insects had just completed the foundation work, there were mighty convulsions in nature on the right and on the left. The ocean smoked and boiled. Soon, driven from their beds by the volcanic fires, all the monsters of the deep, led by one Ichthyosaurus, whose lieutenant was a remote ancestor of my Lord Leviathan, made for some point of safety, and by general consent settled down upon this reef as having the advantage of resting upon a portion of the earth's crust thicker than that which the concavities they had left occupied. So eager were they to escape the terrible fires which approached nearer and nearer, that they piled themselves upon one another and formed a long, deep, densely compacted mass of living monsters. But the fires came on and on towards them. And then, too, a mighty earth-wave passed from west to east and heaved

up the coral reef with its writhing, doomed continent of fish. Nor was this the only upheaval in the history of the Peninsula. For there followed at short intervals of ten or twenty thousand years successive subsidences and elevations, until the Post-tertiary period settled the pillars upon which the Earth's crust rests. And each elevation brought up with it its cargo of lime and the phosphates, as the first had done. But how about the

PINE BARRENS?

Well, when, during the Glacial Period (M. Globefaiseur of Acad. Sc. speaks now), the Earth turned up its North Pole slightly and gave the Glaciers and Icebergs a tilt southward, these mighty continents of ice in their passage downwards lapping up and incorporating in themselves the sands of the Carolinas and Georgia—the Icebergs also aiding to the extent of their capacity for assimilating the detritus from the Arctic mountain sides—these both, stranding upon the peninsula of Florida, melted, leaving behind them in the valleys and lower places their cargoes of sand and gravel. [And yet there are vast regions of these States, which, so far from complaining of the wholesale robbery committed by these cool invaders of their domains, are waiting patiently for another Glacial Era].

THESE MOUNDS

vary in size from a half acre to thousands of acres.

The Tuscowilla on Orange Lake, Wekeiva near Cedar Keys, and Big Hummock near Ocala contain, each of them, land enough for the comfort-

able support of many thousand persons. What serves to enhance the fascination of these lovely spots is the sudden and perfect contrast which they present to the lands around. You pass at one step from the lowest depths of poverty and barrenness and gloom to the highest possible elevation of richness and luxuriance and life. The change, to one who has been toiling for days through sand and pine-knots shocks, the nerves and disturbs the circulation almost too violently. But then comes the sense of being amply paid for it all, as you view the gigantic Oaks whose outstretched arms are so interlaced as to make a perpetual shade—a shade often so dense that neither shrub nor flower has sunlight enough to flourish in. In such spots an object may be seen a half-mile away. The lower limbs of the majestic tree form a flat and even roof sustained by columns whose bases take fast hold upon the ground. But wherever sunlight penetrates the foliage of the trees, you find luxuriant crops of underbrush and vines oftentimes so matted as to furnish safe haunts for all kinds of wild — well, what do *you* think? for the writer did not explore them.

The fertility of the soil of these Hummocks is great, beyond the power of expression possessed by one who is a devout follower of Murray, and must on principle forego the use of double superlatives;—and having before his eyes the disaster which befell an old Florida preacher—when on his return to his old neighborhood in Georgia his little son whom he had taken along with him asked him just

before going into the church to preach, “Pa, how many of the lower limbs did you have to climb before you could reach the top pods of your cotton?” For, having to answer truthfully “four or five,” he was instantly satisfied that the bystanders regarded him as “stretching,” and on that occasion at least, he had no “liberty in preaching”—the writer will beg to be excused from telling even one of the several “whoppers” which he has on hand.

A SCRUB!

If in your wanderings in the pine-lands you see before you what appears to be an immense “clearing,” or perhaps a vast lake, discernible at a distance of miles, just hold on your course and ride boldly up to it, for it may be one of those wonderful freaks of nature known in Florida as a “scrub.” And if you had supposed that the pine waste which you were traversing was a portion of Sahara, and had thought that your horse bogging in the sand had reached bottom there, take it all back, for here below that depth is a lower depth, not of sand, but of powder. And on this white powder grows a boundless expanse of dwarf live and water-oak trees, averaging about four feet in height, and perfect miniature copies of their giant brothers in the hummocks. They stand so thick on the ground as to forbid entrance. Over this wide field—extending sometimes for twenty miles in length and four or five in width—the eye wanders, by the hour, in vain, to descry some animate object, or indeed, any object other than the monotonous green plain stretching out before you.

The only exception to this is found in autumn. Then, when the tiny acorns fall, deer and turkeys abound—the former bounding playfully over the tops of the treelets, and the latter indicating their presence by the undulations on the surface of the plain, such as may be observed in a wheat field when animals are moving about in it. The writer was permitted once to see a flock of what he computed at fully three hundred turkeys (a whopper!) passing out in single file from a scrub, frightened by the dogs, which had chased our deer into it. [An old hunter who witnessed the same sight said that my estimate was too large by perhaps one-half. But as he had lost one eye in the Seminole war, I shall always be inclined to think that he saw only half of the flock.]

NOT LANDS.

If you had been traveling adown the Alachua Trail for four days, camping out at night, and if on reaching the neighborhood of an old friend who had preceded you a year or so, you should chance to receive an invitation from him to turn aside and spend a month or so with him, until your own house could be built and equipped for the use of your family, you would then realize the exquisite pleasure experienced by the writer on the 23rd day of December, 1850. Or do you suppose that at the age of twenty-six one so circumstanced could resist the temptation to spend a couple of months with a friend of ample means, living on the borders of a large lake abounding in fish, and in the midst of deer, turkeys, and game of many kinds? Right or wrong, the

invitation was accepted—and with no little pain to certain unoffending bipeds and quadrupeds of the region round about. For (and mark well the true inwardness of the reason) there sojourned with my host one of those rare men—Nimrods by birth, by taste, by fortune, who only waited for the arrival of a novice whom he might initiate into the mysteries of the chase. And him he found in the new comer. Is it surprising, then, that for a while the wild woods became the habitat of one who in '82 finds the "chimney corner" the place for him?

DEER! DEER!!

Yes, on this particular day, as a sample of many, *we* killed three and wounded—several. And I have sometimes since then been a little apprehensive that there is a hereafter for even deer, and that we will have to face those limping, one-eyed things. In those days, however, the fun was too rich, the sport and transport too paralyzing to the faculty of reflection to admit of more than the passing shadow of a thought, and one plunged headlong into the mad chase, and "was in" at the death without care—much. But what happened on that day? Well, see that herd of seven deer, as they leap gracefully along the gentle slope of yonder hill, the dogs a full half mile behind. Could a novice, sitting on his horse, and hence feeling quite secure, fail boldly to empty both barrels, although Nimrod, who came up on hearing the reports, decided that the deer were fully 150 yards away when fired at? Result—two loads gone—much noise—no meat. Nimrod followed the dogs, who soon

came up, and the novice did the same, *longo intervallo*. The herd, after running a mile or so, circled or “doubled,” and unexpectedly to the novice, came sweeping towards him as he sat concealed in the edge of a little hummock. He could see them approaching for several minutes, and ought to have been fully prepared for the meeting. But by some strange fatality, he became weak, weaker, very weak, in the lower limbs, and in the first finger of his right hand; and it so happened that when the leader of the herd, with branching horns and head erect was aimed somewhat at—distance twenty paces—the trigger became utterly unmanageable, and the gun would not “go off.” Both lower limbs and finger were on the point of recovering their normal condition when the last of the herd was within good range. But just then the novice heard a report, followed by the falling of leaves and twigs around him, and by such “on-the-home-stretch” running of the deer as those woods never saw surpassed before. Nimrod had fired, not knowing my whereabouts, and had wounded his deer. After some little search he found blood, and that was proof of the wounding. We soon joined in the chase at a rapid gait, and overtook dogs and wounded deer at a pond a mile away. We could see above the water the head of the deer, surrounded by the yelping hounds. The poor animal alternately sank and rose to the surface, always baffling the dogs by rising in an unexpected quarter. After remaining a sufficient length of time to become satisfied that we must lose our game, we called off the dogs

and were returning home. When not far from the spot at which Nimrod had shot him, we saw him (as we supposed) running on a line parallel with our route and two or three hundred yards away. We instantly gave chase and ran him down. But one shot had hit him, and that in the head. The poor fellow was evidently intent on dying at home. Tying him securely to Nimrod’s horse, he and the novice made for the dining-room by the most direct route, leaving the remainder of the party to their own devices. And these soon followed us, bringing in—meat too.

“STILL” HUNTING.

This is done without dogs, and with the following precautions: Deer have their times for feeding—old hunters say, usually at moon rise, whether by day or by night. At that time you must be in the neighborhood of their feeding ground. A “sneak-hunter” in Florida can tell you at sight where deer lie and where they feed. A neighbor of the writer in Florida, a captain in the Creek war, never failed to find meat when he went out on these expeditions, and that in a short time. Another point to be observed is that the game is to be approached to the windward and not leeward, as they have keen olfactories. An adept will sometimes make a circuit of two miles to get upon the right line of stealthy approach. This method of getting venison is perhaps equalled in cold-bloodedness only by that other form of assassination termed

FIRE-HUNTING.

The writer joined neighbor Du P.

one night in this "sport." Nimrod and two lads from Charleston were of the party. The elder of these (Charlie, we will call him) was a true city youth, and, as is natural, perfectly wild with the excitement of this wild life in the woods. He was ready for a hunt at all times, of both day and night, and could "use up" the toughest hunting pony in three days. Mr. D. led the way, carrying on his shoulder a long-handled frying pan, the pan itself bearing lightwood knots all ablaze. One of the boys carried his gun. He pushed ahead into the darkness, waving to and fro, and up and down the blazing torch, by moving the handle, and occasionally stopping to take a deliberate survey of the surroundings. After "wandering everywhere, through bush, through briar," somewhat tired of the dumb sport, we were suddenly halted by the frying pan man, who signified masonically to his armor-bearer to deliver to him his artillery. This done, in a trice it was all over with a yearling doe, whose glazed eyes under the weird light of the flambeau seemed even in death to appeal to our humanity in behalf of her kindred in the forest. But the frying pan man was inexorable. Bidding us be perfectly quiet, he with his armor-bearer moved forward a few paces and thumped with a club upon a fallen tree, awakening the echoes in the vast solitudes. Then waiving his light for a few seconds, he stopped suddenly, and calling as before for his gun, he felled the father of the family himself (*ductorem ipsum*). The poor, bewildered things had heard the noise of the

thumping on the log and been arrested in their flight, and had even returned to ask, "Who is there?" They had not had time to call the family roll and see whether all were "present and accounted for," and hence did not yet know that the pet of the household was not.

We had force sufficient to carry the game to a road near by, whence it could be conveyed by cart dispatched for that purpose on our arrival at home. And now that Mr. Du P. had shown how it was to be done, and as the frying pan was rather an incumbrance to him,

HAPPY CHARLIE

fell heir to it; and, how pleased the lad was. He was torch bearer, and had besides an armor-bearer subject to his slightest nod. He darted ahead of the company and waved and waved and still waved, until he saw eyes. Then calling in the most approved style for the gun, he banged away and fairly deluged us with meat in the form of a fat heifer, which, fortunately for him, belonged to our host; and

POOR CHARLIE

led a very uncomfortable life for some time after that. But Nimrod (and what true lover of the sport has not a generous heart and much of the "milk of human kindness?") was his comforter and help in his deep sorrow and sense of wounded pride. But that did not save him from falling below par in the community. Florida was at that time "settled up" in little republics, consisting of a few families living near to each other for mental protection and social convenience, with

vast tracts of unoccupied lands separating them. And each "settlement" was as independent of the other as Hon. Jefferson Davis supposes the States of the Union to be, or to have been in the good old days before Appomatox.

But within these communities there was as despotic a sway of public opinion as ever Czar or Imaum wielded. And this autocrat had several charges against Charlie and others like him, who had recently come into the community. Of these charges the most grievous were his wearing a shirt collar, and going "week-a-days" with his coat on. When to this was added the mistake he had made of "shining" cows' eyes instead of deer's eyes, the cup was full; yea overflowed; and Charlie felt ever so keenly the force of public censure which rested upon him. But Nimrod, equal to the emergency, determined to set him "*rectus in curia.*" In order to do this he hunted with Charlie night after night until the latter became a proficient in this branch of the science, and in no long time expounded the laws pertaining thereto most learnedly to all newcomers. But before that happy consummation, and while Charlie's training was going on, the novice was prevailed upon to join in what was to him his second and

LAST FIRE HUNT.

Of course the party killed a deer or two. That you know. But you do not know what else happened. And now for that.

WHAT WAS IT?

I mean the animal which Tommie (a lad of the party) shot at. The torch

had been committed to him after the leaders of the party had each taken a hand at it. And he had "shined" a pair of eyes. There can be no doubt of that. He was an honorable, truth-telling, unimaginative boy, and had no motive in the world for seeing what was not to be seen. At all events, he coolly and in strict accordance with the rules prescribed by the great masters of the art, fired. But on full and eager search for the spoils there was nothing in the shape of deer or other cloven footed animal, or any trace of such, visible. Nor had the ear, that organ next in importance to the eye, any revelation to make. For none of the party had heard bush break or ground respond to the tread of heavy beast. But it was strongly suspected from sudden rude shocks, revealed by consciousness, as experienced in the cerebral regions and clearly traceable to their inner source in the extremities of the olfactory nerves, and to their outer, in some object fitted thus to excite said extremities—that said animal was no deer, at least. And what it certainly was as established by the other senses must ever be a mooted question. Tommie's reputation escaped serious detriment, however, in the mist of uncertainty, which must ever hang about this much disputed point.

I,

no longer the novice, was carrying the gun, while Nimrod waved the torch. We were on our return and nearing home, when Nimrod saw eyes and called for the gun. I hastened to answer the call. In order to hand him the gun, it was necessary to pass under

the pan. Just as I had reached the point at which I could deliver it to him, there was a tremendous explosion attended by a deafening noise, and the whistling of a bullet near by. That I had been struck in the breast I knew certainly. We looked at each other in blank astonishment. Nimrod examined the gun and found out that it had not been discharged. And how was the whistling of the bullet to be accounted for? All of us supposed for a second (so all stated afterwards) that it was the work of Indians. Meanwhile, I was expecting that in the next second or two I would succumb to the deadly bullet which I was confident had entered my body, when suddenly one of the party discovered the breast of my thickly wadded coat to be afire, and another found lying upon the ground fragments of the powder-flask which I

had been carrying in the breast-pocket. That solved the mystery. The mouth of the old flask not being closed, received a spark from the torch as I passed under the pan, and the powder exploding drove the inner side of the flask violently against my chest and sent the mouth whistling upwards by my ear.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ETC.

And now only a few hundred yards from the spot where the whistling of this piece of brass was heard out in those once vast solitudes where the wood-owl hooted undisturbed and wolves barked and deer sported in herds of thirty and fifty, is heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and men there marvel at the accounts which older men give them of their adventures by wood and lake, and ask doubtingly, "Can that be so?"

GREAT ADVANTAGES CALL FOR GREAT LIVES.

[Anniversary Oration of 1881, delivered by the Orator of the Euzelian Society.]

The most beautiful lives are not always the most celebrated. The proud victor with triumphal train sweeps through the crowded streets of the decorated metropolis, hailed and welcomed by his admiring and enthusiastic countrymen. Bound to the pitiless victor's bloody chariot wheels is dragged a pure and stainless captive. The one is a vicious, arrogant, bloated monarch; the other is colossal in heart, gigantic in mind, angelic in spirit, but a helpless captive gracing a lawless victory.

Unlike the balances that swing un-

seen across the sky for the soul, the balances on which the world weighs human greatness are bribed with glittering gold and circumstantial notoriety. You weigh the millionaire's hoarded silver; you weigh the statesman's high-sounding titles; you weigh the author's gilded volumes; you weigh the king's crown and sceptre; but do you ever weigh the farmer's plow and axe? do you ever weigh the poor man's fetters of poverty? do you ever weigh the shafts of calamity that strike down the unfortunate?

Since the overstocking of the book

market, the world has been possessed with a sort of maniacal solicitude for enormousness; and in its crazy search for the prodigious in mind and muscle, there has been a continual over-leaping of the law of cause and effect, the great principle of human equilibrium, and our only security against egregious estrangement from even-handed justice. We cannot expect the same resplendent brilliancy from the moon as from the sun; yet when our admiration is regulated by a knowledge of their uses and purposes, we are as greatly pleased by the soft and mellow moonlight as by the burning and blazing sunlight. We do not expect a pint cup to hold a quart; yet some go into ecstacies because a quart cup does really hold a quart, and never congratulate a pint cup upon its holding a pint. We cannot expect the same erudition in the flat-pated Chinaman as in the civilized American. Very clearly then, our denunciations and our praises should be regulated by the possibilities in the reach of, and the advantages possessed by, the objects of our criticism. Much for much, little for little, is the rule. Great advantages call for great lives—demand great lives.

It is a stimulating thought that there are some stately spirits who make advantages out of disadvantages, who find their opportunity at seemingly human extremity. Their flaming fortitude melts the towering cliffs and peaks and hills and mountains of opposition into broad plains and fragrant meadows and sunny savannas. Stubborn obstruction is a dam on a

ceaseless stream, invigorating their unfaltering strength and stimulating their invincible courage for that mighty progression which only heaven can stay. Ishmael-like, they may be driven into desolation; but, Ishmael-like, they raise their strong arms in victory. For twenty long and weary years he battled against the slings and arrows of tyrannizing beggary, but Columbus triumphed with America for a trophy. Luther, the bold, the colossal Luther, like some lone glory-kissed sentinel on the battlements eternal, with a godlike majesty, subverted the dark dominion of mitred popes, and woke unconscious humanity from its deathly sleep, and triumphed with an emancipated world. How can we ever cease to reverence the brave, heroic, and pioneering spirits who have vanquished popular disfavor, scaled the beetling bulwarks of a witless world, and tramped over rough and roadless regions with bruised and bleeding feet, and planted the banners of light and truth in realms dark and undiscovered! Some of them have died in dungeons; many have surrendered their lives to the flames; hosts have left in shame the world they blessed; but the years of the far off future will vindicate their honor, and garland their names with memory's fondest reverence and tenderest gratitude.

Human wisdom can never discover the vast range and reach of human possibilities. There are towering souls that defeat the ranks of philosophy, and overturn the empires of enthroned sages. Chatterton and White and Pollok stepped from the cradle into

the arena of immortal distinction. But, whatever may be man's natural endowments, or special abilities, or special disabilities, there are conditions which imperatively demand nobility of life. Mark the perfect fulfilment of these conditions in the circumstances which hedge us in. Mark the nature, the power, the teachings of our advantages. You will at once see that our advantages are three-fold : natural, adventitious, and acquirable.

I. I remark that natural advantages comprehend the intrinsic and inherent powers of the individual. Man's very birth is a key to all the future—a preface to a mighty volume which angels read with smiles or tears. In the cherub that sleeps on the mother's lap are hidden the possibilities which are to thrill eternity with gladness or smite eternity with grief. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" What a high distinction to be born a man, to be a man! He is the monarch of the world; to him the kingdoms of earth and sea and sky and heaven unlock their treasures. Shining sun, smiling moon, twinkling stars, gushing fountains, verdant valleys, lofty mountains, surging oceans, teeming continents, propitious heaven—all are for him. And though the ministries of nature are as varied as they are boundless, yet they sweep into man's profound and unsearchable being as rivers sweep into thirsty seas—and still his great soul is never filled and never satisfied. O

what a rich inheritance to have man's form and mind and heart and soul! to have a form of beauty and symmetry and majesty; to have a mind whose vast breadth claims kindred with two eternities; to have a heart thrilled and throbbing with tenderness and love; to have a soul clothed in the burnished robes of immortality! O what an advantage to think, to feel, to love, to hope, to act, like a man!—These are the levers with which we may move nations and worlds and God.

II. Link with this infinity of natural endowment—with this unsearchable profundity of intrinsic possibilities—all of the adventitious, *but cogent*, advantages which are contingent on a civilized existence; and what a thrilling inspiration must be hushed before man can lead a dropsical and paralytic life! These extrinsic or extraneous influences are the supreme *criterium* of the quality of human character. We cannot close our ears, we cannot cloister our hearts, we cannot shield our minds from the stirring music of civilization or from the pleading songs of christianity. That bosom is stupid and spiritless which is not incited to lofty endeavor when the voices of steam and wire, and school and college, and State and Nation, swelling with the great voice of God, conjure us to feel, to think, to live, like men. A man without self-esteem is brutish; a man who does not seek the esteem of others is malignant and fiendish; but he who spurns the sacred influences of home, he who is not stimulated to high resolution by the fond expectancy of kindred and moth-

er, is a blind, brainless, heartless thrall of Pandemonium. Alas! that there should be any who do not want good mothers, and sweet and sacred homes; that any should not feel grateful for their great opportunities; that any should not desire to make their lives greater than their greatest advantages. Alas! that men should frown at smiling skies, and turn away from golden gates! Yet these are advantages whose appeals are registered—advantages which call imperatively for lives great and good and grand.

III. Link with these adventitious, cogent advantages which should make Pauls of Sauls and saints of demons—link with these the possible acquirements of faithful and spirited effort. To hundreds and thousands this is a world of shadows and gloom and grief. Born amid poverty and wretchedness, their souls yearn for better things, but they sadly leave earth without them. Mark the assertion, that, to a marvellous degree, man makes himself, makes his world, and makes his God. What I think myself to be, that to myself I am, and no more; and my conception of myself will govern my whole career. What I think the world to be, that the world is to me, and no more; and what I think the world owes me, that only will I demand of it. A narrow, restricted, diminutive, and minified perception of self and the world and God, is the relentless fate which pitilessly grinds men into the dust, and makes them mean and miserable slaves, instead of giants and heroes. If men are born in the peitings of adversity's pitiless storm, does that argue that inscrutable destiny has de-

creed that they should never sport in the sunshine of gladness? No! no! Did the grand men and women whose names will forever decorate the streamers of patriotic achievement and the pennons of literary excellence come from wealthy sires and plenteous palaces? From the bulrushes of the Nile rises the star of Hebrew deliverance; from the "frozen mountains of Lower Germany" rings the mighty voice that changes the destiny of a world; from the fields and forests of Virginia come America's sublimest orators and grandest statesmen. These illustrious souls knew their strength; they found that their arena was the world; and with might and main they sallied to the conquest. They were bruised and scarred in ten thousand successful battles; but every bruise and every scar, like a wreath of fadeless laurel, was a trophy of happy victory. Despairing soul, lift up your head. The gates of science and philosophy and wealth and happiness now stand ajar. He who walks in and dwells in their paradiacal palaces is the world's potentate. But after these are possessed—after all that men have ever known is thoroughly absorbed and thoroughly mastered, no man can then dare say, "I have all and I know all;" for yet unseen by mortal eye are bejewelled skies with angel astrologers, golden seas with saintly sailors, and sinless continents with omniferous and unblemished fertility—all awaiting human discovery and human possession. The old motto, "What man has done, man may do," which swings high above so many plodding and trudging and hesitating votaries of fame, may

be trampled under the feet of the man who swears to have all that this universe owes him and all this universe can give him.

These are the trio :—advantages natural, adventitious, and acquirable. What an armor of might—a panoply of strength—advantages great, stupendous, omnific. The hoary-headed Past gives us the keys to the wisdom of the centuries. Around us and above us are the inspirations of the present. Stretching out before us are the hopes of the future. Written in burnished brightness on our hearts are the immutable regulations which should fashion our lives. Here are the advantages, there are the responsibilities; here are praises, there, denunciation; here are glittering diadems, there, galling fetters; here are loud hallelujahs, there, the shriekings of dark death. Rational, responsible, potential, we can claim or disclaim; be noble or ignoble.

Both subjectively and objectively, this age is decorative. The question with us is not what we are, but what the world thinks we are. And furthermore, it cannot be questioned that we permit the intrinsic merit of the worthy to be overshadowed by the intrinsic ostentation of the unworthy. Pompous magnificence and glittering pageantry, like some brilliant and dazzling iniquity, have enslaved half of humanity to a wild and weird hallucination. And hoarse-throated millions, failing to distinguish “the flash of the meteor from the steady light of the star,” hail, with arch and bonfire and pæan and procession, flaunting and swaggering braggarts, while deli-

cate and decorous manliness veils from infatuated human vision the grandest men of the world. But, whatever may be the decrees of the fickle multitude, it must be clear to every thoughtful mind that no life, however celebrated, can be great without magnanimity and usefulness. Magnanimity is the substratum of a great life. Not the words, not the actions, not the station, not the flourish of trumpets, but thought makes the man. Not massiveness of mind, but its character; not astounding achievement, but its nature; not world-wide notoriety, but its cause—these are the only faithful exponents of a worthy fame. An impartial scrutiny into the essential elements of a great life would divest not a few cosmopolitan heroes of their historic laurels. Poets and historians have uttered many a sounding eulogy on the great Leonidas, who fell at Thermopylæ, fighting for his country; yet Leonidas, with rude brutality, could tear his own sickly child from its mother’s bosom and cast it to the wolves of Taygetus. Alexander is called great. Why? Because he conquered the nations. Yet Alexander died a drunkard. Absolute perfection in all of those virtues which give beauty and symmetry and efficiency to character would be an irrational demand, however great might be an individual’s advantages; but there are cardinal virtues on which the character hinges; and he who is destitute of a single one forfeits every claim to greatness of life. Sooner may you expect sunshine without the sun than a great life without that loftiness of soul which “encounters danger and

trouble with tranquillity and firmness," and lifting its possessor above his baser self, makes him just and good and generous.

There has been discovered a sublimer fortitude than that which stands unblanched before the crash of artillery—a fortitude which never flushed the cheeks of Alexander the *Great*—a fortitude which leads to victory on the silent battle-ground of the heart. It is here, in this noiseless and unseen conflict of man with himself, that the mind gains magnitude and dominion and strength. He who wins the victory here is a victor forever! Not with broken and blighted spirit does he face the flaming shafts of sorrow and calamity, but with patience and submission and courage. A dungeon may be his home, his bed may be a floor of stone, his food, the crumbs which fall from the table of the poor; but his magnanimity is not earth-bound, and no gloom beclouds his soul.

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

With a divine forecast, he discovers a beneficent ministry in all the ills of life; and with eyes unclouded he gazes with rapture on all the "visible forms" of nature. To him the grasses, garlanded with iridescent dew-drops wave their salutations in the rollicking breezes; the trees clap their hands in gladness when embraced by the winds; the stars dance a jubilee on the highlands of the sky to the music of the spheres;

the moon glances love from her throne in the azure deep; with sun-kissed summit, the storm-cloud dances with silvery feet over mountain and valley. To him the visible universe is a grand orchestra echoing the melodies of the orchestra in the bright, beautiful Beyond; and his soul is ever transported and thrilled with the everlasting music.

Magnanimity is cosmopolitan. To love one's family is to be a good parent; to love one's community is to be a good citizen; to love one's country is to be a patriot; and to love family, community, country—to love every kindred, caste and people on the face of the globe, is to be magnanimous. Magnanimity knows no North, no South, no East, no West. It believes in big thoughts, big actions, big lives. It looks with scorn upon that magnific, inapproachable greatness by which modern magnates fancy themselves exempt from all intercourse with poor and needy humanity. Magnanimity is philanthropic and unselfish. Knowing its own frailty, it is sympathetic; knowing its own strength, it stimulates the faltering; compassionate and generous, it is an ambassador of blessing; cognizant of its wide relationship, it is the world's benefactor.

While magnanimity is the substructure, usefulness is the gilded throne and golden crown of a great life.

Our omniscient Creator is not extravagant. With Him there are no superfluities. Everything has its place and purpose. All sorrow and calamity and desolation come from mis-

placement. Wretched is the man, and pitiable, who fails to find his place and who thus defeats the purpose of his creation. You have seen a mighty engine careering over the rail, leap from the track and crash into ruin, and all of its ponderous machinery, angered by mad steam, turned into missiles of danger and death. But what is a dislocated engine compared with a dislocated life? My memory reverts to a man whose hopes blossomed in life's vernal years like fragrant roses in a fertile spring; and now he stands amid the world's teeming populace like a gnarled and leafless oak in a luxuriant forest. Reason reels and staggers as it beholds the stifled and withered remnants of a buoyant and blooming manhood; as it beholds the brightest intellects and warmest hearts of the world blighted and broken and desolate. There is nothing that so stirs the human soul; oh! there is nothing that so breaks up the rivers of the heart and overwhelms the whole being with tears as a wasted life. Our hearts bleed as they brood over sorrows that may be healed; but angels might veil their faces in speechless, tearless grief over the wasted years of a single life;—for they are years which neither life nor

death, nor time nor eternity can ever reclaim.

On the other hand, there is nothing so grand, nothing so thrilling, nothing so inspiring as a life of happy and hopeful and invincible devotion to duty. Such a life, and only such a life, will be useful. It never dies. It blossoms every spring. It bears fruit every autumn. Its fragrance is wafted from the hills of the centuries. You may abuse it, you may burn it in effigy, you may crush it to earth, but like truth whose years are eternal, it will rise again; it will give balm to broken hearts, it will sparkle in the eyes of heroes and patriots, it will gleam in the torches of civilization, it will be pearl and diamond and amethyst in a crown celestial.

Gentlemen of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies, your advantages are great. Heaven grant you great lives. Your names, like ten thousand others, may soon be covered with the dust of earthly forgetfulness; but they will be grander than the names of feasted heroes, if angel hands shall write them on the unblotted page of the Lamb's Book of Life. Your lives may be perpetuated in history or celebrated in song; but O, they must be great lives—lives great in beauty, great in wisdom, great in goodness.

REPLY TO "A REMINISCENCE."

SLIMBERWIGS X ROADS,
March 14th, 1882.

Editors of Wake Forest Student.

RESPECTED SIRS:—Some unknown person has sent me the February number of your magazine. It was a very agreeable surprise when Mr. Bunkin came in from the P. O. last night and gave it to me, and as soon as I had gotten all the little children to bed, I drew up to the fire and began to read it through. The first piece was *exceedingly interesting*, and as Mr. Bunkin is very well acquainted with a gentleman whose aunt lives in Florida, I read some of it aloud to him. Then I read a very instructive piece about that school in Philadelphia, only I do think it is very funny that they do not let preachers go in. I would probably have read the historical essay too, only I happened to turn over two pages at a time, and before I knew it, I saw some familiar names in the next piece. Oh horrors! It just took my breath away when I read on and saw that it was all about ME!! Indeed, Mr. Editor, you ought not to have printed that piece. It is not dignified enough for a College magazine, and then it is entirely too personal. When I went to the last preaching at Hickory Bark Church, it was bad enough. Everybody had come to see the new bride, and I felt so ashamed. But it will be a great deal worse now, and I don't think I can go any more for a long time. And it is a great pity, too, for I have just

bought the most becoming hat I ever had. It's just lovely. And by the time folks stop talking about that unfortunate piece, the fashion will change. I know it will. Never mind, it will do for Mr. Bunkin's oldest daughter when she gets bigger. It has the sweetest little—

But how I am running on. I took my pen in hand, at this time, hoping —I mean that I begun this letter just to tell you that Mr. Caleb Peterkin did not tell a straight story in his reminiscence. The fact is, I'm afraid that his imagination is stronger than his memory. He got the true and the false all mixed together just like we girls wear our hair—you see I'm married now, and I don't mind telling.

I don't say that he did it on purpose, you know, but he's a little flighty, and you know yourself, Mr. Editor, that you never know just how much to believe of what he says. And that was just the reason why I did that way at your Commencement. How did I know that he was in earnest in all his love-talk that evening? I don't mind telling now, but I really did like Caleb right well in spite of his foolishness, and that evening, especially, there was a soft place in my heart for him. I thought his soft little moustache was just the sweetest thing! And he talked real pretty, too, and said some lovely poetry. I always knew that he was learned. The very first time I ever met him, he quoted Latin and Greek so delight-

fully. I think that's so nice. One little verse he said that evening was so sweet that it's been running through my mind ever since :

Booloo-o Boolooice Boolooeye
Neu Xi Omiceron Pi.

He said that it was by Polybulus. If he'd only have been a little more polite, he would have said Miss Polly. But young men are so thoughtless.

Well, as I was saying, I believe I did love him just a little tiny, bit and when he got down on his knees and began to cry—yes, he actually cried—, I felt so curious that I didn't know what to do. I thought that it would be very awkward to walk back with him crying all the way, and then he said that it would kill him if I said no, and Mr. Editor, you know that would have made me a murderer. And then I thought that maybe he wouldn't court me again if I said no. And then his moustache—but I mentioned that. The fact is, I was so confused that I hardly knew what I was doing. But I was not sorry when it was all over that I had accepted him : it made him look as happy as Mr. Bunkin's little boy did to-day when his father brought him his first pair of suspenders (Mr. Bunkin calls 'em gallusses).

Caleb then proposed osculation. I can only say that if he had not been such a goose as to use a great long word that I had never heard of, I would have been saved a great deal of mortification in thinking about it since. And if Mr. Bunkin ever sees this article, I implore you, Mr. Editor, never to tell him what that word means. But it's a real nice word, though.

Well, we got back to the hotel at last ; I remember wondering if I would have time to put on my new dress, and fix my *bang* so I would be presentable that night, which you know, Mr. Editor, was Thursday night, and the grandest occasion of the whole Commencement. When I told Caleb good-bye at the hotel, he looked so silly—I believe that's the word, or will *ecstatic* do better—that I was almost sorry I had made that engagement with Silas Slimberwig, who, to tell the truth, was a big goose and couldn't talk poetry half so pretty as Caleb. I promised him, however, a nice, long engagement to promenade, and went off to fix. I paid special attention to my complexion that night—remember I'm married—and I do believe I looked as nice as any of the girls there. Mr. Bunkin says when I fix up, I'm pretty as a picture, and you know he's got real good taste. I don't think, though, his first two wives could have been very pretty, that is, if they were like their pictures. He has got them both framed and hung up in his room, and there's another place where he says he's going to hang mine.

But that ain't what I started to tell you. Caleb did mix things up so awfully in that story of his, that I can't rest satisfied till you know just how it was. I know it was a real pretty night, and the stars were shining ever so brightly, when Silas and I went through the campus up to the Halls. He tried to get sentimental—something about the moon and the stars—I didn't pay much attention, for I couldn't help wondering if Caleb

would wear a black coat and white vest that night, for I knew that they would just set off my dress, and make that sweet little moustache look ever so elegant—there, that moustache again, but I do so admire a moustache, and Mr. Bunkin has only whiskers. Silas proposed to sit awhile on one of the rustics, it was a real daisy of a rustic, made out of an old tree that had been cut down and fixed for the purpose. There was *just* room enough for two, and—well, the temptation was certainly great, but I remembered that I was engaged now—I really believe I liked the idea of being engaged, for I didn't think of anything else—and thought maybe Caleb wouldn't like it, so I told Silas I believed I wanted to see the Halls. We went to the "Eu" Hall first; he wanted to go to the "Phi," but Caleb was a "Eu," and I thought I would be more apt to see him there. Mr. Editor, why *don't* you have the doors to your Halls wider? I thought I would get jammed to death getting through. Somebody tore a great long rip in one of my flounces, too, I'd like to pull the tip of his ear for him, whoever it was. I don't intend to let Mr. Bunkin's daughter go there when she grows up, unless they cut more doors.

But to proceed. I never saw such a crowd in my life as was in that Hall, and I don't blame them either, for it was oh! lovely. There was such a pretty white dove hovering right over the stand in front of the President's chair, and there were so many pretty flowers, and then those charming portraits. I couldn't see Caleb anywhere and I was getting real anxious to see

him too. Silas proposed to go in the other Hall, and I consented, for you must know I was looking my very best that night, and I knew all the girls were jealous of me; and Silas, too, was so tall and *distingué*—you see, I went to Hunnibee's one session, and Caleb said my French was just perfect, and you know he's a judge. And then I thought I ought to make myself agreeable, even if I was engaged, and I did think Caleb ought to have come for his engagement.

That was a real nice seat in the President's chair, and I knew everybody was looking at my new dress,—it was a lovely thing, I assure you, Mr. Editor; I would describe it to you, but men are so stupid, and besides that isn't what I want to say. I remember Silas said something about how willing he would be to ever pay homage to that chair if I could always occupy it; but when he began to tease me about my walk that evening and about Caleb, I thought it was best to make out I didn't care anything for him. And I do think it was just as foolish as it could be for him to sit there and listen and not say a word. It served him just right for eavesdropping; but he ought to have known I didn't mean a word I said—girls hardly ever do.

I was awfully distressed that night, Mr. Editor, because Caleb didn't come to claim his engagement; I really believe I cried just the least bit when I went to my room. I always knew Wake Forest boys would try to fool the girls, but I really did think after he had been silly enough to get down on his knees and declare he would

kill himself if I didn't say "yes," that he was in earnest. But I made up my mind to make Caleb know that I wasn't bound to him, and wasn't breaking my heart for him, anyway, and when Mr. Bunkin (who by the way, doesn't have to cut his hair now —his hair has all cut him) proposed, and pleaded so earnestly the cause of his poor little children, who sure enough did need a mother's care, for I don't think their faces had been washed or their hair combed since the last Mrs. Bunkin died, I told him I'd give him an answer at the end of the week. And Mr. Bunkin wasn't bad looking, anyway, if he was bald, and then he did have such a beautiful house (two stories, with veranda

in front and oh! such perfectly elegant curtains in the parlor windows,) and had such a nice horse and brand-new top-buggy, and—but there's no use telling what my answer was, for you know that already. And now, Mr. Editor, I have told you just the truth, and I do hope you will have this matter fixed right in your next number.

FLORA BUNKIN.

P. S.—I intended to say, but forgot it, that Caleb needn't have been such a goose about my tracks in the sand. The fact is, I wore "French heels," and Mr. Bunkin's old cook can make as pretty a track as a baby, if she wears them.

F. B.

WHAT I HEARD THE BOOKS SAY.

One night in January last, when the moon was at its full, I had been over at Tydball's room helping him write an exercise. I like to write my exercises with Tydballs, it saves so much trouble. On my way back, I passed in front of the Library Building, and my attention was arrested by a confused sound within. It was as if many voices were speaking together in a high and peculiar key in the reading room. At first I was sure that it was Pumbleton and Keysom at some of their tricks. At any rate, I thought I would look and see.

On approaching one of the windows and peering through the open slats of the blind, what was my amazement to find that the books and papers and

magazines were holding a mass-meeting. At first I could make nothing distinctly out of the hub bub of voices, but in a few moments my amazement was increased when I saw a portly volume spring nimbly upon one of the tables, and heard a squeaking voice exclaim :

"I nominate as the chairman of this meeting our honored member, Bacon's Organum."

The names of other candidates for this honor were suggested, among which I recognized Dick's Theology, The Oxford Torchlight, and Blackstone's Commentaries. But when the motion was put, the first nominee was elected by a large majority. The chorus of voices in giving their votes

sounded not unlike a concert of Katydids in an oak forest on an August evening. Barnaby Rudge and Silas Marner were appointed a committee to conduct the newly elected chairman to the post of honor. This proved to be no other than the rear of the balustrade of the Library floor.

The venerable tome, though sadly afflicted with gout, was able, with the help of the committee, to seat himself upon the railing, and presided with dignity and grace throughout the meeting.

A volume of Macaulay's Essays was now called upon to state the object of the meeting. He advanced upon the broad plank beneath the chandelier, and I soon learned from his vigorous and fitly-chosen words that a considerable degree of dissatisfaction existed among the books and papers on the score that some felt that they were unduly slighted by the community, while others exalted by their popularity were displaying an unreasonable amount of complacency. Some of the closing utterances of this speaker, I can well remember. They were delivered with the vehemence of deep feeling, and were not without a tinge of pathos. To this earnestness is probably due the fact that I can recall the words.

—"If I may be permitted to refer to myself, Mr. President, I may be indulged in the remark that while the wisest men have agreed that there is no more valuable book than myself for a student to read, I am not half so often removed from my shelf as other books which I do not care to characterize. I would indulge in no personal

remark, yet I must say that again and again I have almost wept as I have seen young men, yea, and women too, pass me by, and carry with them the works of Mrs. Hentz or Mrs. Southworth."

No sooner had he taken his shelf, wiping the perspiration from his gilded brow, than a score of volumes sought the floor.

The volume recognized by the chairman proved to be Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, who proceeded to say that he did not consider the remarks of the last gentleman, so far as they referred to fiction, to apply to himself. He, forsooth, was of quite a different order; that, in fact, he endorsed the sentiment; that of course men and women would read fiction, but that he was sorry to say that they too often preferred to read works of the lower grade. I, too, must own," said he, "that I and my brothers, *Newcomes*, *Esmond* and the rest are all quite green with jealousy. There might be some excuse if on the shelves around me there were not scores of works which men and women all over the world have delighted to read, and by reading which they have been profited."

He was succeeded by a volume which spoke in a slightly foreign accent, and I soon recognized one of the volumes of Fraissart's *Chronicles*.

"The gentlemen are right," exclaimed he, "everybody knows that in me there are pages as charming as *Robinson Crusoe* is to a boy, and yet (I hang my head in shame,) until last year my pages had never been cut."

A voice from the lower floor here

broke in, which proved to belong to an old member of *Harper's Magazine*:

"I think, Mr. President," said he, "that all this talk is unnecessary. We had better go to sleep. I'm sure I need it bad enough. My only complaint is, that I and my brothers have never had any rest since we came here. And my cousin, *The Century*, will tell you the same story. Were I to offer a motion, it would be that they should send for two copies apiece of us, and also introduce into such good company *The Century's* little step-brother, *St Nicholas*."

"Yes," added the *New York Herald*, in a flippant way, as if nothing was worth knowing that he did not know, "you old folks up stairs are behind the times, and its a wonder to me that the dust is ever shaken from any of you."

Just then, a rich and sonorous voice was heard, and a pin might have been heard to fall, as a volume of *Shakspeare*, with stately but graceful bow, advanced and addressed the chairman. I was so much charmed by the music of his voice, and the elegance of his expressions, that in the delight of hearing, I failed to charge my memory with what he said. But I can recall the stern yet courteous mien in which he rebuked the last speaker, saying that he had taught and pleased the world before any of the gentlemen of the lower floor had begun their ephemeral lives; and that when they should all have been sold to the merchants to do menial service as wrapping paper, the members of the upper house would still hold their honored seats; that he, too, if he chose, could tell a story of

neglect, but I shall never forget the calm dignity with which he claimed to be independent of the whims of students, while in the world of letters he reigned as a king.

For some moments there was a pause, and I almost thought that the meeting had ended, but presently I became aware that silence reigned not because the books had nothing more to say, but for the reason that the last gentleman was hard to follow.

The stillness was at length broken by a voice from the southern side of the upper gallery—a voice sad, but of flute-like sweetness, which was recognized by the chairman to proceed from a volume of Robert Hall's works.

"I am requested," said he, "by a number of the volumes of the theological department, to state that while they do not care to enter the arena of discussion, they, too, have ground for complaint. We greatly love the young preachers, who often visit our shelves, and would not willingly frame an indictment against them. Yet it is true that while our shelves are rich with the very cream of the results of Biblical investigation and theological inquiry, there are some who prefer the skimmed and diluted milk. If my neighbor, Andrew Fuller, were not so modest, he could present a complaint of his own, and more strongly than I am doing it."

Many and varied were the remarks which followed from all parts of the Library. The impression that was made upon my own mind, ere the meeting was concluded, was something like this: That the books

thought that some of the students read too much, and some too little, and that the great majority read without sufficient discrimination. Just before the adjournment, an aged member of the body, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, came to the front. Though his voice faltered, his hoary hairs won him a patient hearing. With the wisdom of his years, he proceeded to give a practical and tangible shape to the conclusions which had been reached, and sent to the chair a series of resolutions.

These were read to the meeting, and

unanimously passed. Unfortunately, the reader tripped so lightly over them and in so low a voice, that I could not distinctly hear them. But I did hear the chairman give orders that they should be deposited in the archives of the room. And I found out that this was in no other place than in one of the Congressional documents, which was regarded as being a place of absolute security from the possibility of ever being discovered by human eyes.

EDITORIAL.

DR. BOARDMAN ON EDUCATION.

In the February *Home Circle* we have a noteworthy article by Dr. G. D. BOARDMAN on the Problem of Education. After paying a tribute to the common school system, and pointing out the difference between wisdom and knowledge (of course quoting Cowper), he proceeds to show that in the interpretation of the facts of nature, everything depends on the point of vision, the point chosen as the centre of all things. He quotes that striking passage in the letter to the Colossians (1 : 15-17), and from it concludes that Jesus Christ is the universal centre of gravity—"he only is the door, the way, the clue of the labyrinths of the universe." From this point of view we behold cosmos; from any other, chaos. Hence, the true method of study: from Christ all truth issues; around him all truth concentrates; unto him all truth returns—he is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life. Hence, also, the radical defect of all mere secular education. To teach anything without showing its relation to the God-man, is to teach what is disconnected and fragmental. The theory of our government disavowing the union of Church and State, it follows that the State cannot thoroughly educate. She cannot impart religious training, which is the larger part of an education. The Church, then, must supplement the

defects of State education. Foster the common school system; but let the churches provide with religious instruction the young of both sexes, irrespective of future vocations. "The world needs christian teachers and doctors and lawyers and merchants and statesmen and engineers and editors, as much as it needs christian ministers. Above all, does it need educated, christian young women."

Dr. Boardman is heard with respect whenever he speaks, and his well-known ability establishes a presumption of the theoretical correctness of the views herein presented. So far as we know, his position is new and original; it is certainly in advance of the time. The problem of education yields to none in the importance of its correct solution, and this view of it is worthy of most careful consideration.

A MISTAKE.

There seems to be a growing misapprehension of the object of a course of study in a college. Before entering, the young man decides what he is to be. He is bent upon husbanding his money and his mental powers, and will not expend them upon anything which, in his opinion, will not fit him for success in his chosen calling. If he is to be an architect, he concludes to take arithmetic and geometry; if a farmer, then it will be the three R's, and, perhaps, Agricultural Chemistry;

if a physician, he will take Latin, so as to understand the names of medicines, etc., also Chemistry and Physiology. And so on through the whole catalogue of vocations. We agree with our supposed matriculate in his conviction that his money and mental powers should be expended only for what is useful; but we disagree with him as to the things which are useful. If in after life he should be nothing but a physician, a farmer, or an architect, then the useful thing for him would be that which would increase his capacity as a physician, farmer, or architect. But inasmuch as he will still be a physical, intellectual and moral being, that only can be in the highest degree useful which contributes to his physical, intellectual and moral excellence.

There is, besides, a more important consideration. The specific information connected with his calling, garnered from a college course, is trifling when compared with the general development and improvement of the mind. In view of the growing disregard of this fact, we have inserted in this issue the clear and forcible extract on "Mental Discipline," to which we invite the special attention of all students.

"GIMMY YER HAN' ON NAT."

This is an expression that may be heard now upon almost any occasion when two boys meet and speak but a few words. We have several objections to the use of this sentence, and more particularly to the action which invariably follows it. What does it mean? This question cannot be an-

swered satisfactorily. We see two boys coming out of the recitation room, and one says: "Wasn't that a hard lesson?" and the other: "Gimmy yer han' on nat." They shake hands and go on their way rejoicing.

The other day a young American walked up to a prominent citizen of the Hill with whom he was tolerably familiar; the latter made some slight remark which was answered by the youth with, "Gimmy yer han' on not." He of course extended his hand, but looked so cheap in doing it, that we judged he could be bought just then for less than cost. This expression is becoming so general in its application, that it is used under all circumstances, however important or trivial. We must object to it; because, in the first place, it is not good English, and then it is slang of the most revolting character. It generates carelessness and looseness in giving the sign of one's approval upon all occasions, whether the thing in question is a falsehood or the truth. A boy spins a yarn abounding in the most extravagant hyperbole, at the close of which, he is greeted with, "Gimmy yer han' on nat." What does that signify? "Oh, nothing." Well, you had better just omit it then; for if it means anything in this instance, it is that you endorse every word he has uttered—true or false. A hand-shake is the most hearty and emphatic endorsement one person can give another: it should therefore be held more sacred than to be thus sacrilegiously maltreated. When you shake hands with a man, *mean what you say.*

CHANGE.

Change is continually stamping itself upon all created things, whether straight from the hand of Deity, or modified by human instrumentality. Especially are the institutions of man subject to the influence of mobility. To observe the curious succession of events in this process is to the philosopher a profound study, to the humorist fun, to the satirist an inexhaustible subject upon which to vent his spleen; but for the common herd, it excites no unusual interest. Change comes, whether for good or evil, we cannot always at once decide. Descending from vague generalities to that which is now transpiring immediately around us, we find that things are not what they once were—they have changed, are still changing. One of the most interesting and gratifying of these changes is the revolution of feeling in regard to the Societies which has been effected within the last three years among the students of the institution. The old spirit of rancorous and fierce hostility has seen its best days and died. Some may sigh for those glorious old days of yore, when a Eu had as lief knock a Phi down as to look at him, when a Phi hated the very earth upon which a Eu set foot—those good old days, when the sheep never mingled with the goats, the one housed in one end of the building, the other in the other; when *little stories*, mixed with variable quantities of truth, were eagerly sought after by each, and circulated with avidity. Some may sigh for those halcyon times. If so, all we have to

say to them is, just to sigh on till the fountain of their sorrow exhausts itself by its own doleful efforts; for the demon who impersonated that rabid, rank spirit of hatred is dead and buried; and over its desolate, lonely grave, covered with matted thorns and thistles—the offspring of a thousand memories—over *this* grave, we have not one tear of regret to shed, but can only pray that oblivion's dark wave may forever roll over the horrid, grinning skeleton thus entombed. It was an opinion shared by many that this spirit was the *life* of the college. This being true, the breath of life must be breathed into it again, or it will surely fall; for that life-giving (?) principle is now numbered with the things that are no more. To fill the place of this departed spirit, there has arisen a *generous* feeling of rivalry, a struggle to excel in the fields of honor that are open in college life. We hail this day as a harbinger of a bright future. The question which we would have predominate is not, which Society has gathered around its banner the greatest numerical force? but which has within its walls more *living, active, intellectual power?* which is doing more work? which is excelling in those objects for which the societies were organized—in oratory, science and literature? These are now becoming the paramount questions, and are destined soon to be the all-absorbing ones. It is an amusing thing now to see an Alumnus, who graduated some years ago, come back on a visit to the college, to see him shy around away from one end of the building, cast

basty glances in that direction now and then, and ask in a whisper some earnest questions of his companion. The only harm we would have a Eu wish a Phi, or a Phi wish a Eu, is, that he should meet him in the recitation room, on the rostrum, in the fields of literature—and surpass him! Let those who will, mourn and sigh for the departed spirit; let us look forward to a brighter future—a future which, when it shall have faded into the past, will have clustering around it memories free from the gangrenous poison which has hitherto blasted, for many of our Alumni, all tender recollections of their college life. The causes which have produced these wonderful changes would be, perhaps, more interesting than the fact itself, but time and space forbid our noticing them now.

THE BOY.

Of all the animals now extant the boy is the most interesting, curious and incomprehensible. Now, the Zoölogical classification of *Man* is: Subkingdom, Vertebrata; class, Mammalia; order, Bimana; family, Hominidæ; genus species, *Homo Sapiens*. Whether you can place the boy under this classification, is a question of extreme doubt. It is our opinion that he is not classifiable by any general rules, that he is an undeveloped animal, an embryo, and therefore you cannot determine exactly where he belongs, or into what he may develop. His ways are past understanding. He makes old men sign, mothers weep, and maidens blush. The brain

of man is heavily taxed to invent ways and means of governing him, but, as a general thing, he is found running wild, and it is only now and then that he is successfully tamed. You tell a boy he *must* do this, and the first idea that suggests itself to him is how on earth he can do just the opposite. Some people beat them in order that they may be persuaded to follow the path of duty; but the meanest and most unmanageable boys are those whose hides and souls have been hardened and made tough by the most constant and impressive application of the rod. The best remedy, in our opinion, is a mother's wonderful love. Spring has a peculiar effect on the boy—especially the school boy. At this season strange ideas are constantly manufactured in the curious laboratory of his cranium. These boys often assemble in herds, and roam over the country, committing all sorts of depredations on life and property. When the world rises in the morning, ignorant of the last night's events, strange scenes open up before it. During the night well-buckets depart from their accustomed places, and take up their abode in the tops of the loftiest trees; some good citizens lose their chickens, ducks, &c.; wagons leave their sheds, and may be heard rumbling in the corridors of the building; the bell loses its clapper; gates leave their hinges and walk off; wood-piles become dissatisfied with their cramped positions and spread themselves over acres of land—all the handiwork of the boys. A little of this is funny enough, and will do very well; but, under the influence of

spring, it is generally pushed too far; and, every year, about five or six boys conclude that they had better go home and help on the farm; or sometimes their health fails—all the same, they go, and never return. Boys, we think you had better begin to put on breaks now—it would be much better for us all to go home together *after* commencement.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH.

We are glad to learn that the Faculty have taken measures to secure more efficiency in studies of the English course. The work in this department has been hitherto unsystematic and lamentably defective. In the Schools of English Language and Literature and Moral Philosophy, the evil results have been most apparent. Students have been allowed to dip into these studies wherever their whimsical notions might dictate. The consequence has been not only confusion in the regular course, but many have thus been induced to enter this department before they were prepared. The measure passed by the Faculty is only a partial remedy for this evil. It provides particularly for the School of English Language—that no one shall take up a study in this School unless he begins the department at the first of the session. We regard this a wise provision and hope to see good results from it.

Not a few young men when they enter College begin at the wrong end. They take up the English branches first, thinking, of course, these are the easiest and will prepare them for the

more difficult studies of Latin and Greek. They forget that a certain amount of mental discipline is necessary to a proper appreciation of these studies. It is not that we deem them of less importance, but that the magnitude of their importance can never be fully realized without the mental training of other departments. What benefit can result to a young man from studying a work on Metaphysics or Criticism during his first serious at College? And yet we see this experiment going on every year. The student has a hard time and—we were about to say profitless. A wiser plan would be to let alone English studies until you are pretty well drilled in Greek and Latin. If you never study these, you will never have an adequate appreciation of English branches, whether critical, philological, or metaphysical. Of course you may learn how to keep books or perhaps to run a mill, but you will never be a scholar.

A HINT ON READING.

One object of reading is to incite thought. In respect to this end a book is good so far as it makes us think. Reading is to the mind what steel is to flint; it strikes out fire that otherwise might forever slumber. The mind may be cold and lifeless, when some living thought caught from the written page shall electrify with celestial enthusiasm the entire mental nature. A good book may arouse thought as the fowler awakens from its spine nest the eaglet, to tempt its wings in empyrean till maturer strength is gained. When one's mind in reading

is inspired with fresh and glowing thought by the matter under perusal so that it is loath to leave its own creations for the further pursuit of undiscovered truth, it were better to lay aside the book and chase the thought which his own invention has aroused; just as the huntsman pursues the first game that he awakens in the forest till it is captured, before he seeks others.

CO-OPERATION.

We are glad to announce to our readers that a resolution has been passed by the Philomathesian Society to co-operate with the Euzelian in the publication of *THE STUDENT*, and hereafter it will be conducted under the management of both Societies instead of one. It is thought that this measure will increase the efficiency of *THE STUDENT* in the common cause which it is designed to promote.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE Medical Department of Harvard modestly asks for an endowment of \$500,000.

—CHAPEL HILL has introduced Senior Speaking as a college exercise. We hope they may find it as pleasant and profitable as we have.

—IT is rumored that the venerable DR. McCOSH, president of Princeton College, is about to retire, to be succeeded by DR. JOHN HALL, of New York. But both deny it.

—MORE than half of the institutions in the United States which profess to

give university education and confer degrees, now admit women on equal terms with male students.

—EIGHTH members of the present Senior Class in the Princeton Theological Seminary have announced their purpose to enter the foreign mission field.

—EDINBURG UNIVERSITY has 3,237 students, the School of Medicine taking the larger proportion—1,638. The university has thirty-seven students under sixteen years of age.

—PETITIONS are now being circulated asking for a vote upon the question of the establishment of a graded school for the town of Durham, under the act passed by the last General Assembly.

—THE students of Princeton College are progressing about as well as could be expected. They succeeded in greasing about four miles of railroad track just to hear the engineer and conductor swear.

—THE tuition fee of Ann Harbor is \$20; Vanderbilt, \$50; Syracuse, \$60; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Rutgers, \$75; Dartmouth, \$80; Brown, \$85; Williams, \$90; Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania, \$150 each.

—“THE two Literary Societies in the male department of Shaw University, are each represented by a well edited paper, the *Ciceronian Herald* and the *African Orator*. They are only read before the Society. Not printed.

—YALE COLLEGE seems to be running the government of the Sandwich Islands. Two Judges of the Supreme Court, the Superintendent of Schools,

the Attorney-General, and some minor officers are graduates of the New Haven institution.

—THE Quincy experiment has had at least one permanent good effect: it has taught teachers and school authorities the necessity of a more thorough and intelligent study of the English language and literature in our public schools.

—OF Davidson College there have been in all 462 graduates, 140 of whom are ministers of all denominations, chiefly Presbyterians, sixty-five are lawyers, forty-five are physicians, forty are teachers, and several of these professors in institutions of learning.

—THE Superintendents of Public Instruction of the Southern States met in Washington with General EATON, Commissioner of Education, on the 24th ult., to consider plans for securing aid for the public schools from the national government.

—THE salutatorian, says an exchange, at Yale this year was a German, the valedictorian a Hebrew, and the prize declaimer a Chinaman. But when it comes to real classical culture, our native land is there. The pitcher of the Yale Base Ball-Club is an American.—*The Independent.*

THE families of Harvard students recently received circulars from the College authorities asking, "Do you have family prayers?" And out of 741 families, how many do you think answered, Yes? Only 211. Is it any wonder Harvard should be known as a free-thinking institution?

—LONDON UNIVERSITY has resolved

to admit its female graduates to Convocation. Thus young women may not only take degrees there, but may take part in the government of the University. This is the furtherest step towards "equal rights" that has yet been made by any institution of learning.

—FEW COLLEGE CLASSES have contained more men who in after years reached distinction than the Yale of 1853. It included ANDREW D. WHITE, E. C. STEDMAN, "Ike" Bromley, and GEO. W. SMALLEY, of the New-York *Tribune*, WAYNE MACVEAGH, CHARLTION T. LEWIS, BENJAMIN K. PHELPS and DELANO A. GODDARD.

—THERE are in the South twelve colored schools which have been established and fostered by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The magnitude of the work done by this powerful society is seen in the statement that upon these schools it has expended in the last fifteen years more than a million of dollars.

—GENERAL HAMPTON has presented a monster petition, signed by all the leading men, preachers, bank men, editors, etc., of South Carolina, asking Congress for aid in educating the illiterate of that State. It is likely that a good appropriation will be made to advance education at the South. We say three cheers for WADE HAMPTON.

—A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner* writes of Crozer Theological Seminary, Phila.: "You know its location, not easily excelled for beauty. You know its men, not easily excelled for work. It has been doing good service this year. Its classes are fair in size, and the men look like those

out of whom earnest preachers are made."

—Out of the 1,000 hours taken in the different elective studies this year by the Harvard students, history has 146, German 109, natural history 101, chemistry 84, political economy 76, French 76, Latin 68, Greek 66, English 48, Italian and Spanish 47, physics 37, mathematics 36, fine arts 35, philosophy 28, ethics 14, music 13, Roman law 12, Hebrew and Sanskrit 4.

—A FACULTY of nine and 72 students are returned by the Rochester Theological Seminary in their Annual Catalogue. Of these, 22 are in the German Department, and the English students are classified thus: Seniors 14, Middlers 16, Juniors 21. Seventeen of the English students, or one-third of the whole, are taking only a partial course. The rapid increase of partial course students for a few years back is not an encouraging fact in the history of this Seminary.

—THE Indian University, at Tahlequah, Ind. Ter., reports an increase of students and an advance in proficiency this year. Three young men are studying for the ministry, and quite a number are preparing to teach. It has been proposed to remove the Institution to the limits of the Creek Nation, and a fine site has been granted for that purpose. The great need, however, is for a building fund to erect buildings of brick or stone to accommodate 200 students. Rev. A. C. BACONE is President of the Institution.

—THE new buildings of the Union Theological Seminary are in process of construction. They will be four: The James Dormitory, for which Mr. WILLIS JAMES has given \$100,000; the Morgan Library, for which ex-Governor MORGAN gave \$100,000, besides an equal amount for the purchase of the lots; the Adams Chapel, to cost \$50,000; and Jesup Hall, for which Mr. MORRIS K. JESUP has given \$50,000. About \$50,000 has been given for incidental expenses of building, and \$150,000 more are needed. An addition to the endowment and a new Professorship are also needed. Oh that men of such great hearts as these might come down to North Carolina, and lend us a helping hand.

—Ko KUN HUA, the Professor of Chinese in Harvard University, who died of pneumonia a few days ago, was engaged in 1879 to teach his native language in the college for three years in order to prepare "young men to take positions of high grade in the Chinese government service, and also to enable them to engage in mercantile pursuits in China. It was not easy to find an educated Chinese gentleman who was willing to leave his country and undertake the task, but as the result of a movement begun in 1877 by Francis P. Knight, of Boston, who had lived in China for several years, a subscription of \$8,750 was raised for the purpose, and the services of Prof. Ko were secured. He has only had four or five pupils in all, but these have made the most satisfactory progress, one at least being

now able to converse easily with Mandarins."

—REV. H. M. TUPPER, President of Shaw University, Raleigh, says that his institution "furnishes the largest accommodations of any colored school in North Carolina, and in the large number of advanced pupils is not surpassed by any colored institution in the country." There are separate buildings for males and females. Six departments of study have been established: normal, scientific, classical, theological, and medical. Instruction in music also is provided. "During the last session there were 196 pupils in the normal course, 32 in the scientific, 44 in the classical, and 60 in the theological; and during the last six years 822 pupils have been enrolled." Says the *African Expositor*: "Shaw University was never doing better work than at present. The students are well classified and are making rapid progress. There was never better health enjoyed by the students."

—JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, in Baltimore, stands at the head of the educational institutions of America. Founded by the munificence of JOHNS HOPKINS whose name it bears, it was opened for instruction in October, 1876. JOHNS HOPKINS was a Baltimore merchant and nominally an orthodox Quaker. The sum he bequeathed for the University produces annually \$200,000. He gave an equal sum for a charity Hospital in Baltimore. His estate amounted to seven millions of dollars. From the Register of the University we learn that for

the session '80-'81, the total number of students enrolled was 176, and the average attendance at public lectures 186. Graduates of the following institutions are among the students: Davidson College, University of Virginia, Princeton, Howard, Yale, University of France, London, Göttingen, Heidelberg, Strassburg, Tokio,—besides thirty-five others that might be named. Has it come to this, that New England must resign the palm to a city of the South?

—WE notice with much pleasure that Dr. CURRY, Gen. ARMSTRONG and others appeared by invitation before a committee of the United States Senate and gave their views on several educational measures now pending before Congress. Senators, with all their calm wisdom, are apt to look at a question from a political, sometimes even from a partisan, point of view, and they did well to seek the aid of men whose opinions are not less broad and much more practical. They urged, as we learn, three very important propositions; (1) That national aid should be so given as to promote rather than to interfere with State systems of public instruction; (2) that it should be extended to primary schools rather than to those of higher grade; (3) that the need is greater now than it is likely to be at any time in the future. We have felt a little uneasy about the possible bearing of some provisions in the bills of Senator BLAIR and others, but if they shall be amended so as to embody these three obvious principles, we shall anticipate much good and little harm from national aid to education.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE Rev. DAVID SWING defines a novel as “the world’s truth with a beautiful woman walking through it.”

—AN English man of letters has in preparation a collection of Lord BEACONFIELD’s speeches, to be published in two volumes.

—THE French press turned out 12,261 books and pamphlets last year, more than double the number ordinarily appearing in Great Britain.

—MR. BANCROFT writes that he is so far ahead with the last volume of his history that the printers can work as fast as they please and he will keep pace with them.

—THE frontispieces of the April *Century* is a portrait of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD. A critical article accompanies it, from the pen of the young English poet, Mr. ANDREW LANG.

—CARLYLE’s grave is marked only by the remains of a few wreaths; not even his initials are carved on the insignificant headstone, though the stones on each side bear the initials of his mother and his brother.

—THE great philological English Dictionary, which Dr. MURRAY is editing and on which so many readers in England and America are at work, is to be prepared for the press at once. There are *two tons* of matter on hand.

—THE most popular English poem since *The Light of Asia* is Mr. ARTHUR J. MUMLEY’S *Dorothy*, a poem written in alternate hexameter and pentameter without rhyme. The heroine is a sort of Evangeline, and the poem is said to possess great merit.

—IT IS proposed to celebrate this year at Buda-Pesth the fiftieth anniversary of KOSSUTH’s career as a journalist and a patriot by presenting him with an album containing the signatures of his admirers. KOSSUTH is now in his seventy-seventh year.

—THE London *Athenæum* says: “CHARLES DICKENS had many and grave faults, but he will be remembered while English literature exists as one who loved his fellow-men, and as one who did more to make them happy and amiable than any other writer of his time.”

—NORTH CAROLINA journalism is soon to be supplemented by a new weekly paper, published at Wilmington. *The New South*, edited by EDWARD A. OLDHAM, and “devoted to the Industrial, Agricultural, Educational and General Development of North Carolina and the South,” will appear at an early day.

—FROUDE’S LIFE OF CARLYLE will be published by the SCRIBNERS next month. The material for the biography was given to Mr. FROUDE by Mr. CARLYLE some time before the latter’s death. The work will be published in this country and England at the same time. The manuscript is already in the printer’s hands.

—THOUGH the population of Russia is double that of the United States, yet Russia has only 608 periodicals, against 9,723 of the United States. In other words, America has sixteen times as many periodicals as Russia. The State of New York alone has twice as many periodicals as the whole dominion of the Czar.

—THE *African Expositor* is published bi-monthly, at Raleigh, in the interest of the colored people of the State. It is an eight page paper, well worth the price, 50 cents. In it we have another indication of the improvement of the race. It deserves wide circulation among them.

—THE "American Book Exchange" has failed after a short career. The manager, JOHN B. ALDEN, has organized a "Useful Knowledge Publishing Company" to take its place. *Good Literature* has been sold and will be continued by the "Good Literature Publishing Company." It is said to be much better printed than formerly.

—MR. EMERSON was reading his lecture on the future of America, and happened to say "the country" instead of "this country." His faithful daughter ELLEN interrupted him. "Father," she said, "it is *this* country." A smile crept over the face of the Concord philosopher as he replied, with a fine faith in the great Republic, "Well, *this* country is *the* country."

—THE *Athenæum*, London, says: "It has been rumored that a diary left by Lord BEACONSFIELD is to be published before long. It is a fact that there are at least two diaries of Lord BEACONSFIELD's youth in existence, in one of which he relates his journey in the East with Mr. CLAY. They are both diaries which were given away by the writer in his lifetime, and are therefore beyond the control of the executors."

—A NEW work from Mr. MARTIN F. TUPPER, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," is promised. This is a

collection of plays and dramatic scenes for private theatricals. It will doubtless include the poet's harmless drama of "Washington." Miss CAROLINE FOX says that TUPPER is a "happy little blue-eyed man, who evidently enjoys talking, but does not approach the dignity of didactic poems."

—MR. LONGFELLOW's seventy-fifth birth-day was celebrated with unusual ceremonies on the 26th of February. *The Critic* thinks that at this advanced age in life he "cannot only equal but surpass the work of his so-called prime." The same paper is also bold enough to say that "we have poets whose fame does not yield to that of TENNYSON and MORRIS; we have novelists whose merit is as great as that of Messrs. BLACK, HARDY, and BLACKMAN."

—MR. ANDREW YOUNG, author of "There is a Happy Land," and other popular hymns and poems, now residing in his native city of Edinburgh, writes to a New York friend under date of January 25: "SHAKESPEARE's birthday, 23d April, is mine, and the year 1807. I am thankful to be able to state that my health is still good, and that I have all the spring and vigor of twenty years ago. We have had MOODY and SANKEY here for two months, and their labors have been greatly blessed. Mr. Moody told me my hymn was sung in almost every church in America."

—IN the March *Contemporary Review* CANON FARRAR writes what has been called the most scholarly and trenchant defence of the Revised Ver-

sion that has yet appeared. He says : “The members of the revision committee deserve the deepest gratitude. In spite of the bitter attacks which have been made upon their version, it will come to be regarded by ever-increasing numbers as one of the best boons which has been bestowed upon them by the learning, the fearlessness, and the faithfulness of the ripest scholars and divines whom the nineteenth century can boast.”

—PAUL H. HAYNE has the following lines in the Philadelphia *American*, addressed to ALEX. H. STEPHENS :

Last of a stalwart time and race gone by—
That simple, stately, God-appointed band,
Who wrought alone to glorify their land,
With lives built high on Truth's eternity—
While placemen plot, while flatterers fawn
or lie,
And foul corruptions, wave on wave, expand,
I see thee rise, stainless of heart as hand,
O, man of Roman thought and radiant eye !
Through thy frail form there burn divinely
strong
The antique virtues of a worthier day ;
Thy soul is golden, if thy head be gray,
No years can work that lofty nature wrong ;
They set to concords of ethereal song
A life grown holier on its heavenward way.

—THE editor of the Wilmington *Star*, a gentleman of high literary culture and fine critical taste, in a late editorial on criticism makes an advance that merits commendation. He calls attention to the entire want of critical judgment in the press of North Carolina, relating to literature. The writings of a North Carolinian are never subjected to the canons of criticism. If an author makes a literary effort, his work receives the in-

discriminate and unmeaning praise of the State press, and he supposes he has taken his place among the *literati*. Under such treatment literature will never attain anything like perfection. There are some writers in the State now whose works would have been better, had they been criticised more severely.

—WHAT a tender epitome of the sad side of human life have we in the following little poem, entitled “Three Burdens :”

The burden of Life.—Hours of pain,
Strong struggles for victories vain,
Dull doom of dust to dust again,
A ship of insecurity
On stormy sea.

The burden of Love.—A bright morn,
That looks its loveliest at its dawn.
Ah, better had it ne'er been born !
For soon drive mists of misery
O'er darkened sea.

The burden of Christ.—Blinding tears,
A longing and love through long years,
A firm, faithful front to all fears—
Then glorious eternity
Of golden sea !

—IT WILL be remembered that some Cape Cod folk were so much incensed by the use of their names in a story written by a Connecticut young lady, Miss SARAH MCLEAN, who taught school for a time in a little village near Plymouth, that they brought suit last summer against the Boston publishers for damages. Not appeased by the public cards which appeared, or by the revision of the story by which their own were displaced by fictitious names, the wrathful Capers caused an

attachment in the sum of \$30,000, to be placed upon the store of the firm a few days since. We do not know what the outcome of the matter will be; but our sympathies rather incline towards the author who could so naturally depict her characters, and towards the publishers who had the keenness to discover her merits, rather than to these "thin-skinned" illiterates who have thus been written into fame. We do not think the "Old Corner Book Store" is in danger.—*Standard.*

—MR. CHARLES READE writes for an English daily paper on the Jewish persecution, in which he expresses a generous sympathy for that unfortunate sect. "They are a people of genius," he says, "and genius is not confined by nature, but by will, by habit, or by accident. What have these people tried and failed in? Warriors, writers, builders, merchants, lawgivers, husbandmen, and supreme in all. In this history repeats itself. * * * They shall be great in arts of peace and war, and their enemies melt before them like snow off a dyke. Should they seem to require help at starting from any other nation, *blessed will be the nation that proffers it*; and the nation that persecutes them will be made an example of some way or other. Therefore, if by any chance this recent outrage should decide the Jewish leaders to colonize Palestine from Russia, let us freely offer ships, seamen, money—whatever we are asked for. It will be a better national investment than Egyptian, Brazilian, or Peruvian bonds."

SCIENCE NOTES.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his address at its last meeting declared that, in his opinion, the civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science.

A TRULY giant water-lily was found in Lake Nuna in Peru. The leaf had a circumference of nearly 25 feet and weighed between 13 and 14 pounds. A flower was 4 feet 2 inches round, and weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; its outer petals were 9 inches long.

IRONWOOD.—One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry wastes along the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignum-vitæ, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an axe, and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. It burns with an intense heat.

PARTIAL EVIL, GENERAL GOOD.—The constant repair of the land, and the subserviency of our planet to the support of terrestrial as well as aquatic species, are secured by the elevating and depressing power of causes acting in the interior of the earth; which, though so often the source of death and terror to the inhabitants of the globe—visiting in succession every zone, and filling the earth with monuments of ruin and disorder—are nevertheless the agents of a conservative principle above all others essential to the stability of our system.—*Lyell.*

THE RAT KING.—The name "rat king" is given to a number of rats whose tails are so much entangled that it is absolutely impossible for any one to separate himself from the rest. But rats are great lovers of their kind and very liberal: they never allow these helpless ones to suffer, as is shown by the fact that the members of the rat king are fullgrown and fat. How is it that the slick and tapering tails of rats get so entangled? The old rat lies on the young ones and throws them about with her snout, thus making the first knot. As the young rats are helpless and do not move about much, a small quantity of clay or mud is sufficient to keep the tails united. These grow very rapidly, and soon become inseparably entangled. What scratching and stretching and squealing there must be until they get fat and lazy on the generosity of their friends!

TROUBLESOME BATS.—The first few nights I was much troubled by bats. The room where I slept had not been used for many months, and the roof was open to the tiles and rafters. The first night I slept soundly, and did not perceive anything unusual; but on the next I was aroused about midnight by the rushing noise made by vast hosts of bats sweeping about the room. The air was alive with them; they had put out the lamp, and when I relighted it the place appeared blackened with the impish multitudes that were whirling round and round. After I laid about well with a stick for a few minutes they disappeared among the tiles, but when all was still again they returned, and once more extin-

guished the light. I took no further notice of them, and went to sleep. The next night several got into my hammock; I seized them as they were crawling over me, and dashed them against the wall. The next morning I found a wound, evidently caused by a bat, on my hip. This was rather unpleasant, so I set to work with the negroes and tried to exterminate them. I shot a great many as they hung from the rafters, and the negroes, having mounted with ladders to the roof outside, routed out from beneath the eaves many hundreds of them, including young broods. * * * I was never attacked by bats except on this occasion. The fact of their sucking the blood of persons sleeping, from wounds which they make in the toes, is now well established; but it is only a few persons that are subject to this blood-letting. According to the negroes, the *Phyllostoma* is the only kind which attacks man. Those which I caught crawling over me were *Dysoptes*, and I am inclined to think many different kinds of bats have this propensity.—*Naturalist on the Amazons.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—THERE are thirty-one young ministers at Wake Forest College.

—THE Euzelian Society is indebted to Col. J. M. HECK, of Raleigh, for a magnificent portrait of himself, painted by W. GARL BROWN, Esq., of Washington City.

—AT a late meeting of the Wake Forest Sabbath School, Prof. W. L. POTEAT was unanimously elected as delegate to the Baptist State Sunday

School Convention, to be held in Raleigh.

—THE new clock stands in the left-hand front window of Heck Hall. It is well protected in its convenient position. Next advance, a town clock.

—PROF. SIMMONS states that he is not responsible for the *conjectures of the weather* in the N. C. Baptist Almanac. These conjectures were gathered from other sources, and are about as reliable as the average almanacs generally are.

—THE autograph album mania is at its height. Everything poetical, such as "When this you see remember me, though many miles apart we be," is exhausted. Fresh contributions are earnestly solicited.

—GEO. A. NEWELL, Esq., travelling photographer, has been in town for several weeks. His work has given general satisfaction. The cut of the college on our cover, is from a photograph taken by him.

—THE Senior Class this year consists of eleven members. Of this number, four have decided upon preaching as a life's vocation. Four expect to teach. One only has decided to farm. The future plans of the other two members, we have never heard them express.

—NATURAL Science is becoming a favorite study with our students, as the number in the classes in Chemistry and Physiology will testify. The former class contains about thirty-five members; the latter, twenty-five. The average class in Chemistry has been from ten to fifteen; in Physiology, from three to six.

—WE learn that GEO. NEWELL, Jr., intends to open an art gallery at this place in a few days, to be located over the store of Mr. J. C. CADDELL. Mr. NEWELL intends to avail himself of college privileges at the same time with the practice of his profession. We wish him success in his new venture.

—THE beautiful new house of Dr. JONES, of Tarboro, still remains tenantless. We have not heard lately whether he is coming soon, or whether he has given up the idea of moving to Wake Forest altogether. Of one thing we are sure, such a charming residence should not remain without an inhabitant.

—PROF. H. J. WILLIAMSON, travelling penman, has closed his series of lessons at this place. Seven of the young men were fortunate enough to obtain certificates of proficiency in his art. The prize for best penmanship was awarded Mr. J. B. THOMAS. For most improvement, Mr. M. J. GLASGOW. For second best improvement, Mr. J. D. STRAUSS.

—THE weekly *Musicales* are becoming very popular. The programme on these occasions consists of vocal and instrumental music, generously interlarded with the reading of prose or poetical selections. The managers request that special attention be paid to the mite-box at the door. These voluntary contributions are for the purpose of carpeting the rostrum of Memorial Hall. A worthy object—may it be successful. Bear in mind that all are especially invited to attend.

—THE elections for Marshals for our coming Commencement have been held with the following results: From the Euzelian Society, Messrs. W. H. RIDDICK, W. F. MARSHALL, and W. H. JOSEY. From the Philomathesian, Messrs. T. J. SIMMONS, D. L. HERRING, and E. H. FREEMAN. These gentlemen have our congratulations.

—ONE of our students desires to know whether it is in the Old or New Testament where Solomon ran David into the lion's den. This same gentleman, in quoting from the Bible, says: "Where two or three have met together, and all agree on the same thing, it shall surely come to pass." What becomes of the opinion that the Wake Forest boys are all preachers?

—BASE BALL has succeeded marbles in popular favor. There are no less than four regularly organized clubs among the students. The first of the three contests between the first College nine and the Hill nine (composed chiefly of resident students) for the championship of Wake Forest, resulted in an ignominious defeat for the College. The coming struggles which are to decide the matter are looked forward to with some degree of excitement.

—BEAUTY of scenery, especially in spring time, is not the least interesting feature of our village. Near the College are some points of more than usual attractiveness. A select number of the most handsome young men in College—except the writer, whose reputation rests more on his superlative dignity—strolled out a few even-

ings since to one of these retreats. At Sylvan Cascade (Wolf's Den), we were delighted with nature in her less rugged form. Huge moss-covered rocks that overlay entrances to dark caverns below, a dashing streamlet that leaps over rocks, and then, with gentle music, plays between its fern-bordered banks, present a scene of exquisite beauty and picturesqueness. Two of the more adventurous of our number explored one cave to a distance of 50 feet, and thought it not improbable that further exploration might lead to some interesting discovery. To those who delight in the Falls of the Neuse, Balance Rock, Rock Spring, and other Wake Forest scenery, we would express our decided admiration for the picturesque Sylvan Cascade.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

Dr. FRANK GILLAM died at Windsor, Bertie county, on the 24th of February last. In a few weeks we had hoped to welcome him here as a permanent citizen. The Raleigh *News and Observer* says: "He was a physician of marked ability, and was held in the highest esteem. He was a cousin of Judge GILLAM, of this city. No death in that section of the State could have caused more universal regret than that of Dr. GILLAM." He spent a number of months with us, making many friends, who have heard of his death with sorrow. He was a man who said what he thought, and often with peculiar felicity and force. His presence in the social circle guaranteed the pleasure of all; for the frankness and strength of his convic-

tions and character, with the general humor that pervaded all he said, never failed to make his conversation attractive. We are disappointed and saddened by his departure; but, doubtless, the unconceived joy of the better world is now his forever. He was in his forty-second year. He came to Wake Forest College in the spring of 1856, and left in the spring of 1859. He would have graduated the next year, but left to study medicine in the University of Virginia. He was assistant surgeon in the Confederate States Army, having the entire respect of the profession.

—'77. BRO. J. W. DENMARK, one of the most useful and energetic citizens of Raleigh, has moved to Richmond, Va. Bro. D. is an enthusiastic Baptist, a graduate of Wake Forest College, and will be quite an acquisition to Richmond. He is the efficient agent of J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., of Philadelphia. We commend him and his work to our Virginia brethren.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'77. REV. J. R. JONES is pastor of the Baptist churches at Hickory and Morganton, and is doing missionary work in his section. He hopes to build two houses of worship this year. We take that as a sign of his success. Rev. E. DODSON says: "Elder JONES belongs to the *try* company."

—'45. DR. M. T. YATES, of China, in a late letter, speaks warmly of the reinforcing missionaries just arrived. He says that he hopes in time to be able to resume his reminiscences, if it is desirable. Every reader of the *Recorder* will say, "Begin again, Doctor,

as soon as possible." We are also glad to learn that his physical condition is better, though he seems to dread the coming surgical operation. We cannot but add this signal word from the *Recorder*: "A great man! Yes, he occupies a position far higher than the most lordly potentate of earth; and to the transforming, sanctified influence of Wake Forest College, much is due."

—'79. MR. W. J. WINGATE is in charge of an academy at Pantego, N. C.

—'80. REV. J. M. DAVIS, who obtained his diploma in spite of the most discouraging circumstances, is doing efficient work as a teacher and preacher at Morgan Hill, Madison county. To our mind, his course at college was a striking illustration of the truth of that old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

EXCHANGES.

—THE *Trinity College Herald* claims our attention. Small and unpretentious, yet long may it wave.

—WE welcome the *University, (N.C.) Monthly*. May it live long and prosper, shunning the shoals on which, it tells us, so many college magazines have grounded.

—THE *Academy*, published by the young ladies of Salem Academy, is a spicy, lively little sheet. That it has life is proved by the criticism of Judge TOURGEE'S new paper, *Our Continent*.

—THE *College Record*, a new can-

dide for popular favor, published by the literary societies of Norfolk College for young ladies, is before us. It is well edited, and deserves to be a success.

—THE contributions of the *Virginia University Magazine* for February are above the average. We notice *Dueling* and *Richelieu as a Statesman*. Let the writer of *The Poisoned Goblet* take heart: Poe is already eclipsed. The *Collegiana* is a credit to the magazine.

—THE *University* (Pa.) *Magazine* is, as usual, neat and tasty. It seems to us that there is a scarcity of matter in this number. Take out the article on *The New Crew*, and little remains. This is explained probably, on the ground that the editors are preparing for a boating match with Yale.

THE *Wittenberger* for February contains many good things. Regret that we have not had time to give it a more careful examination. An article that especially meets our approbation, is *College Bores*. The editorial work is conducted in a style that shows interest and ability on the part of the editors.

—THE *William Jewell Student* for February is a very readable magazine. Its articles on *Education* and *Genius* are well written, showing that new and fresh things can be said even on such hackneyed subjects. It contains two long dissertations to show that William Jewell should be a mixed school. For the peace of mind of the editors, we hope that it may become such.

PERIODICALS.

—THE March number of the *Home Circle* is full of interest and instruction. Varied in its contents, handsomely printed, beautifully illustrated, it is one of the most attractive magazines for the household published in this country. In the present number "A Sovereign Cure," by Mrs. MARY E. BRADLEY, is the leading article. "The Tongue," its sins and abuses, is from the facile pen of Rev. T. H. PRITCHARD, D. D. "The Mystery of Silk," by J. EUGENE REED, is perhaps the most interesting contribution. The magazine is sustained by the ablest writers of the Baptist denomination, and its influence in Baptist homes will be widely extended. Published for \$1.50 a year by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

[All books sent us by Publishers will receive due notice in this column.]

Tourgee's New Book.

JOHN EAX, By Albion W. Tourgee. 16 mo. cloth, ornamented, \$1.00. New York : Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The readers who have been shocked at the terrors of "A Fool's Errand," or had their nerves to twinge at the keen satire of "Bricks without Straw," will be agreeably disappointed in *John Eax*. The writer's dramatic power, his ingenuous speculation, his humorous turn of mind, his graphic description, are well known ; and, while he employed these characteristics in his other novels in wofully distorting Southern society, he has sought in his

new book to present the more genial side of his own nature in depicting a more pleasing phase of Southern life. Some features of Southern Society are made prominent. The scene is laid in North Carolina.

John Eax gives the picture of a high-spirited youth who falls in love with the lovable niece of his father's overseer, shows his blood and violates his breeding by persistently following his own bent. The DeJeunette family is a fine example of the so-called Southern aristocracy; and the contest of the young fellow with all the affiliated members of his high-caste tribe, the triumph over the power of family pride, thwarting the cherished design that he should marry his cousin, invest the story with peculiar interest. The opening of the story in prison, the wild freshet scene on the river, the rapid succession of events, including love, fighting, escape to the North, new schooling, success, war, peace—give a varied and attractive view of life. *Mamelon*, the second story embraced in the volume, is the name of an estate in North Carolina. This story is told by the wife of the hero. While it seems that Judge Tourgee in this book is seeking to conciliate the favor of the South, he has nevertheless produced a book well worth reading.

HINTS FOR HOME READING. 12 mo., boards, 75c.; cloth, \$1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This little volume is a collection of essays from men eminently qualified for giving hints on reading; such as Charles Dudley Warner, Henry Ward

Beecher, Edward Everett Hale, Joseph Cook, Lyman Abbott, and others. The subject is ventilated from the daily paper to the gravest volume. Among the topics discussed are: "What to Read;" "Why Young People Read Trash;" "Plans of Reading;" "The Choice of Books;" "How to Make Dull Boys Read;" and "How to Preserve the Results of Reading." It contains bold denunciations of pernicious literature, and some wise directions with reference to that which is wholesome. But both for literary merit and as a guide, it is inferior to Dr. Noah Porter's *Books and Reading*. Its trivial cost and convenient arrangement will commend it to a number of readers. Americans are a book-devouring people. They read more than any other nation in the world. The age is flooded with literature. Cautions for the unwary, directions for the inquiring, are necessary. Those who desire information will read; those who would escape ignorance must read.

POCKET CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. By Frederick G. Ireland; New York: Putnam's Sons, 1881. 75c.

The handy little volume before us will not require much space in one's pocket, but its subject matter fills a large space in one's reading. It has 144 pages, on which are to be found between eight and nine hundred "classic" names, from Jupiter and Olympus down to Erebus and Hades. We shall hardly find a more striking illustration of the vast influence of the ancient world upon the thought of the present than is to be found in

the multitude of classical allusions which bristle on the page of modern literature. And to read intelligently, one needs not only his *Worcester*, but also a classical dictionary. Of course the present volume cannot take the place of the larger works. It devotes about a page each to such names as Cæsar, Cicero, Achilles, Hannibal, Oedi-

pus, Phillipus, and Scipio; but the majority receive but five or six lines—Jupiter himself being dismissed with four. The dates, where they are needed, are given, with the most striking points of each history. It is meagre, but accurate; and we can heartily commend it to those who cannot afford the fuller works.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT---Prize.

We take the liberty of publishing the following communication from one of the friends and subscribers of the STUDENT:

“—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your new venture, for a success it really is. It compares very favorably in size, management and the style of its articles, with any college magazine which I have ever seen. It cannot but be useful to the members of the Societies, as well as entertaining to its readers, especially if they will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them.

May I be allowed to suggest that you encourage the young men to write short and simple sketches of incidents which have come under their observation, or have formed a part of their own experience? Many who would feel themselves unable to write a critical essay or to handle an abstract subject, would give you most readable articles in the simple, easy, and natural style, which is, after all, the best and most desirable of all styles. The young writer who gives a plain and

unadorned account of a trip that he has made, or a fishing frolic, or some incident of his own boyhood, is training himself to make a writer, to whom the great magazines will some day pay five to ten dollars a page. The young man, on the other hand, who aims too high at first, is likely to lose his hatchet altogether.

Your Societies will, I presume, make their own arrangements for a magazine medal. Meantime, I ask the privilege of offering a prize medal for the best short sketch written by a student, and published in the STUDENT between this time and your next anniversary. If the editors shall decide to accept this proposition, I propose to ask Professor POTEAT, Dr. J. B. POWERS and any third party whom they may select, to act as judges, and to arrange for its presentation at the next anniversary. I shall, moreover, ask them, in adjudging the medal, to have more regard to simplicity and naturalness of expression than for high-flown rhetorical adornment.

WORTH REPEATING.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

[From Address of Rev. SIMEON COLTON at the Commencement of 1842.]

In every system of education one of two objects is contemplated—the discipline of the mind, or the acquisition of knowledge. In the inferior institutions, such as common schools, the chief object is the attainment of such a degree of knowledge as will enable the scholar to transact such business as may fall to his lot in life. The discipline of the mind is only an accidental consequence of the studies pursued. In the higher institutions, a more direct effort is made to secure the discipline of the mind. With an individual, who expects to devote himself to literary, or professional pursuits, this is an indispensable requisite. It is not so much the accumulation of knowledge in youth, at which he should labor, as to lay a broad foundation in his mind for the superstructure he is to erect. To teach him to direct his own operations, to manage and control himself, and to depend on his own resources, is the great end to be obtained by a collegiate education. To make thinking beings of men; to teach them to originate and apply principles, in their own strength, is a work of no small care, and can be accomplished only by a long continued course of rigid training.

The difference between one whose mind has been thus thoroughly disci-

plined, and one of an opposite character is aptly described by the Greek Philosopher, who when asked what advantage an educated man had over an uneducated, replied, "put them both into a strange, and difficult place, and you will know." A man whose mind has been thoroughly disciplined is never at a loss for expedients, or for arguments to defend himself, or for means of accomplishing his purposes. To secure the discipline of the mind, and to put it on the right track, in the pursuit of knowledge, is the principal thing to be secured by what is called a liberal education in this country. The acquisition of knowledge is a subsequent concern. In Europe, where the time allotted for a liberal education is more extended, both objects may be secured. The first years of study may serve to perfect that discipline which was begun in the preparatory school; the last years, in laying up those treasures of knowledge, which are to be brought into use in the subsequent concerns of life. With us, it is different. The short space allowed for an education is sufficient only to prepare the mind for the acquisition of knowledge, and for training it to move and act by itself.

So much as this, our colleges are designed to accomplish, and to accomplish this, they are admirably calculated, when conducted on the principles on which they were founded.

The course of study, the kind of discipline, the mode of living, and the circumstances connected with the life of a student in college, are all calculated to develop the powers of the mind, and to fit youth to act an independent part, and prepare them to act that part in the public concerns of their country, or to be useful in the more retired walks of private life. And if any fail of becoming thus qualified the fault is their own, not of the institution whose honors they have received.

Such being the character of our collegiate institutions, they have a just claim to national sympathy. All that is wanting is that the number be increased, and that they be conducted on the same principles, and in reference to the same general designs. They are American institutions, are fitted to make American citizens, and as such should be fostered by a national spirit. Their primary and principal object is discipline.

Many of the young men, who resort to our colleges, seem to have no correct ideas of the character of these institutions, and under the mistaken notions fail entirely of the object in pursuit. They look upon a college as a place where knowledge is to be obtained, and therefore turn their attention to some favorite department without considering that, in so doing, they are diverting themselves from their proper duty, and neglecting to lay that broad foundation, on which their subsequent character should be built. A course of liberal education, as it is called among us, taken from the commencement at the preparatory school,

to the close of the collegiate course, is a term of apprenticeship, which the individual passes through to learn how to study; to learn what he is capable of doing; and to learn how to manage his own thoughts, and how to direct himself. Keeping this object continually in view, and directing all his energies to the accomplishment of this purpose, every study becomes pleasant, and important in its place, habits of application are required, the mind is brought under a systematic control, and the student goes out from the college with such a store of general principles on various subjects treasured up, as will give diversity to character and make him useful in any station in life. Not so with him, who makes the discipline of his mind a secondary object, and the acquisition of knowledge on some particular point the first. He looks forward perhaps to some professional occupation and seeks to lay in a stock of knowledge suited to that, or gives his attention to general reading to the neglect of his classical course.

The college course thus becomes irksome; the student loses his relish for the classic authors; his thoughts are taught to flow only in one channel, and instead of a mind furnished with a store of general principles on various subjects when he leaves College, he goes out with a mind unfurnished, destitute of everything except the one branch he has been pursuing.

Nor is this the only evil that grows out of a diversion from the appropriate college course. An impression soon begins to prevail, and gathers strength, that all studies not having a

direct connection with the expected business of pursuit, are not worthy of attention. *Cui bono?* is the general inquiry. What is the use of this, and what of that? Instead, therefore, of making the college a place of discipline it comes to be regarded as a mere retailer of specific information for specific purposes.

The training of the mind is neglected, and the education becomes superficial or nominal. Under such an imperfect training the individual concerned easily finds arguments to persuade himself that time spent in poring over the classic authors and mathematics is wasted. Others, influenced by his example or arguments, imbibe like impressions. What the father has found sufficient for himself, he thinks will suffice for the son. The son concludes that a large part of the college course is useless, and of course gives to those studies only a passing attention, sufficient merely to escape censure, wholly regardless of the general benefit to be gained. * * * Because men in the ordinary business of life have no occasion to make use of Latin or Greek, or the problems of Algebra or Geometry, therefore these studies are regarded as useless and unworthy of attention. But what is the mind without discipline? and what course of study can be better fitted to effect that discipline than that which usually constitutes a college course? Instead, therefore, of regarding his time as wasted, which is devoted to these studies, or of engaging in them with reluctance, the student should enter into them heartily, as furnishing a regimen whereby he is to cor-

rect in his mind what is wrong, strengthen what is weak, and secure a healthy and vigorous action to the system. * * * The discipline of the mind is not to be accomplished as a work of pleasure. The sick man takes not his medicine for the pleasure of the taste, but for the benefit to be gained. The mind is not to be cheated into a discipline of itself. It is a work of labor, and by whatever means accomplished, resistance must be overcome at every point. It is useless, therefore, to think of devising a course of study whereby the mind is to be disciplined, exempt from all labor and pain in the pursuit. Any study will be pleasant when the mind has become properly trained to investigation but no study will be without pain while the mind is unsubdued to reflection and patient application.

A general course of study, therefore, such as is usually pursued in our colleges, is more likely to accomplish the desired object of disciplining the mind than one of a mere practical character. He who regards his course as an apprenticeship, where certain habits are to be acquired, will relish his studies as a means of improvement; while he who studies only for the sake of what he can use, is not likely to be much interested in any course as a means of disciplining himself.

In a country where individual enterprise is the best passport to public favor, and where every individual is liable to be called upon to act in various capacities, it is of much more importance that the mind be trained to depend on itself, than that it be stored with a large amount of knowledge without being accustomed to rely upon its own strength.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE—BALA-KLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1854.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

The charge of the gallant three hundred,
The Heavy Brigade;
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of
Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley
—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred
were riding by,
When the points of the Russian lances
Broke in on the sky ;
And he called, "Left wheel into line." And
They wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted,
He knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade
His trumpeter sound,
"To the charge," and he rode on ahead,
As he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred, whose glory
Will never die.

"Follow and up the hill!"

Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy
Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and
The might of the fight :
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the
height,
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a
wing to the right ;
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed
up alone,
Through the great gray slope of men ;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own,
Like an Englishman, there and then ;
And the three that were nearest him followed
with force,
Wedged themselves between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they
had made.
Four amid thousands ; and up the hill, up the
hill
Galloped the gallant three hundred, the
Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down to and fro,
Rode, flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys ;
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh ! mad for the charge and the battle were
we,
When our own good red coats sank from
sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea ;
And we turned to each other, muttering, all
dismayed :
"Lost are the gallant three hundred the
Heavy Brigade."

IV.

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords ;
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay ;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew ;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray ;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day ;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without ;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a
shout,
And the Russians surged and wavered and
reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of
the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all and the charge that
they made !
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade !

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[From FARM FESTIVALS.]

Let's see—there'll be ten—eleven—twelve on
this side,

The old table's growing too small ;
Our larder, as well as our hearts, must provide,
And our hearts will make room for them all.

There'll be Jim with his jokes (and I hope
they'll be new,

Not those he has told twice before);
There'll be Sam with his stories, more startling than true,
Which always remind him of more ;

There'll be Kate, with her fat little pig of a lad,

Whose stomach unceasingly begs ;
And her other one, who, though not cut out for bad,

Is a hurricane mounted on legs ;

There'll be John, with his tiny brown tribe of brunettes,

And Lou, with her one little blonde ;
And Tom, with two armfuls of wife and th'ir pets.

A trifle too startlingly fond !

For 'tis dangerous business--this loving too well—

It somehow brings Heaven over-near ;
When our hearts their sweet stories too noisily tell,

The angels are certain to hear ;

The angels are certain to hear what we say,

In their search for the brightest and best ;
And they are likely to carry our prizes away,
To make Heaven more happy and blest.

Though our table be short, yet our hearts extend wide—

This food's with no stinginess chilled ;
Let's see : there'll be ten—eleven—twelve on this side—
And—the chair that will never be filled.

O, my poor darling boy, lying silent to-day,
With the storm spading snow on your breast !

The angels, they found you, and made you their prey,
In their search for the brightest and best !

My boy-love ! I did not believe you would go !
How I begged and implored you to wake,
As you lay here so white, on that dark day of woe,
That they brought you home, drowned, from the lake !

And whoever may come, and whatever betide,
You still have your room and your chair ;
Is it true that I feel you sometimes at my side,
And your lips on my forehead and hair ?

The house will be running clear over with glee,
We all shall be merry to-day ;
But Christmas is never quite Christmas to me,
With one of my loved ones away.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer ?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad ?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness and the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

TRUST.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the shelt'ring bars,
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free;
I am brimming with mischief and frolic and
glee;
I dance with delight, and whistle and sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a
thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly they
seem;
Their thoughts can go further than most peo-
ple deem;
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a boy.

Now, oft when I've worked hard piling up
wood,
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can any one say?
If I start for a stroll, it is, "Keep off the
street!"
If I go to the house, it is, "Merey! what feet!"
If I take me a seat, 'tis, "Here! give me that
chair!"

If I lounge by a window, 'tis, "Don't loiter
there."

If I ask a few questions, 'tis, "Don't bother
me!"
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no place
for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good
play;
At home or in church I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to
blame,
And most any boy, too, will say just the same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as a man;
But we try to do right just as hard as we can,
Have patience, dear people, though oft we
annoy,
For the best man on earth once was only a
boy.

SCRAPS.

. THE BEST COLLEGE.—We should
like to have this question set-
tled fully and fairly. There is
so much crowing we should like to
know who has a right to crow. We
think that could be done. Let the
Legislature appoint a General Board
of Trustees, and let this Board de-
termine and execute all examinations
for graduation. Then we should see
a fair test who is six feet high, and
who is not. We should like that.
We do not claim to be better than the
students of the other Institutions, nor
do we know that we are inferior. If
we are, we should like to know it. We
should like to go into class with the
young men from Chapel Hill, Wake
Forest and Davidson, and be examin-
ed all together. They might surpass
us; if so, Trinity must wake up; but
if we surpass them, then the other
Institutions must wake up. Let us

try it. Such a trial would settle a great many questions one way or the other.—*Trinity College Herald*.

We clip the above from the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*, and we esteem it as one of the *richest*—the idea of the Legislature appointing a General Board of Trustees to “determine and execute all examinations for graduation,” is certainly a new and interesting one. Moreover, he would like “to have this question settled fully and fairly,” now henceforth and forever, and no more crowing till it is known who is six feet high and who is not. Wonder who it is at *Trinity* who is presumptuous enough to shoulder the responsibility of a contest which should thus involve the reputation of his Alma Mater. From the tone of the above article we would judge that its author would be the man.

WHEN you see a man take off his hat to you, it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat, you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.

GRANDILOQUENT, “HIFALUTIN’,” “TOP-LOFTICAL.”—Some years ago Prof. —, of Chapel Hill, who was noted for his words of “learned length and thundering sound,” in travelling about, called to stay all night at an old farmer’s. When the “boy” came to take his horse, he said: “Sable son of Africa, extricate this fatigued quadruped from this vehicle, conduct him to the liquid stream to slake his thirst, stabulate him, give him a sufficient quantity of nutricious aliment, and in the morning, when Aurora reddens the eastern horizon, come to me and I

will suitably remunerate you for your kind hospitality.” The negro ran to the house and told his master there was a “Frenchman out yonder wants to see you.”

Theology in the Quarters.

Now, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
 An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote House in de sky,
 You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
 When he gits you on de witness stan' an pins you to de fac's;
 'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night.
 An' de water-millon questions gwine to boder you a sight!
 Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
 When he chats 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
 De angels on de picket line er long de Milky Way
 Keeps a watchin' what you're dribbin' at, an' hearin' what you say.
 No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
 Dey's mighty apt to find it out, an' pass it 'long de line;
 An' of'n at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
 Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
 Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a sittin' by de gate,
 Jes' reads de message wid a look, an' claps it on de slate!
 Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
 An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
 'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
 An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
 Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
 Ef you ebber spec to trabble froo the alaplaster gate!

—*The Century.*

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IMAGINATION AS AN INTERPRETER.

The imagination is rapidly coming to be regarded an eminently practical faculty of the mind. The ill repute in which it has been held is due to the fact that, when untutored and unbalanced, it is disposed to be irreverent and dogmatic, while, in the well balanced mind, it is the most modest of the faculties. It is the lamp that throws its friendly light upon the way, and, the journey ended, meekly retires from view. That you are not still groping in darkness and doubt, thank that generous light, though its rays are withdrawn, its work being done.

When the naturalist has gathered the fragments of ages, to what service can he apply them, if his imagination fail to befriend him? Image after image comes forward to suggest the meaning and place of each, to interpret these hieroglyphs of the past. The reason sitting in judgment upon the several hypotheses presented, the one with weightiest credentials is provisionally adopted. Submitted to crucial tests, and fulfilling every conceivable condition, it is accepted as a safe working theory. The value of scientific

imagination is forcibly illustrated in the brilliant career of Michael Faraday. Endowed with a fertile imagination, his brain fairly teemed with hypotheses which lighted up the pathway for those investigations and discoveries which have immortalized his name, making him take rank as one of the most distinguished chemists and natural philosophers of the present century, and over obstacles of birth, education and fortune gloriously to triumph.

It does not belong to imagination to dogmatize. Whenever its tone is that of command it has abandoned its own sphere and become a usurper. In this way it has encountered reproach. Its natural tone is that of interrogation, and its true province to stimulate and direct the energies of the mind. Every genuine theory was once a hypothesis, winning the name of theory only when verified by exhaustive experiments. When the imagination is active and its true function not realized, the temptation is often strong to throw its offspring, yet in swaddling bands, into the crowd of eager novelty-mongers.

Not so, when it holds its legitimate place. When Newton's imagination suggested to him that the force of gravity in the earth, which was exhibited in falling bodies, might extend to the moon, it was as yet to him only a hypothesis and did not become a theory until verified in every imaginable way.

To the historian and the student of history the value of imagination is especially noteworthy. It is the recognition of the office of historic imagination which lends such a charm to the writings of Macaulay, Prescott, Motley and Green, distinguishing them from dry chronicles and unwinnéd legends. The imagination is the alembic which converts the desultory doings of the past into records glowing and fascinating, yet consistent and truthful.

In metaphysics and philology, not less than in natural science and history, is imagination of immense value as inspirer and interpreter.

Of the part it performs in art and poetry it is needless to speak. The trouble has been to divest the popular mind of the delusion that this was its only sphere. With many persons the ideal imagination, if we may couple the terms, is set forth in the lines,

"And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unkown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

To give to the discussion of this subject what, under the circumstances, may be a more practical turn, we would call attention to the importance of imagination in *reading* and *speaking*. We become true interpreters ourselves

of what others have spoken or written only as imagination has aided in interpreting to us the real meaning of speaker or author. Recourse has been had to various methods to develop effectiveness in reading and speaking, but with such unsatisfactory results as to cause men like Archbishop Whately, in disgust at the jerking alternations of ups and downs prescribed in elocutionary rules, to counsel students to have nothing to do with rules, but simply to be natural. An extreme view we should doubtless regard this, and yet one taken not without some grains of reason. Rules for inflections—rising and falling, simple and compound—may not be unneedful; but the first requisite for all effective reading is a clear conception of what the author means. To obtain this, imagination has an indispensable part to perform. The thoughts and feelings of the writer, or, in narration, the thoughts and feelings of the persons portrayed, must, as far as possible, be made the reader's own.

Let us illustrate by a passage we have seen used to exemplify the importance of emphasis. It is from the "Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Sc. 1:

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesses Him that gives and him that takes."

The emphasis might be variously placed so as to give out a meaning intelligent and clear, and yet fail to represent what was in the poet's mind. Let the stress, for instance, in the first line, be on "mercy" and "strained," the sentiment is true, but the thought is not interpreted. In the mind o

Portia, who is here speaking, the aim is to rebuke the moral dulness of the Jew who asks on what *compulsion* must he show *mercy*. The answer is that *mercy* is not a compulsory thing at all. In the second line as the words "gentle rain" suggest the idea of *dropping*, of *heaven*, and of *place beneath*, it is sufficient to emphasize them. A correction, in the third line, is made of the one-sided view of the benefit derived from the exercise of mercy, and the stress is accordingly on "twice"; and in the last line, the kernel of the thought being that he is blessed who *shows* mercy, the emphatic word is "gives."

The following, then, would be the extract:

PORIA: Then must the Jew be *merciful*.

SHYLOCK: On what *compulsion* must I? Tell me *that*.

PORIA: The quality of *mercy* is not strained.

It droppeth as the *gentle rain* from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is *twice* blessed;
It blesses him that *gives* and him that
takes.

What imagination does here is to represent to our own minds what would be naturally *the circumstances* in the mind of the speaker or writer, as the sentiment or simile first presents itself, transfusing into our own

thoughts and imaging there the thoughts we are trying to reproduce.

Nor, lastly, is facility in the translation of another language into our own half so easily achieved as when imagination is permitted to perform its part. Because it is fresh in the memory of some who may read this, we will take for illustration the opening of the fourth book of Homer's Iliad. Get the two armies and their relations to each other at this crisis fully in mind. Bring as vividly into view as possible the assembly of the gods and their relation to each other and to the contending hosts. Watch the movement of the narrative, hold fast each point in its place, and soon by a kind of capillary action as thought touches thought, a current sets in and flows along with the epic, awakening expectation and facilitating expression, investing with interest and clothing with beauty.

Without imagination we walk through the fairest fields of literature as unmoved as blind men in the presence of the loveliest landscapes or deaf men under the strains of the most ravishing music.

FLIRTING.

No subject so much engrosses the attention of modern votaries of society as this, and that its evil effects have not been the theme of journalistic comment, has for some time been a matter of no little surprise to your humble contributor. Matters politi-

cal and social too, in other particulars, have occupied the attention of the press of our country, and I can see no matter of more importance than this, and, therefore, "it's a mystery to me," as the Widow Bedott says, why you Knights of the Quill have not turned

your attention to this matter before. I am inexperienced—as much so as it is possible for any youth of twenty summers, of this day and generation to be, and what I have to say is only the result of a surface observation. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the wiles and artifices of the adept in this nefarious and abominable mode of dealing in the human affections, to expose them as I would like, but I have seen and have felt, too, to a slight extent, their power. In the first place, next to his love for his God, man's most sacred attribute is his power of loving: the power of loving—the capability of receiving and reciprocating the sentiment of love—is the ground-work of that vast system of social, fireside happiness, which is the main source of joy, comfort, and peace to man. Without it, man would no longer hold his pre-eminent position among other animals, and Darwin's efforts to find the missing link, need go no further—all will be on an equality. A view of the case as it now stands presents some startling features and I advise modern social reformers to direct their efforts to the remedying of this growing evil. Let's look at these startling features.

In the society world, mutual vows of love and affection—of undying constancy and devotion—are given and received daily, and at the time of their consummation, they are as empty of truthfulness as are the hearts of those who pledged them. "What harm is done?" you will say; "it's only a little fun." It's all right if it's in "fun" on the part of both parties, but

where *one* is in earnest, it is a death-stroke indeed to that one. And besides, by encouraging it by either precept or example, you countenance a system of deception of the worst type.

Look at a like matter of honor in any other sphere of life. Does a liar meet with approbation in business circles? Is his standing as a man in whom confidence may be imposed in no way impaired by a false statement in regard to business matters? And now, I ask you, if the human affections are not more important than any business affairs which may fall to your lot? Should not a strict system of candor and integrity be observed with respect to affairs of the heart, as being equally as important as any business affair? You will perhaps say, "Oh! such a state of affairs exists only in the imagination of the writer." But I tell you, my friend, it is fully as bad, if not worse, than I have intimated. Your error is easily accounted for, however, and in this way: the practice of carrying on flirtations, either as a pastime, or as a means of flattering one's overweening self-conceit, has not suddenly made its appearance; it has not suddenly burst upon us, but slowly and gradually, like the current of some mighty river, whose volume has been increased slowly and surely, and whose outlet is dammed up. The practice is gathering strength, and if not checked rushing over the levees of mutual confidence and esteem, the whole fabric of reciprocal honor and affection between the sexes will be demolished.

Let's look at the case calmly and accurately stated, as it is seen in

every-day life. A young man is ushered into society—he takes his place among her votaries—his mother was a flirt, and urged on by his hereditary inclination (for it is hereditary), and encouraged by the example of those around him, older than himself, and whom he has learned to respect, through their intimacy with his friends, he launches forth, almost from the start, a premeditated trifler with the affections of those of the opposite sex whom he may be able to entrap by his artifices. The higher the game the greater the renown, and therefore the greater the incentive to action; and like the Scriptural roaring lion, "he goes about, seeking whom he may devour," deeming, as does the American savage, (and it is a fit comparison) his renown the greater and his fame the more exalted, the more successful he is in his efforts at the conquest of feminine love scalps, to adorn his belt of self-esteem. The soul of such a man (?) is utterly devoid of the principles of a Philip Sidney or a Chevalier Bayard. In this particular the boasted progress of the nineteenth century is a failure—indeed, I might say, a retrograde movement has taken place, for the sentiments of the knights of the day of chivalry are—I had almost said—no more. There are some few, however, in whom principles of honor and chivalry still hold a place, and it devolves upon these few to

remedy this growing evil. I am satisfied I do not look upon this matter with any too much alarm, and I therefore insist upon measures of reform. "What is to be done?" you will say. Mothers, it rests with you (as does almost everything else). Teach your boys (and girls, too, for if anything, the charge rests most heavily against them), that the affections of man are sacred, and were given to him for the promotion of his social happiness—not as a source of self-flattery. Teach them the principles of honor in their every-day life. Teach them to say what they mean, or rather, to mean what they say; and above all, emphasize the importance—the vital importance—of truthfulness in every word and act. I am confident, should this course be pursued, the result would be beneficial; and I know every true man and woman desires it. And boys, now that Commencement is coming on, don't follow out last year's course, (I know what some of you did), and try to insinuate yourself into a girl's good graces merely for the gratification of your own self-love. She may be in earnest, and by "a little fun," you may entail a life of misery upon her. If you do really love her, and she comes to Commencement, tell her you love her, by all means, and as soon as possible; but don't tell her so if you are not in earnest.

MARS HALL TAKES THE CENSUS.

There comes a time in every rightly constructed boy's life when he has a raging desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure.

—Mark Twain.

How was it I wanted to start now? —oh, yes, about ambition; every "rightly constructed" boy is ambitious to be a little better than any body he knows of—to be prominent in—well, most any way. Some aspire to be the leading men of their neighborhood—others, of their county—others want to manage the affairs of the State—others strive to monopolize prominence in their nation—all cheered by the thought of realizing their hopes some day or other. Many, very many youths now among us are hoping to become leaders in the land; and I suppose just about the same number would leave college gladly, yes, and home too, and all their charms and associations, were there only an opportunity of getting where they wanted to by some other way. Towards the approach of Commencement of '80, some youths of our institution of the stamp above described were thrown into spasms of joy as there came to them the startling, hair-lifting intelligence that "the Supervisor of Census, reposing special confidence in their ability, discretion, and integrity, had by the consent of the Superintendent of Census, appointed them as enumerators of their respective districts for the enumeration of the tenth census of the United States of North America, and authorized and empowered them to execute and fulfil

the duties of enumerators in accordance with law," or words to that effect, any how.

Nothing could exceed the regret with which they obeyed this call of their country. They felt bound to the place with ties they had never felt before. College life seemed sweeter than ever, now that they thought of leaving it and laying it aside for awhile the joys of a welcome vacation and enlisting in the national service. The girls looked prettier, the boys were more jovial and pleasant, the old campus more inviting, and that evil genius that keeps his vigils in the recitation room had laid aside some of his more terrible aspects. Sad, exceedingly sad, were their hearts when they thought of leaving these consecrated halls of learning they had loved so well. Hard, hard indeed was the struggle. But they remembered that they were called by their *country*, and that she needed not their swords, but—something mightier—their pens. So like dutiful sons they decided to leave those they held so dear, and go wield them in her cause. Besides, it was not long to Commencement, and then they would leave any how, if they could not get the consent of self to go before; but more than all, there was a chance to get the wherewithal to hire a horse and top buggy to take that girl out on that pic-nic ride he had promised her when he was out of his senses, and money too, and didn't know just whether he could ever fulfil it or not.

They left college to make some lit-

tle preparation before starting out on the grand excursion to greatness. On reaching home Mars Hall found

A SMALL POCKET BOOK,

with sheets of paper in it big enough to sleep on ; and the board backs of that little book were very attractively checked, and of course were somewhat larger than the leaves, or sheets. For the sake of convenience, this book had to be carried around in what the thorough-bred, honorable and upright school-boy calls a "book-bag," though the pretty story books call it "satchel," and other little delicate names. I never did measure the bag that census-taker carried the book in, and besides I never exaggerate much, as you all well know ; but to be safe this time, I'll say that an ordinary balloon or circus tent would probably be large enough to contain the book conveniently. The leaves of the book had a number of straight marks across them that possessed a wonderful amount of longitude and blackness. These long black marks had other long black marks across them. Here was a wide mark, and there was one not so wide as the one here. They were divided into columns and squares, some horizontal, some vertical, some long, some short. Some sheets had about 12,000 of these squares for about 400 different things. Here was one for names, there was one for letters, one for straight marks, one for figures, and another for more straight marks. It seemed at first like a most complex labyrinth ; but he studied on it for two or three days, practised some of the census-taking

manceuvres on "the old man's" family, and finally learned what to do with some of the columns and squares ; but somehow or other this business didn't begin as yet to have many charms about it. Now if you are content with what has been said about that "little book," I am very much obliged to you for it, and will go on with something else. He fixed upon the next Monday for his departure from home on a more active part of his ambitious career. While impatiently

WAITING FOR THE DAY

to come, he began to run over in his mind the lives of the great men who had preceded him, how they had risen by "force of genius" from "the humble walks of life," and everything of that sort. And when he looked out upon the great field upon which he was about to enter, he felt that if his greatness in life was to be measured by its humiliation at the starting point, there had never been any body half so great as he was going to be. At any rate, he was willing to bet his old edition of Goodwin's Greek Grammar and an almanac on it. His enthusiasm was plentiful. His imagination was all alive with pictured scenes of the future. The morning of the next Monday came, the time for

HIS DEPARTURE FROM HOME ;

but it seemed that nature had conspired against him, for the rain was falling in torrents—and he, Baptist as he was, didn't care to have water served on him in that way ; and so he couldn't go out. But by-and-bye the bright face of the sun appeared, rebuking the clouds for their merci-

less interference, and they ceased to pour out their liquid wrath, rolled back their dark, watery mantle, and unveiled the earth to the joyful sunshine of heaven—yes, that's just about the way it was, as well as I remember. Our young patriot set out on his way, light of heart, of spirit gay, with that colossal book in its casement of white cloth, and that appended to his neck. Little did the unfortunate boy then think that the clouds had shed tears of sorrow for him rather than torrents to hinder him. You see he started on a big scale, but the starch was taken out of him before very long. He came to the

VILLAGE OF HIS SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

He wasn't old, you know, but he had been to college, mind you, and he liked to talk of "school-boy days," and "when he was growing up." Now here began the tug of war—to get through town without being seen; true, the book would hide *him* from almost every body on that side; but they could see the *book*, and that was what he didn't like. As he passed along the streets with his book, looking something like a poor monkey with the side of a house tied to him, he was greeted with yells of "picture agent!" from one quarter; from another, "carpet-bagger!" then there came the cry of "tramp! away with him!" and in another might be seen the bar-keeper taking in his sign with curses for "that revenue officer."

By this time a crowd of school-boys had collected. These struck up a whistle about 13 octaves,—notice I like to be accurate in these state-

ments,—about 13 octaves higher than any prize-box whistle you ever heard in your life, dwelt on "do" about four beats, then following with a melodious slur on "sol," dwelt about the same length of time on this note, then slurring about an octave higher, wound up with a flourishing curl at the end. 'Twas a most excellent rendition, and well sustained throughout. Now, girls, if you ever read this piece, don't try to imitate this whistle, because *you can't do it*. But if you must hear it, just call in your ambitious brother, explain the technicalities "do," "sol," "octave," "slur," etc., and then if he can't give you a sample of that taunting noise, you may safely mark him down a gentleman. You will also please express to him my sentiments of regard, for I always entertain the profoundest regard for a boy that has a sister and can't make that whistle. That enumerator, or census-taker, as you may be pleased to call him, didn't care anything for that ridicule, though. He thought these fellows would hear from him again some day or other, and would then receive him somewhat differently. Well, after a while he reaches

THE FIRST DWELLING

in his district. There's Jane washing, and the mistress of the house comes to the door just as the census-taker approaches. She says, "Jane, whar's that baby crawled off to?" He then announced himself as census enumerator, of course with a well practised bow. "What ate her?" she says. "Poor child! I might have expected some sick c'lamity, poor little thing!"

and she was about to go into paroxysms. But he told her kindly that he was census-taker, that the baby was round the corner there playing, and that nothing had eaten her. After delivering an explanatory lecture on the object of his mission and the plan of executing it, he obtained from her the desired information—all, except that she didn't know her husband's occupation, and the women, poor creatures, scarcely ever do know that—he bade her farewell and

WENT TO ANOTHER HOUSE,

made the usual inquiries about the health of the family, and was told that they were all well except the children, who had the whooping cough. And they certainly had it, too, as was satisfactorily demonstrated before I got through with my business. One little fellow opened the performance with a sneeze, as if making an effort to remove the top of his head. He began coughing—slight whoops at first, but deeper and deeper, worse and worse, until he was nearly drawn double, and it did seem that it would stand him on his head. Meantime another little fellow caught the coughing contagion, and set up a most awful barking. His whole frame heaved and shuddered. I have never known an earthquake shock to be recommended for whooping cough, but he exhibited symptoms of having a genuine earthquake operating on him internally. Then the baby—for they had one here, too, (they are indispensable articles of house-keeping down that way)—thinking its time was next, began a terrible squalling that

really did credit to its lungs and short experience. Here a little confusion and noise ensued—somewhat like that of the chase, when the hunters cheer at the hounds, and the hounds yelp at the fox, and the scattered geese do cackle and wail because one is not; but 'twas not half so inspiring, to me at least. Then the good mother, with a quick, sharp, piercing yell, called for the missing nurse to come right there to her, and take the baby right that minute. And about "that minute" the census taker was gone. As I went deeper and deeper into the country in prosecution of my work, I became

A SOURCE OF ALARM

to all the neighborhood around. Swift as the winds there spread abroad the news that "a man was comin' roun' to everybody's house a takin' down all the names o' folks, an' writin' 'em in a great big book, an' gwine to sen' 'em to Washington City." "Queer doings," some would say; "they never had to do it before;" "it doesn't mean anything good neither, this here gittin' everybody's senses—they haint got too much no how." The many different occupations, different characters and queer names must be passed over. Only one or two

ADVENTURES

can be noted. After closing his day's labor, he was on his way home eastward. A storm arose in the west, overtook him, blew strong against that big book, and he was gently wafted about a quarter of a mile on the wings of a ravaging hurricane. The wind blew that bag round in the front,

poured full into the mouth of it, dragged the poor census-taker by the head, knocking him promiscuously against fences and stumps, and finally planted his stomach against the corner of neighbor May's porch. This is where I got that comparison between that book-bag and a balloon. Well, this time it was only a

LOG CABIN BY THE LANE.

He went in to take the census of that cabin and its inmates. It was occupied by a matron of African ancestry, and just a little past the middle age. The enumerator told his business and proceeded with his inquiries. But that old colored woman was scared and awful superstitious. He tried to assure her that there was no evil harboring—but there was evil harboring, as the sequel shows. No sooner had he begun to make good headway with his inquiries than there came flocking up from almost every direction whole teams of miniature Africans to see “dat ole man what has de big book puttin’ down folks’ names.”

That old matron answered the questions as best she could; but somehow or other she looked uneasy, and kept observing slyly a kettle of water she had on the fire. Meanwhile the dusky offspring gazed in amazement as they saw their names and ages one by one recorded. The census-taker asked the *materfamilias* how old she was. She looked tired and bored, and still more superstitious. She also looked at that kettle of hot water again. But she answered my question with startling readiness and most imperceptible accuracy—“I’m jes twelve years oler ‘an my olest daughter, and she was

born dat year de big branch dried up. Now count it all up and see.”

During this time the audience, in which were two or three of Africa’s fairest daughters, still listened with unflagging interest. The enumerator took the data given him and tried to find the matron’s age, but couldn’t quite do so. It turned warmer. That water began to boil. That old superstitious thing looked at it. She also looked at the census-taker. The census-taker also looked at that kettle. He felt uneasy. He felt like stopping that business. He felt that it was a humbug. He felt like leaving. He felt around for his inkstand and bag. He felt like anything but staying there. But he wasn’t quite through, and so asked some more questions, and made a few more entries. On every side were the smiling representatives of Ethiopian beauty—hair clustering in glossy ringlets upon necks of darkest black—sparkling eyes opened wide in wonder, looking like goose-egg diamonds in coal scuttle settings—red lips of gorgeous dimensions now and then expanding all the way across the physiological eyelid—and the huge white teeth thus revealed, serving as tombstones to mark with touching grandeur the burial place of vast numbers of sheep, swine, and neighbors’ chickens and watermelons. But just as the last question was asked, the patience of that *materfamilias* was exhausted. “Git out!” she says, “it’s all a everlastin’ conjurin’ trick.”

“No, no, Auntie,” put in the census taker, “I only want to”—

“Calline! gimme dat kittle o’

hot water!" she yelled. "It's all some o' yer dimmercrat fixins ter take away our rights."

Ker splash! But it came too late; he was already gone. He was gone in less time than it takes a hungry boarder to "say his grace" when he's behind time. That enumerator was disgusted, discomfited, discomposed, disconcerted, discontented, discouraged, dismayed, disorganized, displeased, disturbed; he disembarked, and finally disappeared from that place. He promised that he would stop taking the census when he finished this one.

This was the worst adventure he had; but his friend Pete, who took the census just across the line, said this was nothing, for they wouldn't, in the first place, let him come in the yard, and then he frequently had the pleasure of making a successful race with their dogs. 'Twas fine fun, but it kept him in suspense till the affair was over with. But some of the backwoods folks were glad to see him, because he brought the good news that the war was ended. They didn't know it had ended before he told them. Remember it is Pete saying all this, now, when we exchanged experiences. I proceeded with my work the best I could. I encountered

AN OLD FARMER,

one of that kind who are proverbial for living in blissful ignorance of everything relating to farm statistics. He was out in his field at work as the census taker told him he wished to collect a few facts about the farm. "Well, if I've got to tell you much," said he, "guess we'd better go to the

shade—let's go." And we went. He was asked his name, and knew that as if he was well acquainted with it.

"Do you own the farm?" asked the census-taker.

"No," said the farmer, and then they went on this way:

C. T. "Do you rent on shares, or for fixed money rental?"

F. "Not exactly either."

This troubled the census-taker, as he was bound to write down a "yes" or a "no."

C. T. Can you tell me how many acres you have in cultivation?"

F. "Don't believe I could."

The farmer began to be in a hurry about winking his eyes. The census-taker then thought he could certainly get the amount by taking him piecemeal.

C. T. "How many acres in corn?"

F. "Have no idea, sir."

The farmer began to exhibit symptoms of being bored.

C. T. (imperiously) "Well, how many in cotton, then?"

F. "Don't know."

The farmer looked sullen.

C. T. "How many acres in wheat?"

F. "Well, I don't know; what'll you have next?"

The old gentleman dwelt on the sound of that *e* in "well" so long that the census-taker didn't know whether the old farmer began it with a *w* sound or *h*—and of course felt embarrassed. They immediately went to firing questions and answers at each other in a business like manner, and soon finished them.

C. T. "How much did your farm produce last year?"

F. "Don't know."

C. T. "How many acres in cultivation last year?"

F. "Don't know that either."

C. T. "How come you don't?"

F. "Another fellow had it."

C. T. "Where's the other fellow?"

F. "Gone to another county, and you can go and find him, if you want to."

C. T. "You can go now."

F. (turning off) "Them Northern folks are mighty inquisitive, and I'll bet my Watt plow that the Yankee that fixed them questions up was never on a farm in his life!"

Now what was the poor censustaker to do? He couldn't report that farm; but it had to be done, and he didn't know how. To stop and give up would never do, to proceed was next to impossible. The resolutions about never taking the census again, if he could only get through this time, now passed their second reading. He didn't know what to do. He fell down on the ground in despair, then concluded to take another fall, and fell asleep. Waking towards the close of the day, he found himself just where he laid him down in the morning, still troubled much as ever, and a long ways more hungry. Where could he find relief? Where could he quiet his troubled spirit? He saw just above him on the hill a beautiful carpet of moss spread beneath the well foliaged branches of a large maple, a place even more pleasant than where he lay. Just a few yards below him, he saw a spring of clear, cold water gushing

freely from the rocks, and went and quenched his thirst. Then he turned his way back to the maple to find peace, and kneeling there on that beautiful soft carpet of moss, he lifted up his dinner (he'd brought a lunch from home) to his mouth, and felt better. But no one who has not had experience knows the troubles of census-taking. For three long and tiresome weeks he served his country faithfully amidst the greatest difficulties, troubles and trials. But he has never received one cent in compensation for his patriotic sacrifices and faithful service, and now that his work is done and no pay has come, he sits and sings with plaintive melody—

I am waiting, calmly waiting; fly the scanty
greenbacks fast,
And the dread financial shadows are collect-
ing dark and vast:
I am waiting, only waiting, for my money
needed sore,
And the census, blessed census! I will take
it nevermore.

Notwithstanding all his plaintive singing, that money doesn't come. And now that young man—having thanked his fellow-citizens for the honor conferred, and told them that he neither desired nor sought the position, and would decline serving them again—has returned to his former occupation, a tamer and steadier young man for having seen more of the world. He always said there were three things he liked to take, and two he didn't like to take. He liked to take sugar in his coffee, to take a peep at his girl, and to take his time about everything. He didn't like to take an oath, nor to take all sorts of advice. But he now says there are three things

he doesn't like to take. And since he likes three things, and doesn't like three, he ought to have the credit of having a well-balanced temperament.

P. S.—Mars Hall has now received his pay, and says there is a bright side to census-taking after all.

SELF-DEFENCE OF THE RECORD FAMILY.

A holiday is always a welcome visitor with students. Easter Monday came, a bright, sunny day. Previous arrangements had been made, student with student, and also agreements were made with some who were not book students, for the disposal of the day. When all the horses, buggies and wagons that could be conveniently obtained, were brought together, the anxious pleasure seekers went forth, each one being guided by whatever impulse that promised most pleasure for the day.

So the number left in and about the College was small, most of whom were marble players. I remained in my room until the morning was considerably advanced, then visited some points, that I thought would need to be cared for in the absence of my fellows, the last of which was the Library. As I approached the door in a quiet way, I caught a sound as if coming from some mighty stalwart, saying:

"This is holiday, and there will be no special order of business to-day. So it is my desire that certain grievances to myself and family be looked after at once."

I had not yet entered the door, and of course did not see any one, nor did

I expect to see any one, as stillness seemed to have dominion at every place about the college. But when I heard the words, "grievances to myself and family," my thoughts were borne in every direction, seeking for an interpretation. I tried to tear away the screen that shades the past, to see if I could discover who had been wronged. Finally when I had failed to gain anything satisfactory to myself, and memory refused to act, I knew not what to do. There was a whispering in my ear that bespoke for the voice that I had heard, power and authority. I felt that the wisdom of further approach was doubtful. But then there was ringing through my whole system the words which I had heard, "grievances to myself and family." My desire to remain free from difficulty said, "Refrain;" but my curiosity said, "Advance"—and I did advance, but slowly and cautiously. I soon discovered that the trouble was up stairs. And I sought a position from which I might be able to gain some knowledge of the difficulty. And I saw, it seems to me, about five hundred Congressional Records. This number may sound a little extravagant to some, and as I could not just then get the exact num-

ber, I prefer to say five hundred, more or less. Although the number was large, I did not see a Record, that was not thoroughly interested in the occasion. In fact, they were under excitement, and were growing very boisterous. Just at this time, one of the members arose and said:

"I move that father Congressional Record, bearing date of 1875 on his golden back, take the chair."

As there were no other nominees, I think it was evident to all present that from the portly appearance of the first nominee, and from the fact that he could occupy space after he had taken his seat, that he was the right one. So when the vote was put, just imagine what a sensation was created among the neighbors of the Records, when four hundred and ninety-nine voices, all in unison, said "Ay." So the chairman elect was conducted to a seat on the top shelf, near the middle of the Library. But on reaching the seat it was found that his self-importance, together with his accession to office, and also anger caused by "grievances to himself and family," as he alleged, had so increased his dimensions that the seat could not contain him. So he was conducted to a seat on a split bottomed chair in the western corner of the building. The chairman elect did not regard any law of deliberative bodies as specially binding on him. So he did not ask any one present to explain the object of the meeting, but arose himself and said:

"We are brothers; our interests are one; an aggrievance to me should be the same to you; if I am charged with

being unpopular, the charge is equally against you. My heart almost fails me from the grievances done to us as a family. But hear me, and I will speak.

"A few days since it was publicly announced at a meeting of our neighbors, over which *Bacon's Organum* presided, 'that a roll of resolutions was deposited in the archives with us, which was regarded as being a place of absolute security from the possibility of ever being discovered by human eyes.'"

Having said this, the chairman sank to his seat with a countenance that indicated to the other members of the Congressional Family a broken heart. For some minutes an indescribable stillness reigned, as if the breath of some epidemic had passed through, and driven its sting to every heart. But soon I discovered a member a little removed from the others, whose countenance did not appear so sad as the rest. So he arose and said:

"I am persuaded that the present trouble is groundless. Here is our mistake, we have lost sight of our strength. Then away with this stupor; let us act at once. I move you, sir, that a committee of three be appointed to visit all parts of this Library for the purpose of ascertaining the strength and also the names of some parties here. And further, that this investigation be made with a view to the extermination of every one—who is not of our order, at an early day. This motion was carried—committee appointed and dispatched at once. While the committee was making the investigation, some members of the assembly

rather questioned the propriety of an attempt at extermination, as expressed in the latter clause of the motion. Just at this time the chairman of the committee came in with his report.

"I have visited," said he, "the Western portion of the Library, and in my investigation, I find quite a number of Sermons delivered by Rev. Spurgeon, Edwards, Wayland, Teasdale, and others. But we have nothing to fear from this source. There is a sentiment abroad now, that we have had quite enough of this long-faced, sanctimonious preaching. In fact, they are but a relic of pulpit manuscript. I noticed a few volumes on Theology by Fuller, Dick, and some others. But I mention these because I think I ought, not because such works are by any means popular now. There is a prevalent idea now that he who ministers in holy things, and cannot frame his own system of theology, ought to surrender his office. Those old fogy notions of conviction, repentance, faith, &c., don't suit this age much. Confession seems to cover the ground."

This report was pleasing to the Record Family.

By this time the second committee-man had arrived. "I have traveled," said he, "in the extreme northern and southern boundaries of this Library. In the north I find that the Sociologist is the dominant party. Its object is to advance human society and political science. And there is a report among its own members, that these topics are not popular, and if advanced, it must be done by the sweat of the brow. In the south I find small

numbers—no union and no special object in view. It is true I saw a few numbers of *Cross and Crown*, but I'd like to say just here, that the crown now-a-days, belongs to popularity and strength—right or no right. Lastly, I mention *Old Humphrey's* observations; but I ask who is more noted for observations and figures, especially figures, than our Family."

This report put the *furlough grin* on the whole assembly. And thus the third committee-man began: "I have visited and carefully examined every department on the first floor, and the knowledge obtained is truly gratifying. Give attention while I relate some of the topics I heard discussed. 'How is the President of the United States elected now?' Ans. 'By the electoral system.' 'Who reports that?' Ans. 'The *Congressional Record*.' 'What do you think to be the greatest factor in controlling elections and ruling our government?' Ans. 'The tariff.' 'Who reports that?' Ans. 'The *Congressional Record*.' 'What do you regard as the corner stone in a Republic?' Ans. 'Education.' 'Who argues that?' 'The *Congressional Record*.' 'How is the tide of immigration now?' Ans. 'Ah! I can't say as to that.' The Congressional Records have all these fresh topics in their own possession. Allow me to add one other fact, and I yield the floor; and that is this: I find that many shelves are empty on both the first and second floors."

Just as the last member of the committee of investigation was closing his report, I saw a weary looking traveler, with a packet on his back,

going in the direction of the Congressional assembly. And when he reached the outskirts of the *Records*, I saw him whispering to one of the members, but I could not understand what he said. But at once the member to whom he spoke arose and said: "Mr. President and gentlemen of the Congressional Family, it gives me pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Blackgill, who is canvassing for Lippincott & Co., Harper & Bros., and D. Appleton."

"I am glad to drop in here," said Blackgill, "for a little time." And he began to get out his catalogues, and while doing this, he said: "I noticed as I passed through the Library that many of the books here are old. I should think it very hard to keep up an interest in the Literary Societies without books on new subjects, and especially without the later historical works. I suppose you hear a great many things about Greece and Rome among the students." Having arranged his catalogues, he read over a long list of authors and their works, commenting on them as he read them over. I could not understand all the names he read out, as I was a little distance away. But I heard the names of certain ones that I thought would be very interesting. For instance, John Stuart Mill's complete works, especially his *Representative Government*; also the *History of the Turko-Russian War*. Mr. Blackgill

said that this work would add so much interest to the Literary Societies, in their debates, that it ought by all means to be here. Then he handed some catalogues to the President of the *Record* Family for distribution, and departed.

When he had gone, the President said: "He may talk about his interesting works, and they may be such, but what do they cost? We see from the report of our committee, that all we need to gain entire possession of this Library is a little perseverance. We came here post-paid—our increase for the past two years, both in numbers and popularity, is wonderful. Let us do our duty, and success will follow."

The Congressional Family adjourned with the understanding that they would meet again to have a rejoicing, when they should have taken possession of the entire Library.

[The President of this meeting, as was natural, exaggerated the importance and the prospects of the Congressional Family. His view is one-sided. Last spring, and also within a few weeks past, large additions were made to the Library of costly and valuable and recent books. We take this opportunity to say to all our friends that gifts of books, historical, theological, etc., and Congressional Records, too, will be thankfully received; for we have room for them all.—EDITORS.]

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND I.

Tired of study, I took my gun
 And listless stroll'd across the mead,
 To cool my brain and seek the rest
 Of which my heart was sore in need,
 In boyish sport and fun.

I sauntered long in fields and groves—
 The game was scarce as beauty's rare—
 And mused on Nature's blushing face,
 Who seemed to say, " You need not dare
 To take away my loves."

My hopes were gone,—the birds had flown,
 The squirrel, too, had sought its home,
 And left me free from care—and game,
 A lonesome wight 'neath heaven's dome,
 To go back to my own.

As down a streamlet scant, I went,
 That fed the meadow's green, and where
 The herd was wont to drink, on branch
 Of tree a mock-bird into air
 Its notes of music sent.

My chance, I thought, to take the bird,
 And to my shoulder raised my gun,
 With gladsome heart and quiv'ring hand,
 As if it were less harm, when done,
 Than any thoughtless word.

I could not shoot ; a conflict rose ;
 Within a trembling 'laxed my nerve ;
 Within desire, twofold, was sprung :
 The one my " own sweet will " to serve
 And gleeful bird depose.

The other plead for innocence,
 For warbling sweetness in the air—
 'Tis Beauty's only vocal child—
 For all the sweets that earth can bear,
 And stirred my finer sense.

It wrought upon that noblest cord
That vibrates in the heart, which can
But teach, what some, e'en all must feel,
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

My better self did mast'ry gain,
And left this heart more joyous far,
Without one trophy of my hunt,
Than it had been 'neath Nimrod's star,
And I with all he'd slain.

* * * * *

Go free, sweet songster of the wood,
No more I'll seek to do thee harm;
This dreary world oft needs thy song
To cheer the heart and nerve the arm.

I love thee still. I'll take thy part
In all my future days; for dear
As I both life and freedom prize
I would not with thine interfere.

EDITORIAL.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for May, appears with cheerful greetings to its friends and subscribers. The kind words of good cheer and congratulation spoken by those whose praise we so much esteem, have made us feel that our work is appreciated by the friends of education in the State, and that our young and rather heavy enterprise is destined to meet with success. As was announced in our last issue, the Philomathesian Society has resolved to join us in the pleasures and responsibilities of our College magazine, and this month we appear to our readers with a new exterior. Our editorial staff has been enlarged, and it is our intention to make this increase of force tell in the advancement, in every sense, of the power and efficiency of the STUDENT.

"PREACHER FACTORY."

THIS is the appellation with which some have been pleased to stigmatize, as they think, our beloved institution. But with what name could they honor it more, provided they assign it only its proper part in the great work of manufacturing a ministry for the Baptists of North Carolina, looking to God as its great Director? Its friends could pray no greater blessing upon it than that God would thus honor it;

that he would select and furnish the material to be worked up here into consecrated preachers. And when we look over our State and elsewhere, we cannot but rejoice that this appellation has not heretofore been altogether misapplied. These examples are quite sufficient to convince all who are disposed to regard it as being a departure from the good old way of God's choosing his apostles, that he is using this institution as a means of equipping those "who are the called according to his purpose." It is only those who are unacquainted with the work that is accomplished here that are disposed to suspect its genuineness. We do not claim that it furnishes the best advantages for a theological course; for, though that department is ably attended to here, it is only for the benefit of those who cannot go to the Seminary. But we do claim that there is no better place for the education of preachers as well as others. Some of our critics, perhaps, agree that when God has called a man to preach, it is well for him to take a course at Wake Forest. But their trouble is that sometimes a young man comes here with little or no intention of preaching, and goes away a preacher. They seem to fear that he is educated here to the notion that he is called. Though it may be the case that some answer here an imaginary call, we cannot see why it is any more liable to be the case

here than elsewhere, especially in those places (and they are not few) where every good young brother, gifted with gab and apt to teach, has whispered to him constantly, "I think you are called to preach." Indeed, we are persuaded—and they would be if they knew the influences that are brought to bear here, and the nature of many of the sermons and lectures given—that here a young man is far less likely to be actuated by wrong motives. To our certain knowledge this is the reason (the alleged reason) why there are sons of Baptists at other colleges who ought to be here. Let them be assured, that with access to such precepts and examples as we have here, their sons will not be hurt, but if Christians, will be made better Christians.

Others of this class are troubled because those preachers who come here pious and humble are spoiled. They fall in love with the beautiful part of their profession, and are led, by the ambitions that are kindled here, away from the good old way of presenting the plain and simple truth. Alas! we are forced to confess that this has, in rare cases, been true. But it may be only seemingly so; for the embryo of these corrupting influences was already in their nature, and any way would have required only a little time to germinate. Are there not many such who never saw this "Factory," or any other?

It would be cheering to the many good Baptists who are standing up for the pure and undefiled religion of our fathers, to know what appeals are

sometimes made to us. For instance, on a recent Sunday we were exhorted by a faithful soldier of our corps who belongs to the "old school," to adhere to the plain truth as we find it recorded, however unpalatable to the new-fasion Christian. His words fell on the ears of many, and sunk as deep in many hearts as would the last words of a father. Are not such teachers fit instruments in the hands of God to do such work as would be demanded in such a "Factory?"

We only ask you to assign failures to their proper causes; and if you shall chance to see a Judas go out from here, do not put the demerit of his nature to the account of the so-called "Preacher Factory."

DO YOUR OWN STUDYING.

It is readily admitted by every one that the educated men of the country are the ones on whom depends the welfare of the country in almost every particular. This being true and realized as such, it is essential that there be as many educated men in the country as possible. It may be said that there is more progress in education in this country now than there ever has been before. And, really, when we think of the increased number of students in our colleges every year, it does seem so. But it may be questioned whether the number of really substantial men in the educated circle bears a due proportion to the number of students that attend the colleges of the country.

If, on investigation, it should be

found that the proportion mentioned is in any way wanting, at least one reason for this could be found in what at first seems a very little thing, but in the end proves to be serious.

For a man to be a real power among his fellows, he must be able to think for himself. This habit of thinking for himself can perhaps be better acquired while at college than at any other time in life. Though the student has a great advantage in acquiring this habit, he, nevertheless, is subject to great temptation to practise the opposite. There is apt to be some one on every floor in college who is a little in advance of the students rooming near him; and it is very convenient for student No. 1 to call on student No. 2 and ask him about a problem in mathematics, a sentence in Greek, or a Latin exercise. And this is often done even before student No. 1 has made any attempt to solve his problem, read the sentence, or write the exercise, simply because "the thing looks knotty."

The student very often does find knotty places, but this is what he expected when he first went to college—or what he has learned to expect if he has been there long.

Student No. 2 sets student No. 1 straight on his knotty sentence, and sends him on his way to the classroom rejoicing.

The next time No. 1 has some lesson that *looks* like a hard one, he goes to see No. 2 again; but No. 2 is not in this time, so some one else must be consulted. No. 1 asks the first one he thinks can help him to "give him a

lift" on his lesson. Frequently he asks some one too busy to tell him what he wants to know—sometimes he can't tell him. So the student loses time enough to get up his lesson alone, but still has done nothing but ask others to help him. He has lost his time, lost confidence in his own ability, and has shown some one else that there is not much determination about himself, or he would have looked up the hard part of his lesson himself.

Boys, if any of you are troubled with this disposition, (for it is worrying when no one will help you), shake it off. Work out your own problems. Read your own hard sentences if you can, and if you can not, wait for the professor to tell you at the recitation. He can tell you better than any one else you will find—and then it is his business to do it, and he likes to help you *sometimes*(?). Write your own exercise, and if you can't get it right, take the mistakes on it and profit by them. You say you get *so* tired turning over your lexicons. You get *so* tired working Math. alone. You *ought* to get tired. If you don't get tired over your books, and don't feel exhausted sometimes, you may set it down that you are not doing much.

Study over the same thing till your head aches if necessary, and then you are not hurt. Do your own *studying* now, and when you get out in the world, you will be able to do your own *thinking*. And thus you will avoid many a little embarrassment for yourself; and besides you will be able to meet the expectations of others. Learn to think now, and you will be able to think all your life.

HOW WE EAT.

The way the average student destroys victuals is simply astounding. The most noticeable and interesting part about it is, the rapidity with which he lays in his supplies. Another curious fact is, the astonishing quantity that is found necessary to keep him in running order.

Now, eating is a duty which few of us can afford to omit, at least for any protracted season—it must have our daily attention. Well, there is a right and a wrong way to do all things. Eating is a very common operation, yet few of us have any conception of the proper way to perform it.

When a boy first comes to Wake Forest, as a general thing, he does not get enough to eat for the first few weeks. Why? Is there not enough on the table? Certainly, there is plenty, but he doesn't have time to do it justice. The old students know how to manage the thing; they are generally half done before the newcomer can turn up his plate and survey his surroundings; and by the time he makes a remark or two, and butters his biscuit, his companions are leaving the table, and the poor fellow wakes to realize the fact that he must go as he came—hungry, or be left alone.

Experience is a hard teacher, but a good one. When one learns his lesson he does not soon forget it; and in less than three weeks after his arrival he can eat as much in as short space of time, and in the meanwhile hide as many crackers, as any senior on the Hill.

Now, this is a ridiculous picture, but it is just as true and fearful in its ultimate results as it is ridiculous. The average time occupied by students in consuming their meals is about as follows: breakfast, 7 a. m., ten minutes; dinner, 2 p. m., 15 minutes; supper, 5:30 p. m., five minutes. This is simply barbarous, and no people so far advanced in civilization as we profess to be, should continue to tolerate it. The evils arising from this mode of eating are too numerous to be all mentioned here. A man could write a volume on them and then might not tell us the whole truth.

Let us have reform in this matter. Take your own time for eating. This way of devouring things in such a fearfully rapid style is a *bad* habit, and it generates worse. It violates numerous laws of our physical health, thus drawing down upon us a train of ruinous diseases which sometimes ends in death.

It also disfigures a man's moral character. It teaches him how to steal. He becomes so skilful, after a time, that he can steal a plate full of crackers while the lady of the house is looking on, and wondering where so many crackers go. The only wonder is that some of the boys are not caught filling their pockets some day when they are dining away from home. Let us frown down this relic of barbarism, and eat like men who are civilized.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

We once heard a preacher say that it was impolite to ask a lady her age.

We suppose he was right, but must confess that we could not at that time see how the age was to be learned. Happily, we chanced once to be talking to a very gay young lady, whose age was—well, she was over eighteen. She remarked that it was incorrect to measure ages by years, for people are always just as old or just as young as they seem. Now, it was evident, from what this lady had done, that she must be over eighteen; yet who would have thought that, in this woman's fabricated plan to conceal her own years, there would have slumbered such a noble idea? Immediately we saw the reason in the preacher's remark, that we had no need to know the years. And how literally has this proved true in all classes and sexes! Many brilliant young men have conceived the idea that greatness is concealed in secluded dignity. As a result of this notion, they cultivate a droll expression and a grum speech, driving back every gay spirit, crushing every pleasant thought, and always muttering to themselves: "I am tired of this frivolous world; would that boys would be men."

Such characters have lost the gem of their youth. They are already forty years old. And that, too, when they ought to be in the bloom of youth. Look at the aged of the present. Almost every one who has passed three-score years encouraged his mirthful and gay spirits, saved the period of his youth, and kept young in spite of years. So let us be live and active while we live, for every vocation requires it. If a man would

be a lawyer, he must have a hearty good morning and a pleasant smile for every client. If he would be a doctor, he must not forget (though the case be ever so urgent) his bottle of mirth. And should he be honored with the ministry, he must bear the precious truth with a cheerful countenance, or else his audience will diminish. And how can he benefit a people, be his principles ever so good, unless he can command their presence? Now, since live and active men are the successful ones, both in secular and sacred callings, will not the droll and sluggish wake up and realize the pleasure of living?

Let us see every student and every youth in the land cultivate their social and agreeable, as well as their intellectual qualities, and thereby prepare themselves for a happy and useful life, remembering that every one's age is what it seems.

COLLEGE SECLUSION.

We believe in temperance in all things, and especially do we commend moderation to young gentlemen in their communications with the fair sex; but we do contend that there is not enough of social intermingling on the part of the majority of our students, with those who are, by nature, so well adapted to call into strong activity all the better qualities of the human heart, to awaken into life and vigor the energy and ambition which bound up in self are so prone to lie dormant.

Nothing can more fully influence a youth to apply himself with an end in

view, than the society of a lady whose intelligence and wit awakens in his breast a spirit of generous rivalry. Nothing so fits a man to occupy the place nature has intended for him as creation's lord, as a generous acquaintance with the ways of the social world, which knowledge he can best acquire by freely visiting the ladies. We are not sure that we are not ready to coincide in the views of one of the professors, who says that the young men ought to go to see the young ladies at least three times a week. This much, however, we will say, that an occasional hour spent in pleasant company is often of more real benefit than the same amount of time spent in poring over the musty pages of textbooks, when the weary mind refuses to comprehend and digest the ponderous truths therein so elaborately set forth.

We would ask those who shut themselves up in their rooms from morning till night, and follow incessantly the same dull routine of work, work, to think calmly on this matter, and then to decide for themselves, if it is not better to mingle a little of the sunshine of life in with the heavy shadows which science and the classics throw across the pathway of the seeker after knowledge. Settle candidly with yourself the question, is it not a duty I owe myself, and is it not an important part of my college course to become able to converse with ease? Imagine what a figure the young man whose entire conversation and thoughts for years have been confined to such interesting topics as *Butler's Analogy*, or laboring continuously in

the labyrinths of love, hidden mysteriously in the pages so recklessly thrown together by Plato or Sophocles, would present on his maiden appearance in a company where it devolved on him to take part in the social entertainment. Without a doubt he would be confined to brief remarks on the state of the weather. We contend that a student who remains obstinately a recluse during his stay at college, refusing to go further than the recitation rooms, must, when he leaves, have all the awkward, school-boy uncouthness about him when in the presence of ladies, a too vivid consciousness that he is utterly unfit to please or amuse them, which years can not wear off.

THE PRIZE.

In the STUDENT for April, one of our friends expressed his desire to give a prize for the best essay by a student of this College which should appear in this magazine between that time and the next Anniversary. The editors gladly accept the proposition, inasmuch as it supplies a healthful stimulus to composition, and calls attention to a style of composition which young writers need especially to cultivate. For the conditions upon which the prize will be awarded, see the April STUDENT. The lists are now open. Trim your quills. Remember, you must not try to soar. Be content with the firm earth. The sunshine is sweeter there than in the higher air; the flowers blossom there, and the streams go singing to their home.

Eschew the abstract and general; deal with the concrete and particular. Let the effort be worthy of the contest. We say, success to each competitor!

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE State University of Texas will be located at Austin.

—SWEDEN has compulsory education.

—THE expenditures of the industrial schools of Great Britain last year reached the sum of \$1,518,275.

—ILLINOIS expended more than \$6,735,478 last year on her public schools.

—DEAF mutes receive instructions at fifty-five Institutions in the United States. We are glad to note that the Institution of Raleigh shares largely in this good work.

—THERE are 14 collegiate Senators who hail from the South; 11 from the West, and 7 from the East. Boys, how long before Wake Forest can send out some young man, or a number of them, to a seat in the Capitol?

—AMONG the recent graduates in Jefferson Medical College, were the following from North Carolina: T. J. O'OSTNER, H. B. JURGERSON, J. B. GUNTER, GEO. J. ROBINSON, J. R. STRICKLAND, A. R. WILSON, A. P. KEEVER.

—OBERLIN College has 1,325 students. Canada sends 9; Japan, Ireland, and the Sandwich Islands, 2 each, while England, Scotland, Nova Scotia, Turkey, Siam and Spain are each represented by 1 student.

—HARVARD students must grade 40 per cent. to pass an examination, and students of Vanderbilt 60; while Wake Forest boys must grade 75 per cent, or be numbered with those who fail.

—No man in Sweden can be a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor, unless he has graduated at Upsala or Lund, the two Universities of Sweden.—*Du Chaillu.*

—ALTHOUGH Furman University (S. C.) has abolished free tuition, the number of students is increasing. Its old endowment of \$200,000 raised in bonds has collapsed.

—HON. J. C. SCARBOROUGH recently addressed the people of Apex on the subject of establishing a graded school there. We hear that some of the best citizens of that town favor the movement. Durham moves for a graded school also. These movements speak well for the friends of education at these places.

—A DEBT of \$26,000 hangs over Hedding College, Abingdon, Ill. It is said that the trustees are working hard to pay it off. We wish them success in their efforts. Wake Forest is better off. Things have been moving smoothly here, and very efficient work has been done this year, though not quite so many students as last year.

—THE Jeter Memorial Hall of Richmond College is being rapidly pushed toward completion. It is hoped that it will be ready for dedication at the next Commencement. The marble bust of Dr. JETER, which is to occupy a conspicuous place in the building, is said to be a striking likeness of him and a superb work of art.

—WE learn through an exchange that swimming lessons are the latest branch of study in the schools at Greenock, Scotland.

—THE University of Denver contemplates establishing a business college to be connected with the institution. A business age needs business men; but a "business education" in the place of the collegiate is a failure.

—IN a late letter from Missouri, nine colleges in the State were mentioned, and it seems that all of them, except the State University, are Baptist. William Jewell was not mentioned. Will the editors of the *W. J. Student* please tell us how many more there are?

—FORTY-NINE thousand Ohio voters cannot read. Some one says in an essay on education, "We must educate, we must educate." Well, we do not know whether the Ohio people say or think *they* must educate; but we know one thing—they *ought* to educate (their voters).

—THERE are now in this country 271,144 teachers, or one teacher to 184 of population.—*University Monthly*.

We wonder how much money is wasted in paying some of those teachers for their services? How many who ought to be pupils under *second grade* teachers get mad enough to fight their own shadows because they don't get *first grade* themselves?

—Mr. HOLLOWAY, of England, in memory of his deceased wife, has endowed at Ingham an institution for the higher education of women. The college buildings are palatial in size. The principal is to be a woman, and

qualified female physicians are to reside at the college. Mr. HOLLOWAY has conveyed to the trustees a sum of £100,000. The students are to be allowed to choose their own place of worship.

—THE will of the late LEWIS MORGAN provides that his estate of \$100,000 shall be for the use of his widow and son during their lives, and that after their decease, it shall be given to the University of Rochester for the education of women. As this college has not yet learned to call young women "Bachelors" and "Masters," the conditional gift will raise a question as to the propriety of co-education in Rochester University. The hundred thousand dollars would doubtless cancel the objections to co-education in some men's estimation.

—Dr. CURRY, the Agent for the Peabody Fund, states:

"If the census of 1860, as taken by the United States authorities, be correct, the white population of the Northern States in that year was nearly 19,000,000, and of the Southern States, only a little over 8,000,000.

At that time the North had 205 colleges, the South 275; the North had 29,044 students, the South, 27,000; the North paid for these colleges \$1,514,203, the South, \$1,662,419."

—The *Examiner* says:

"The teacher's profession demands no less culture, ability and tact than that of medicine or the law; yet it is comparatively despised. This is due in part to popular ignorance of the requirements of the profession, and partly to the large number of ill-edu-

cated and ill-qualified teachers. A quack teacher can do more harm than a quack doctor or a shyster; for while the latter two can usually damage only person and property, the former can do irreparable harm to mind and morals."

We say so too. Many of the quack teachers of the country, if there are any such, will do well to consider this. And much more is there need for parents to think of it.

—OF 463 convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, in 1880, only thirteen had attended High Schools, and of these eight had attended only one year; and but a single one as long as three years. Out of 571 inmates of the Western Penitentiary, only three are represented as possessing a superior education. Of the 2,307 persons convicted and sent to jail and work houses in 1879, only thirteen had received more than a moderate education; and it is said that there was not a single college graduate among them.—*Home Circle*.

We think this argues forcibly for education, and especially for college graduation.

Stir your books, boys, and make sure of your "hog-skin," or more poetically, "sheep-skin."

—THERE are in the United States, according to the last report of the Commissioner of Education, 364 Colleges; of these 41 are Baptist, 53 Methodist, 36 Presbyterian, 17 Congregational and 10 Episcopalian. The total value of the property of these institutions is, in round numbers, \$80,000,000; and of this sum about one-tenth belongs to the institutions of Baptists. We have seen it estimated, and have no doubt of the correctness of the figures, that the average value of College property in the principal evangelical denominations is as follows: Methodists, \$1.75 a member; Baptists, \$3.82 a member; Presbyterians, \$3.90 a member; Congregationalists, \$6.93; Episcopalians, \$13.57. The proportion of College students to members is thus stated: Baptists, one to every 830 members; Methodists, one to every 1,000 members; Presbyterians, one to every 600; Congregationalists, one to every 413; Episcopalians, one to every 900.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—JOHN HABBERTSON has in press a new book called *Mrs. Mayburn's Twins*.

—THE fiftieth anniversary of GOETHE's death was commemorated at Weimar.

—AMONG the books fresh from the press, we notice one entitled *The Baptist*, by Rev. W. B. BOGGS, A. M.

—SOME one says: "The greatest of Irish poets, and one of the greatest, and sometimes I think the greatest, of all poets, is EDMUND BURKE."

—FORD's work, *The Great Pyramid*, designed to make disclosures confronting the scientific atheism of the present day, will soon be issued from the press.

—THE International Literary Congress is to be held at Rome, in May.

—THE last poem LONGFELLOW wrote appears in the May *Atlantic*. He read the proof of it only a few days before his death.

—WE are glad to learn that an American publishing company has made such arrangements with Oxford University that they can furnish *The Etymological Dictionary*, an invaluable work of Prof. SKEATS, at rates within our reach.

—WILL. CARLETON will read the poem at the next annual meeting of the New York Press Association, to be held in June, and Judge TOURGEE will deliver an address.

—"W. S. FARIS, of Bellaire, O., one of the claimants of the authorship of the popular poem, *Rock of Ages*, says that Mary Riley Smith's *Tired Mothers*, (another piece of pathetic verse which has been copied in nearly every newspaper in the country,) is the only poem he ever felt like crying over."

—WE have on our table *Gems of Poetry*, a beautiful sixteen-page monthly published in New York by JOHN DOUGALL & Co. Each number contains on its first page a portrait of some eminent poet, and is filled up with choice selections from the poets, chiefly modern. Many beautiful little poems are composed especially for the paper. So much does it strike our fancy, that we* recommend it to our readers as a rare treat in the way of a monthly visitor. It is a new thing, and seems to be well adapted to the cultivation of a taste for poetic literature.

—LONGFELLOW's last autograph was written for two lads who visited him a few days before his death. In his treatment of these, we discover his customary kindness. Mr. WHITTIER has written a tender poem commemorative of the children's love for this great man.

—WE are pleased to see that Messrs. J. FITZGERALD & Co. have made a marked improvement in their publications in the "Humboldt Library." Instead of a wide three column page of small type, we now have good type in two columns, on a narrower page. Among the recent issues are, *Facts and Fictions of Zoölogy*, *The Study of Words*, (complete interpreter,) and *Fashion in Deformity*—all pleasant and useful books.

—*The Rhymester*, a treatise on the rules of rhyme, would have us believe that "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" is a mistaken notion. What will authors do next to prepare the way for the reception of their productions by the people? Surely this step upon the divine prerogative of bestowing the poetic gift must be their extremity. If *The Rhymester* had claimed that rhyming, to the excess to which it is carried to-day, is not a divine gift, he would have sounded the right note.

—*The Treasury of David*, by SPURGEON, is now published by an American house, I. K. Funk & Co., New York. The theme and the author are sufficient to recommend it.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI died on the 11th of April. He was a painter and critic, as well as the recognized master of the younger poets of England. He was born in 1828.

—In almost every publication bulletin, we see advertised somebody's *Life of Garfield*. Professional biographers seem to have seized with eagerness upon this favorable opportunity. Would it not have been well for Garfield, like Cicero, to have contracted with some one of considerable reputation himself to do this for him after he passed away? It might have lessened the probability that now exists, that with so many biographers their writings may be called "Lives of Garfield;" for each one will be apt to give him a different life. At least, Mrs. GARFIELD seems to apprehend some such danger.

—*Views on Vexed Questions*, a collection of essays, written by Wm. W. KINSLEY, "is," says the *Critic*, "pleasant to read, because, while he is very much in earnest, he has evidently thought long and quietly over the subjects which he discusses, and he writes with composure, as one who neither fears the truth nor fears for it." Perhaps it would be well for many, who are striving for renown as authors, to turn their attention to writings of this character instead of insulting a literary people with a novel attempt at novels. Certainly it would be gratifying to have more books of this character in the college library.

—In the fifth volume of *Chips from a German Workshop*, MAX MULLER, discusses the Spelling Reform. He practices what he preaches, too, for throughout the article he uses the reformed (?) spelling. Here are two specimens:

"The establisht sistem ov Inglish authogrifi may, in the main, be trast

bak tu Jonson'z Dikshonari, and tu the still more kaprishus sway ekser-sized bei larj printing ofisez and publisherz." "Hwot are people tu do hwen langwej and pronunsiashon change, hweil their spelling is deklared tu be unchangable? It iz, ei believ, hardli nesesari that ei shud prove how korupt, efete, and uterli irrashonal the prezent sistem of spelling iz." And he goes on so for forty-four pages—the last fourteen made worse by the introduction of new letters.

—THE "nation's poet," HENRY WARD SWORTH LONGFELLOW, passed away on the 24th of March, at his home in Cambridge, Mass., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Though he is gone, yet he is with us, for he had breathed himself into his productions, which will bid defiance to the blight of years. Wherever they wander in the world he will be with them, a minister of love. He will be with the youth, directing his aspirations toward heights hitherto unscaled; with the pleasure-seeker amid the beauties of a strange land, as a revealer; with the inmates of the quiet home, as a lovely companion; with the aged, when the clouds of life are lowering, to point them to the bright beyond; to the careworn and grief-stricken, old and young, whispering "Heart within and God o'erhead." The funeral services of this distinguished man were conducted in a very quiet, unostentatious manner, in the presence of his dearest friends and relatives, by Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. Shortly after his befitting interment, a memorial address was delivered, in Appleton Chapel of Harvard College, by Rev. CHARLES C. EVERITT.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE steamship Alaska, Guion Line, stands at the head of fast ocean vessels. A recent trip across the Atlantic was made in seven days, six hours and forty three minutes.

BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.—They are found native only on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, stretching 125 miles north and south, and from 20 to 35 miles wide on the mountain side. Fossils of the same species have been found as far north as Greenland, and in climates suitable to them, as England, seeds have been planted, and the trees from them flourish. But they are found native only in California. Their cones are an inch or two long. The highest one, so far measured, is 325 feet, whereas the highest tree in the world is 480 feet; but considering the size with the height, the big tree is the monarch of the vegetable world. On one of them there is a limb six feet in diameter 120 feet from the ground. The small "big" trees are sometimes cut up by saw-mills. The larger ones can be felled only by boring them with long augers. One has been estimated to contain 520,000 feet of lumber. Their age is often exaggerated. Prof. BREWER counted the annual rings of one, finding it to be 1,368 years old. One to two thousand is the average age of the larger ones. On the stump of one, (diameter 27 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches,) a house has been built, in which sometimes assemble the preacher and his congregation. On this stump seventy-five persons can sit down to dinner.

Right through another tree runs the stage road. The driver of the coach-and-six finds that when the ears of his leaders emerge on one side his box enters the other.

HORSES OF SIBERIAN Post-Roads.—The shaggy little horses put their noses to the ground and their shoulders to the traces with right good will; the bells began their pleasant jingle, and away we sped, without slackening up till the first station was reached. A walk is unknown to these hardy little brutes. They begin at full speed and, if anything, increase it by the time the end of the station is reached. They are brave-hearted little creatures, long haired, stout limbed, ugly, but nimble as cats, fleet as deer, and little giants in strength. They do not need the whip, and the yemschik has scarcely need to hurt their feelings more than to swear at them in a friendly if rather offensive manner, or to praise them with words of admiration for their endurance and speed. So they dash along, scarcely feeling the burden of the sledge when the road is good.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

SEA LIONS IN CENTRAL PARK.—The seal yard in Central Park has lately been tenanted by a herd of twenty-five sea lions from the Santa Cruz Islands, on the California coast. The male leader of the herd weighed about one thousand pounds. Most of the herd will be kept at the park during the summer. They eat ten pounds of fish each, a day, bolting the smaller fish whole.

THE comet now flying through the heavens is only 160,000,000 miles from us. We need fear, however, no disastrous collision, as it will hardly approach nearer than 80,000,000 at any time. It can as yet be seen only by the aid of the telescope; but a fine display of its splendor in the early part of June is anticipated.

A BOLD plan has just been proposed for enabling vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate with the main land. There is to be a main telegraph cable between Bordeaux and New York, with branches to various points; from a central station a network of wires will extend along the usual routes, the stations, sixty leagues apart, being indicated by buoys. Each buoy is to be numbered, and its position known from special tables. A ship passing near one has but to attach the wire apparatus. Doubtless, the advantages of such communication would be great; but there are some difficulties in the proposed plan which have not as yet been met.

MOUND MAKING BIRDS.—The mound makers are members of a small family of birds peculiar to Australia and the islands as far as the Phillipines and northwest Borneo. They are allied to our common domestic fowls, which they resemble in appearance, but differ from them in never sitting upon their eggs. Some of the family deposit their eggs in the warm beach sand, just above high water, in holes three or four feet deep, many birds laying in the same hole. The young birds work their way out of the sand as soon as they are hatched, and lookout for themselves without any help from

their parents. The most of the family, however, lay their eggs in mounds built of earth, stones, sticks, sea-weed, and other rubbish, which they bring together with their large, grasping feet. The mounds are often six or eight feet high, and twenty or thirty feet in diameter. The eggs are buried in the center of the mound, at a depth of two or three feet, and are hatched by the gentle heat produced by the fermentation of the vegetable matter of the mound.—*Scientific American*.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SIBERIAN SLEDGE JOURNEY.—To keep your feet warm is the great desideratum in such a sledge journey, and consequently my own pedal extremities are encased in three pairs of warm woolen socks. Two pairs of warm drawers, a pair of stout unmentionables and three flannel shirts complete the first protective layer over the entire body. Then over the legs come further a pair of long fur boots reaching to the thigh, and on these again is a pair of thick felt boots reaching to the knees. A long Russian coat lined with warm fur is worn next to the underclothing, and over this I wear a huge fur coat made of skins of reindeer, with hair both inside and out. This latter, though the cheapest investment of all, is the most necessary, as with it, you may defy even the lowest degree of temperature, permitting, as it does, neither warmth to escape nor cold to approach. For the throat and head you need the greatest protection possible. For the former and for my ears I have a warm muffler, made of Orenburg wool; for the

head, a warm cap with ear lappets, and besides this, a hood made by the Kirghese, of woven camel's hair. The latter is called a *baschlik*, is highly recommended by Professor Nordenskiöld and is worn by the soldiers of the Russian army. It is very warm and in case the cold is very severe the front part can be pulled down partly over the face when you sleep and the biting blasts warded off. These, with a couple of pairs of warm gloves, complete my outfit, and I may say that thus clad the cold had not the slightest effect upon me for the first four days I was out in the sledge, and after that only my nose was the sufferer, for this useful and ornamental member of the human make-up is most difficult to protect unless you render respiration itself difficult and oppressive.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

SIBERIAN WOLVES.—Now, as to Siberian Wolves, or, rather, I should say those of Southern Siberia and Orenburg, I am compelled reluctantly to admit that they are not in the habit of attacking travellers on the road. Arrant cowards, they may bark at and follow solitary wanderers, but as a rule they confine their attacks to the farm yards of the villages or watch their opportunity during the day to get at a young and juicy horse that has strayed away from the drove or a sheep that has strayed away from the flock and the care of their nomadic shepherds. During all our long journeys by night we have seen only thirteen wolves, besides the imaginary ones in the Urals. To show you how little danger there is from the attack of the Siberian wolf I may add that

the drivers scarcely notice their presence, and that when the peasants of the districts through which we have passed want to chastise the brutes for robbing their farm yards and devouring a fat lamb or so, they mount their fleet little horses, and armed with a heavy club set out to hunt the marauders down on the steppes. This they can easily do when the snow is soft and only a foot or so deep, for the wolf soon becomes exhausted, until finally, panting for breath, he sits down on his haunches in the snow and quietly waits for the hunter to knock him on the head with his club. As for wolves following the sledge, I am inclined to doubt that they do this at all on the great post roads. It is the one absorbing risk of a traveller in Siberia to tell about the wild race before the hounding wolves; but Siberian wolves on Siberian post routes are not plentiful and, if plentiful, are arrant cowards, and scarcely more dangerous than foxes to travellers. I am inclined to think that many an innocent dog has been slain by Siberian travellers, dying for any kind of an excuse to record a stirring adventure.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

A YOUNG TAPIR.—The first tapir known to have been bred in Europe was born in the London Zoölogical Gardens, Feb. 12. Like all young tapirs, he is lined and spotted with white on a ground of bright fawn color. He is a lively little fellow, about the size of a roasting pig, and enjoys life amazingly. He took a swim in the water when but a day old. In a year the white markings will probably disappear.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—MR. W. H. OSBORNE, of Asheville, our former Senior Editor, has left College.

—THERE is a faint rumor in existence that one of the Wake Forest belles is to be taken from among us soon. Boys, will you allow it?

—BEFORE the appearance of this number of the STUDENT, the third Senior Speaking will have passed. We shall give full account in our next.

—ANOTHER Bible-reader has come to the front. Having a watch chain composed of numerous fragments of other chains, he says it reminds him of Jacob's coat.

—WE were glad to see in town the other day the Rev. N. R. PITTMAN, of Wadesboro. In spite of his clerical robes, we still look upon him as the boy of "auld lang syne."

—WE are glad to be able to inform our friends who expect to attend Commencement that the services of Chessnich's celebrated String and Brass Band, of Richmond, Va., have been procured for that occasion.

—MARK TWAIN'S Literary Nightmare has revived in all its terrible power, and "Punch in the presence of the passengaire" in pantomime, has caused some sleepless nights. All the result of Prof. READE'S side-splitting entertainment.

—MR. J. D. STRAUSS, of Wilmington, while engaged in playing base ball the other day, fell and broke both bones of his left arm just above the wrist. The injured member was set by Dr. POWERS, and the patient is doing well. Only a warning.

—NOT a single line have we written on the "beautiful Spring." Shameful! We are glad to hail it, though, as the time for Sunday evening walks to the cemetery.

—PROF. C. L. WILSON, the music teacher so well known through the State, expects to form a class in College in a few days. Cultivate your voices, boys. We can't afford the time, ourself, but our "old lady" can sing, and one in the family will suffice any way.

—THE Baptist State Sunday School Convention was the occasion of our meeting many of the old students of the College who had come to Raleigh to attend that body. Some availed themselves of the opportunity to visit their *Alma Mater*, among whom we notice Mr. B. C. MOORE, of Anson.

—IN our last issue we anticipated the cut of the College Buildings on our cover. It had been ordered, but failed to come to time. This month we are pleased to present to our subscribers a correct electrotype engraving of Wake Forest College, from a photograph by GEO. N. NEWELL, Esq.

—LARGE straw hats for the young ladies have become all the go. They are certainly very becoming, and we have only one charge to bring against them. We had the misfortune at services in the chapel a few Sundays ago, to get on the pew behind two of the ladies who were thus adorned, and we were so much in the shade that, when we wanted to get a peep at the minister, we had to half rise from our seat. We want it distinctly understood that we are not small, either.

—WE are glad to chronicle the arrival of Dr. JONES and family, of Tarboro. We call the attention of those desiring to remove to a pleasant and healthful locality, to the many inducements offered by the town of Wake Forest.

—AN inquiring friend has proposed a conundrum. He says: "If *frater* means *brother*, and *fratricide* means *brother-killing*; and *homo* means *man*, and *homicide* means *man-killing*: then if *sus* means *hog*, why don't *suicide* mean *hog-killing*?" We give it up.

—A novel run-away occurred some days since, in our burg. A wagon, to which no animal was attached, for some fancied grievance, took to flight in front of the store of ALLEN, PUREFOY & Co., and ran down a hill for some distance, breaking both shafts off short, and doing other damage—amount unknown.

—PROF. W. F. SHERWIN, of Cincinnati, stopped over with us one day on his return from the S. S. Convention held in Raleigh. He lectured twice, at three and seven o'clock p. m., in the College chapel, on the Sabbath School work. Prof. SHERWIN is a faithful worker, and does much good. His singing was very much admired.

—THE second and third match games between the College First Base Ball Club and the Hill nine, have taken place. Seven innings were played on each occasion. The College was successful at the second contest, but were defeated again at the third. The Hill nine holds the championship, having won two out of the three games.

—P—— has evidently had some unenviable experience. When Gruber fastened his violin bow to his foot in his extraordinary performance and facetiously remarked, "This is not the only bow (*beau*) that has been kicked about this town," the deep groan that unconsciously fell from our friend's lips, showed his deep anguish. Who was it, P——?

—THE election for the essayest's medal, to be given for the best essay at the coming Commencement by the Philomathesian Society, resulted in the election of the following gentlemen, in order: E. E. HILLIARD, D. W. HERRING, E. G. BECKWITH, T. B. WILDER, W. T. LEWELLYN, and L. L. JENKINS.

—OUR citizens were entertained a few nights ago, by the interesting exercises of the Gruber Family. Mr. GRUBER is quite a musical phenomenon, and imparts his loved science to his children from the cradle. And that they understand and appreciate his teaching, the performance of his little two year old daughter testifies, who appeared before the audience and sang clearly and correctly several short songs. Mrs. GRUBER's singing of "Annie Laurie" elicited much applause. She claims to reach a key three notes above any written music in the world. Mr. GRUBER's performance of standing on one foot and playing nine different instruments was little short of wonderful. His entire entertainment gave general satisfaction. But we would suggest that he leave off lecturing.

—THE Campus was grazed last fall. It is now smooth and green, and not a sedge is to be seen. It looks prettier than we have ever seen it at this time of the year.

—SOME of us who have long been working with eyes fixed on the much desired "sheep-skin," a name associated in our minds with so much of pleasure and pride, lost all our enthusiasm when we learned that instead of "sheep-skin" it was only a piece of *hog skin*, that we were striving to obtain. Assuredly there is something in a name. The traditional "sheep-skin," we would like to have, but who wants a *hog skin*!

IN accordance with a petition from the students, the Faculty granted Easter Monday as a holiday instead of Memorial Day, which was announced in the Catalogue. Several pleasant parties were made up for the occasion. One company of young ladies and gentlemen went to Ezekiel's Rock, on the Neuse river, a distance of about eight miles. The little folks of the town had a pic-nic. All returned before nightfall, and expressed themselves well pleased with their day's entertainment.

—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE has been honored by the presence of Prof. WILLOUGHBY READE, whose fame as an elocutionist and humorist is almost world-wide. The press of North and South alike are lavish in their encomiums. Seldom, if ever, have we enjoyed such a rare treat as to be allow-

ed to listen to his rich humor and deep pathos. We have always believed it impossible for these two opposite traits of human character to be successfully combined in the same man. Prof. READE has convinced us of our mistake. He was with us three days, giving three separate entertainments, his efforts on the last occasion, Sunday morning, being to show us how the Bible should be read. Would that more of our ministers could think as he, and there would be less drowsiness in church services. His entertainments on Friday and Saturday nights consisted of serious and comic recitations. We would give his whole programme but for want of space. His rendering of "The Raven" was the most magnificent effort to put sense and meaning in this truly difficult piece we have ever heard. "Karl the Blacksmith" was recited with a depth of feeling that left few dry eyes in the audience. The quickness and ease with which he passed from the sublime to the ridiculous was wonderful. His selections from Mark Twain were especially well rendered. We don't think it possible that Mark himself could have seen all that humor in his own composition. After his recitations of "Popping the Question" and "How Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Hunted a Mouse," the audience were glad of an opportunity to rest their aching sides. Prof. READE's powers are simply marvellous. We advise all who have an opportunity of hearing him, to go at once. We guarantee them more than satisfaction.

—Who says there is not poetic genius at Wake Forest College? The following effusion found in the back of a *literal translation* shows that such an assertion is utterly unfounded:

A WARNING.

Fellow students, one and all,
Prep. or Junior, great or small;
To my humble warning yield,
Ere you leave this classic field.

Ere your college race is run,
Ere your student thread be spun;
Listen to my solemn peal,
Soon you'll leave this classic field.

Too much walking is not good
For a healthy, classic food;
But by *riding* you will "real,"
Ere you quit this classic field.

Now a friendly warning take,
Lest you make a fatal "break;"
Lest to shame you have to yield,
Ere you leave this classic field.

Trust, I say, to your own work,
Not a *Pony's* artful jerk;
Then to grief you'll never yield,
When you've left Wake's classic field.

—WE don't think that many of the advocates of phonetic spelling can excel some of our professors in mutilating English, as the following extract from an English examination lately given will show:

TAXATION.

Dewtis r kulekted at the kustom hous wher the dewtyable goods r landed it is not eesy 2 a void the pamunt of speasifick dewtis x sept by a prossess calld Smugling that is by the oaner's conseeling the artikles or landing them klandestinely in ordur 2 a void pamunt inn such kase how

ever he runns the risk of detekshun and forfeityur of the goods 2 the guverment and of subjecting Himself 2 other panneltes moar or less cevear

—WITHIN the last few weeks the Faculty have made valuable additions to the College Library to the amount of over \$200. The books are mainly standard works which the library ought to have had before this. Hence, light literature has few representatives among them. The list comprises the new edition of the *American Cyclopædia*, Knight's *History of England*, the works of Darwin and Huxley, *Geographical Distribution of Animals* and *Island Life* by Wallace, Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, *The Land and the Book*, Farrar's *Life of Christ* and *Witness of History to Christ*, and—enough more to sharpen a man's appetite to madness. There are at present in the library 7,533 bound volumes.

—COMMENCEMENT BAND—NOW AND THEN.—We have heard Dr. Skinner, President of our Board of Trustees, say that in old times three persons formed the Commencement band at Wake Forest. Of these the two prominent ones were Dr. Wait and the present Dr. Skinner. The former played the flageolet, marching to time at the head of the procession; the latter was the then little Tom Skinner, regarded as somewhat of a prodigy because he was only eleven years of age and played the fiddle. A long stride from this to Chessnich's superb band. But there are long years between.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'77. REV. E. E. FOLK, who finishes the full course at the Seminary in May, recently preached at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and made so good an impression that the brethren there have secured him as their pastor. We should be glad to see him at our Commencement.

—'78. REV. W. T. JORDAN is now pastor of the Baptist church at Lumberton, N. C. This gentleman, in spite of ill health, has done a great work for the Baptists of North Carolina. Since he left College he has collected between \$12,000 and \$15,000 for the building of churches. The church at Lumberton was built by his influence, and cost over \$6,000.

—'78. MR. F. R. COOPER is now teaching at Warsaw, N. C. The school is very flourishing, and Mr. C. is much respected as a teacher. He has been teaching ever since he left College, but has during this time obtained license to practise law. Take courage, young man, you don't know what you can do till you try.

—'79. MR. R. P. JOHNSON is associated with Rev. O. T. EDWARDS in a thriving school at Mt. Vernon, Chatham county.

—'79. MR. N. Y. GULLEY is now principal of a graded school at Franklin, N. C. Mr. G. is not surpassed, as a teacher, by any young man. He taught in the Normal School at Chapel Hill last summer, and extended very largely his reputation by his new

principles on the art of teaching. He was recently elected as a teacher in the same school for its next session.

—'79. REV. J. F. McMILLAN is pastor at Marion, South Carolina. He preaches also at surrounding churches. He is fast building a reputation as an earnest and impressive preacher.

—'80. REV. B. H. PHILLIPS was on the 4th of April ordained to the full work of the ministry. The ordination took place in the Baptist church in Reidsville. He is at present doing missionary work in Caswell county.

—'81. REV. ED. M. POTEAT will spend his vacation preaching in the Moriah Association in South Carolina. He expects to attend the Southern Baptist Convention at Greenville.

—'81. MR. D. B. REINHART has now completed the course at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, New York. Mr. R. graduated at Trinity College, North Carolina, in 1879, came here soon after, and finished our course in two years. He is now, doubtless, well prepared for active life.

—MR. J. J. ROGERS, of the firm of ROGERS, JONES & Co., attended Wake Forest College two years and a half. He is now a rising young merchant at Apex, N. C.

—MR. W. B. BAGWELL, who attended Wake Forest College one year and a half, is now teaching a very interesting school at Holly Springs.

PERIODICALS, ETC.**PERIODICALS.**

—THE frontispiece of the April number of *At Home and Abroad* is an elegant engraving of the editors. We must acknowledge that their appearance calls forth our admiration not much less than their writings. We shall not yet dare to rival them in looks; for the partial public would decide against us, because we are all of the sterner sex. "The Battle of Sedan," by Th. Von Jasmund, Ph. D., is an interesting and instructive sketch. The leading article, "The Mardi Gras Carnival at New Orleans," by Col. Chas. R. Jones, is rich in graphic description of the different deities which have been worshipped. The articles in this number seem to abound in general intelligence. The magazine is characterized by pure and instructive literature. \$2.50 could not be better spent than for it.

—THE April number of *The Home Circle*, with attractive literature for Christian homes, is lying before us. It contains an engraving and short historical sketch of J. B. JETER, D. D. But we were especially struck by the vivid description of "The Yellowstone National Park," by Wayland Hoyt, D. D. It is situated in the north-western corner of the Territory of Wyoming. And from his sublime representation of its Falls and Geysers and Grand Canon, we learned that America was not a whit behind other countries in the sublime and startling curiosities of nature.

EXCHANGES.

—THE University (N. C.) *Monthly* for April contains very readable articles on *Education in the South*, and *Science vs. Ancient Languages*. The editorial department sustains its reputation, but is most lamentably short. This is probably because three of the editors were preparing for Senior Speaking. We can sympathize. Much wholesome advice is given in an editorial on the selection of Commencement themes.

—THE *William Jewell Student* is ever a welcome visitor. It shows on every page the interest and care of its editors to make their magazine a success. We have read with much pleasure its interesting article on *The Death-Roll of Celebrities*.

—THE *Trinity College Herald* is on time. It exults in the fact that it has secured the celebrated Dr. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, to help grace their Commencement.

—THE *Pennsylvania University Magazine* for April contains an article on *Our Mexican Survey*, and some editorial work. The whole magazine is of decided merit, but decidedly too short.

—THE *Wittenberger* (O.) for March comes to us as a pleasant morsel. *The Useful vs. The Beautiful* is the most sensible criticism of modern aestheticism we have seen. *A Trip to the South* is very readable, but rather overdrawn in its representations of Southern

country life. We have yet to see the woman who "chews tobacco, squirts spit, and hits a fly on the wall with the dexterity of a male expert." The woman who "rides to church on Sunday on a bull or steer" is unknown. And the idea of the young lover who takes his lady love to the parson's in the same manner, to get married, is a little too absurd. At the late Baptist State Sunday School Convention Prof. SHERWIN, of Ohio, said with strong emphasis, "The Baptists of North Carolina can beat the Baptists of Ohio *all to pieces*." We thank the *Wittenberger* for its friendly criticism of our "abundance of waste paper." We shall try and profit by it; but remember that there is a difference between twenty pages and forty-eight. Space is no object with us.

—WE acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *Quid Nunc*, and others which have arrived too late to receive extended notice in this number.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AUTHORS AND AUTHORSHIP. 16 mo. \$1.25.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a neat little volume lately from the press. The author, WILLIAM

SHEPARD, has very wisely selected, from the writings and experiences of great authors, some pointed extracts on the following topics: "The Literary Life;" "Concerning 'Rejected MSS.';" "The Rewards of Literature;" "First Appearance in Print," and other such. He quotes from Carlyle, Thackeray, Curtis, Brown, Holmes, and others, giving occasionally Mark Twain's views to cap the climax. In "First Appearance in Print," he tells how Goldsmith used to write street ballads, which he sold to save himself from absolute starvation, and how at night he used to creep out to hear them sung. "Happy night, to him worth all the dreary days!" exclaims Mr. Forster. Every one who aspires to authorship would do well to consult this book. It encourages the excellent and silences the weak aspirations of authors.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED. By PETER SHEPHERD. 50 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons,

It contains—1. Anatomical and Physiological Outlines; 2. Medical and Surgical Outlines. He suggests the treatment for different ailments, and gives good information as to procedure in absence of a physician. A very good nurse guide.

WORTH REPEATING.

FICTION—ITS CAPACITY TO AMUSE, INSTRUCT AND ELEVATE.

[From OUR CONTINENT.]

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years darling of a pigmy size.

* * * * *

See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love or strife ;

* * * * *

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

IT is idle to raise the question whether fiction shall have a place in our human activity and our human life. It is idle, because fiction must have a place and a large place in both. It were easier to put out the eyes of the body than to extinguish the "mind's eye," for the reason that the mind's eye will continue to make pictures and to see them, whether the eyes are shut or forever darkened. The only question which we can possibly raise is what part should fiction have in moulding our life, and how shall we avail ourselves of the creations which the imaginations of gifted and cultured men have produced to stimulate our own. To answer this question we need to keep distinctly in mind that it is by supplementing and arousing the imagination of the reader

that the writer of fiction has power to charm, to instruct and elevate the life of his reader. Fiction has become such an enormous force in modern times, that it is worth while for us to estimate its power and its worth. .

(1) Fiction *amuses* and *beguiles* our life. If we cannot avail ourselves of the creations of another, we begin to dream our own romances, and thus while away many an hour. The day-dreamer, whether child or man, is ever composing brief romances or soaring into fancies for excitement or rest. But if he can avail himself of some choice product of an imagination which has been schooled and trained to its work, and can lose himself in a finished poem or a studied tale whose personages have been wrought with loving sympathy, and whose plot has been woven with artistic skill, the enjoyment is heightened to the keenest intensity. If it is often a necessity, as we have seen, that we make brief romances for ourselves, it is a luxury to give ourselves up to the spell which a practiced enchanter can bring upon us. In other times it was deemed by many a sin to read fiction for amusement. Now-a-days, under the pressure of modern life, and with the manifold varieties of its anxieties and

cares, the amusement which fiction brings is gratefully welcomed and can scarcely be valued too highly.

(2) Fiction cannot but *instruct* the reader who is capable of learning from any source. It places at his services the pictures that another has seen in their elements or completeness, or those which his creative energy has called into being. It is in an important sense a substitute for personal observation and experience, doing in its way what extensive observation of men and events, and manifold experiences with their manners and ways, is rightly believed to furnish in the way of facts and suggestions. It is often better than any personal inspection of our own, for the reason that fictitious scenes are often more instructive than the incidents of our often prosaic experience, and they are intensified with the energy and glow which genius alone knows how to impart. More important than all, they are made to flash with those suggestions of thought with which genius alone can glorify the scenes that it creates. Let us suppose that Scott, or Wordsworth, or Thackeray, or Tennyson, or George Eliot, should have witnessed the same commonplace personages or homely scenes with ourselves in our commonplace life; and let either have reproduced the same in a tale or a poem, with all the associations and thoughts which their affluent fancy would conjure around them, with their graphic power to depict, their dainty and expressive words to enforce and embellish, and with what new potency would the sum of *our* experience be

invested by the magic touch of *their* genius. The supposition is not strained or forced in the least. What we suppose might be has been done in every tale and poem and drama that fiction unrolls for us in her library of treasures. These have all been gathered for us on the common fields of life by many busy minds and wrought for our service, not as pictures alone, but as pictures burdened with thought for our instruction. That fiction should awaken thought it is not necessary that it should moralize or take up a philosophic strain. It needs only so to arrange its scenes and personages that we cannot but think, and think we must. Each tale and poem will awaken its own thoughts and enforce its own lesson.

(3) Fiction rightly used cannot but *elevate* the soul. It is the prerogative of the imagination to lift man to a higher mood, and to suggest to him nobler desires and aspirations. Herein lies much of its charm: that the reader feels himself wiser, stronger and better in purpose and achievement than his limited life and powers will allow. Here he seeks and finds that poetic justice which human tribunals so rarely accord. Here noble men and women pass and repass before his fancy, converse and act, struggle against temptation, are tried by sorrow and temptation, and having acted a noble part meet with a deserved reward, or having conducted basely, fall into swift retribution. Lord Bacon very justly said that poetry was ever thought to have some divineness in it. We cannot be mistaken in finding in fiction an enormous power to elevate our

ideals of what is possible and desirable in character and in life. The very term ideal confirms this opinion in that it is not limited to the mental alone, but has taken on a secondary meaning of something better and nobler than the real with its prosaic flatness and its human weakness. To many a boy or girl a single tale or poem has come with stimulating and uplifting power, which has quickened the dormant sensibilities and awakened the consciousness of power to kindle noble aspiration.

We know that there is power for evil as well as for good; but it remains true, notwithstanding, that fiction is by no means so potent for evil as for good. Let us remember that vice weakens and defiles the imagination that lends itself to her service, and that shame cannot but confess to herself the sin and weakness of the characters and deeds that fiction dresses in her tawdry finery and illuminates with her cheap and nasty lights. Fiction can, indeed, beguile to sin. She can stimulate to foul and vicious passion. She can apologize for crime, and can on system and with wicked purpose debauch a generation of readers; but in all these perversions of her gifts she shows herself a fallen spirit, dejected and ashamed, fettered and disdained; and this lesson the discerning and true hearted can never fail to read and interpret.

CONDUCT IN COLLEGE.

It is natural and just for the press to speak censoriously of outrages perpetrated by students in college, such as the recent events at Princeton and

Cornell. Justice demands, however, that the censure fall in the right place. Paragraph-writers in the daily papers are quite likely to miss the mark in a distribution of the equities in this, as in other matters. One hastily infers that men of wealth will soon learn that it is "not wise to hoard money during life, in order to leave it at death to endow institutions whose inmates have no regard for the rights of others." Another thinks that colleges cannot be of much service to young men, if they must associate with those who are not restrained by principles of virtue. Still another dips his pen in acid, and writes a biting diatribe against the officers of colleges, holding them responsible for the sins of the youths committed to their tuition. All this reckless inference quietly ignores the fact that it may be better to leave money to a college for training young men who are worthy, than to bequeath it to worthless heirs who may waste it in riotous living; the fact that deeper depravity is found among young men out of college than in them; and the fact that most of the perversity manifested in college was tolerated, stimulated, developed, and fixed, before those who possess it ever went to college. A petted, pampered boy, who has learned to smoke and drink and swear, and, perhaps, to gamble, is irrepressible at home, despaired of by a father who is helpless to reform him; and, as a last resort, is sent to college with a pocket-full of money, in the hope that he may become better. There is good authority for believing that if we "train up

a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it."

In the distribution of responsibility for immorality in colleges, as everywhere else, the parent's share is a large one. Officers of colleges should, however, do all in their power to prevent the growth of the error that colleges are reform-schools, and exercise vigilance in excluding all who are likely to become worse by increased freedom, or to corrupt others with whom they may associate.

The following extract from a letter addressed to the president of a college is exceptional for its unreserved honesty, but illustrates well some of the truths we have tried to express in the foregoing paragraphs:

"I have a son, seventeen years of age, who has been attending our public schools, and, until recently, the high school, which, by the way, is considered very excellent. But he does not seem to possess the application so necessary to make a scholar. He is mischievous and wild, not vicious or profane, (?) but willful; and we cannot get him to apply himself to his studies. This I attribute *chiefly* to his *associations*; although we never permit him to be out of the house after tea. Yet he has formed friendships, congenial, no doubt, but not of the character his

parents approve. We have thought that with a *firm* and *strict discipline*, he might do better; and also that removing him from his associations would improve him."

Notice the salient points. Here is, evidently, an honest and well-meaning father. His son, while attending excellent schools and under home restraints, lacks application to study, is "mischievous, wild, and willful," and has bad associations. The proposed cure is to fill his pockets with money; send him a long distance from home; put him in a town where nobody knows him or his family; lodge him in a building occupied mainly, perhaps solely, by young men of his own age, and some, possibly, of like character; give him freedom to choose his own room-mate and companions, and to "go out after tea" all he pleases;—all with the expectation that "*a firm and strict discipline*" will improve his mind and morals! In the event of failure, the newspapers will discourage endowing colleges, read a homily on the ruinous influences of college-life, and chastise the unfortunate president; while the sad parent, poorer if not wiser, will weep over the destruction of an innocent victim, sacrificed on the altar of learning!

THE BROKEN LINK.

I now give up the friendship, 'tis a hard and bitter thing,
 But mine's a nature far too proud to bear neglect's cold sting;
 'Tis a bitter lesson added to those already learned,
 The holiest feelings of the heart are oftenest rudely spurned.
 And yet I do not blame thee, the fault is really mine,
 I saw thee clad in vestments perhaps not truly thine;
 I deemed thine heart was noble and tender as my own,
 Alas! 'twas but a mirage my soul had round thee thrown.
 Had this link by death been broken, oh! I would have bowed my head,
 And wept such tears as consecrate the memory of the dead;
 I would have looked beyond the grave and smiling kissed the rod,
 Which smote one of the noblest souls that ever came from God.
 Had misfortune fallen on thee and the cold world passed thee by,
 I would have proudly stood the test and met each scornful eye;
 Had envy dared to whisper one word against thy name,
 I would have cast the slander back to those from whom it came.
 But no! And yet believe me as I breathe this last farewell,
 No thought of bitterness or scorn doth in my bosom dwell;
 Too proud to be neglected I can yet be true to thee,
 And break the links misfortune forges for me and thee.
 The world, I trust, will bring again, as in its paths you stray,
 A love as gentle as the one so lightly cast away—
 Good-bye! In sadness not in wrath I break this linked chain,
 Leaving only what is writ on thy false heart—my name.

EVANESCENCE.

What's the brightness of a brow?
 What's a mouth of pearl and corals?
 Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
 Preach the men of musty morals!

Should the crowd, then, ages since,
 Have shut their ears to singing Homer,
 Because the music fled as soon
 As fleets the violet's aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see
 The bloom a velvet cheek discloses.
 Made of dust—I well believe it!
 So are lillies, so are roses!

SUNSET AND CLOUDS.

The earth grows dark about me,
 But heaven shines clear above,
As daylight slowly melts away
 With the crimson light I love ;
And clouds, like floating shadows
 Of every form and hue,
Hover around its dying couch,
 And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,
 They throng around the sun
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,
 Until his course is run ;
From him they take their glory ;
 His honor they uphold,
And trail their flowing garments forth,
 Of purple, green, and gold.

Oh ! bliss to gaze upon them
 From this commanding hill,
And drink the spirit of the hour,
 While all around is still ;
While distant skies are opening
 And stretching far away,
A shadowy landscape dipped in gold,
 Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,
 As in yon robe of light
The glorious hills and vales of Heaven
 Are dawning on the sight ;
I seem to hear the murmur
 Of some celestial stream
And catch the glimmer of its course
 Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks, with rapture,
 Is my eternal home—
More lovely than this passing glimpse—
 To which my footsteps roam :
There's something yet more glorious
 Succeeds this life of pain ;
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,
 I face the world again.

SNOW BLOOM.

Where does the snow go,
 So white on the ground ?
 Under May's azure
 No flake can be found.
 Look into the lily
 Some sweet summer hour ;
 There blooms the snow
 In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go,
 Frozen to grief?
 Along the heart's fibres
 Its cold thrill is brief.
 The snow-fall of sorrow
 Turns not to dry dust ;
 It lives in white blossoms
 Of patience and trust.

SCRAPS.

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

—FIRST Freshman to second ditto : "Did you get her photo while you were away?" Second Freshman : "Well-ah, the fact is she gave me her negative."

—A TRUE example of *the extremes* was given in recitation in Eng. Lit. by one of our Juniors. Asked for an account of Lord Byron, he began by saying: "He had a very fine face, but his foot was deformed."

—SCENE. Natural History room. Class wound up in trying to explain

cerebral hemispheres, cerebellum and oblongata of the physiological man.)

Professor (placidly producing the brains of a couple of sheep): "I have been fortunate to procure some brains for the class."

Class: ? ? !

—A STORY is told of a member of a certain theological seminary who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism, that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving his authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord, we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep, which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"

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ODDS AND ENDS OF FLORIDA IN '50--'55.

ANTIQUITIES.

Among these must be reckoned the venerable trees which have evidently "come down to us from a former generation." (See Webster's Bunker Hill Address.) If it requires a year for the diameter of the ordinary Exogen to be enlarged by one-fifth of an inch (as some say), you may estimate the age and respectability of that giant live-oak on Orange Lake, whose diameter by actual measurement is nine feet, ten inches. It must have been bearing acorns when Huguenot and Spaniard were disputing for the possession of this fair land.

The live-oak is, by the way, a curious vegetable. Its stout, gnarled and crooked trunk and limbs seem to make it of all trees least adapted to minister to the needs of man. And yet perhaps no one plays so important a part in the world's commerce. Those crooks, known in trade as "knees" and "elbows," furnish the boat-builder with natural braces, stays, and girders, whose joints are stronger than if constructed

by art with spikes and sledge-hammer. Almost every tree of tolerable size possesses these knees of every angle, from very acute to very obtuse. The "ribs" of boats are made of rows of these, the vertices of the angles resting upon the keel. Sometimes men are sent from the boat-builders' establishments at the North into the forests of Florida to find just one stick of the right dimensions and crook, to fit some place in the skeleton, for which no timbers on hand are suited. Then the owner of the tree furnishing the desideratum is entitled to "big money," and usually gets it.

Perhaps no more sombre object exists in nature than one of these giant oaks hidden away in the depths of the forest, and from whose limbs luxuriant masses of grey moss flow down nearly to the ground. Neighboring trees usually show deference to his hoary locks by planting themselves at a respectful distance, and leaving him alone in his glory.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

The oldest city in the United States will detain us but a moment, as, outside of what is antique in it, it possesses but few attractions. It seems to stand in order to give to him of antiquarian tastes who cannot visit the Old World an opportunity of getting some feeble apprehension and hint of the treat which the more favored of the race in America have, whose it is to see Palmyra, Damascus, and the lands old even in the long ago. Situated on the sea, and accessible to coast-steamers, it attracts in winter many of the curious and invalid classes. Its old Spanish fort and sea wall are not so remarkable as its antiquated houses and narrow streets. These latter are about eight feet in width, and in many places covered by balconies and verandas, extending from the second stories of the houses on either side, and nearly meeting in the middle overhead. You may know that much of the courting of the last three centuries has been done in those balconies. The Old Cathedral, in the Plaza is the exact fellow of the "Alamo," in San Antonio—the Thermopylæ of Texas. In fact, many of the older Spanish churches seem to have been constructed with reference to their being converted into fortresses in time of war, upon the "trust-in-God-and-keep-your-powder-dry" principle of Cromwell. The famous sea-wall runs along the sea-front of the town and as far out as the fort. Raised only a few feet above the ground, whatever may have been the design of its builders, it is now rather a convenient promenade than a defence against sea or foe.

The natives of the place are more curious than its antiquities proper. These are the unmixed descendants of Spaniards from the Balearic Isles, chiefly Minorca, imported by one Governor Turnbull, for the cultivation of lands around and further south. They seem now a part and parcel of the place, never emigrating or absenting themselves from the spot for many days together. They derive a tolerable support from fish-catching. A company of four or five owns a smack, and when this is freighted—the fish being kept alive in a portion of the "hold" of the vessel, which is open in chinks to admit the in and out-flow of the water—they sail away to the large cities with their cargo. Many of them before "the cold Saturday" of '35 destroyed their groves, derived handsome incomes from their extensive orange plantations.

DADE'S MASSACRE GROUND.

The Seminoles, on the 28th of December, '33, began a war upon the whites. A portion of the tribe had refused to go to the Indian Territory, and the United States forces were occupying some forts, far apart, to overawe this remnant. Their first overt act was the murder of Hon. W. Thompson, Indian Agent.

Major Dade, with one hundred men, was moving up from Tampa to join General Clinch, on the Withlacoochee. On his route he had to pass through a low, flat district of pine-land covered with saw-grass. This grass grows to the height of six or seven feet, and, skirting the road for full half a mile at this point, furnishes a first-class hiding-place for man or

beast. There, several hundred Indians, with Osceola at their head, secreted themselves, and, when Dade's company were completely within the trap, rose and rushed upon them wholly off their guard, and butchered them, leaving, as they supposed, not one man to tell the tale. But one who had fallen wounded behind a large log, and whose powers of endurance were unshaken, and enabled him to repress all show of life, even under the scalping knife, did escape and reach a settlement of whites before dying.

In '54 the writer had preached on a certain day at a point eight miles below the scene of Dade's massacre—Abramtown. Another Indian war was then raging, and his congregation was broken up, in the midst of the services, by the appearance in front of the church of eleven Indians bound, who had been captured that morning in a skirmish with a company of United States troops. And he has a very lively recollection of how vigorously he put spurs, on the Monday afterwards, to his fleet steed, when he came in sight of the massacre ground (which he must needs pass) and outdid John Gilpin's self in his rush through that same saw-grass.

"GAINES' FOLLY."

But the spot which of all others furnishes the scene of deepest humiliation and keenest anguish ever experienced by U. S. forces is that hundred-acre clearing on the right bank of the Withlacoochee made by Gaines' beleaguered army. This general had without orders left New Orleans with a regiment of men for the purpose of relieving Gen. Clinch, who was hard

pressed by the Indians at Fort Har-ley. He was making his way up from Tampa by the Gulf road. But the savages swarmed around him, led by experienced warriors, and cut off his supplies. So that he was forced to stop and fortify a position on the river. The trees taken from one hundred acres were arranged into lines of de-fence, and there the army had to remain, numbers dying daily from star-vation and Indian rifles, until Gen. Clinch could receive orders from headquarters, by the "Circumlocution Office," to go to his relief. One of the few who survived assured the writer that he saw an officer pay for a dog's head two dollars. The pines in '54 for miles around bore testimony to the violence of the battle which raged here, by the ugly scars that time had not effaced.

CLIMATE.

Winter in Florida is proverbially mild. Fires are absolutely needed only occasionally. And the absence of the wood-pile is a "conspicuous" feature. Lightwood knots and "crow-sticks" abound and meet all the demands of the case. Frosts are seldom severe enough to kill vines, and often potatoes are not housed, but are dug from day to day as needed. Flowers bloom the year round. In variety, they seem infinite. The oleander becomes a tree in two years. And evergreens constitute so large a proportion of the forest-growth that the notable presence or absence of verdure does not distinguish the seasons as farther North.

Summer, beginning with June (as it should), is generally more pleasant

than in higher latitudes. This is supposed to be due to the proximity of ocean and gulf. The peninsula is fanned by the sea-breezes. But no doubt the daily rains which fall from June to October have much to do in cooling ground and atmosphere. For in May (practically a summer month here) when no rains fall, the earth is parched, the young crops often die, and the heat is at times tropical in its intensity. Temperature is very much affected, too, by the tides. On the ebb when the winds usually subside, the heat increases. But whatever the temperature by day may be, the nights are always delightful. Covering cannot at any time be entirely removed from the bed, and windows must be closed always at night.

This is due largely to the great amount of moisture in the atmosphere, and on that account is not to be regarded as a decided advantage, especially when it is considered that this moisture is charged with those microscopic febrific germs or spores which, getting into the lungs and thence into the circulation, run riot in arteries and veins, chafing and exciting the inner coats thereof by the whisking of their sharp tails and the seesawing of their proboscides, until quinia is injected into said blood-vessels, and these spores get a taste of the vile stuff and are choked—sometimes fatally. But while these raiders are cutting and lancing and scarring these blood-vessels and heating up thus the inward parts, you should see the shaking and trembling of the man on the outside of them, and hear his cry for water, water, to allay the thirst produced. At last he is gratified, as a bucket of pond-water

charged with animalcules visible to the naked eye is put within easy reach. These latter beings are doubtless much like their cousins which float in the moist air. And, reasoning from analogy, we may infer from the wiggling and bobbing around of which those saw-fish and sword-fish and alligators and porcupines discernible in the water are capable, what damage to delicate membranes their relatives when once in the blood-vessels are capable of doing. But to go back to the poor victim of ague. There he sits still. But his cry is ever that of the daughter of the horse-leech, "Give," and he guzzles down gourdful after gourdful of water and what not in the way of living things.

In those early times, when there were no cisterns, no ice procurable by railroad, and but few wells, the ponds and lakes furnishing much of the drinking water, everywhere among the settlers could be heard the agonizing cry for

WATER! WATER!!

How often rather than drink the abominable pond-water even after it had been strained, would the poor victim thirst by day and thirst by night, and go to bed to dream of mountain springs, and even ice-cream saloons which had faded from waking memory. How he would strive to beguile himself into the belief that he had purified the water when he had converted it into orangeade, and then Bitias-like, "drench himself from the full" tin, and how utterly disgusted with all the "ades" one can become who confines himself to them, you should have been there with the writer to learn. The well-water is so impregnated with lime

that one has to guard always against nausea by taking a draught not large enough to quench thirst. Add to this that the pond-water exposed to the hot sun by day is always warm, and the picture is complete. The prudent housewife generally procured a supply of water at night; by morning it was only 15° or 20° too warm to be palatable.

This matter of digging wells in Florida, as in all limestone districts, is a serious undertaking. One may go down a hundred feet and fail to find water, as it flows here in distinct currents and one of these must be met. A neighbor of the writer, after several vain attempts to find water, secured the services of an old miner who promised him that he would "go thro' to th' ither side, but what he'd find it." He dug accordingly to the depth of one hundred and eight feet, and then suddenly disappeared from the view of his assistants above ground. These, greatly alarmed for his safety, were in the act of descending to his rescue when he showed his head below, and gave them to understand that he had fallen through and landed in the bed of a rapid stream ten inches deep, which, upon subsequent examination, was found to occupy the bottom of an immense tube securely and perfectly arched overhead and formed of rocks nicely dove-tailed into one another. His pick had evidently tampered with the key-stone, and thus rendered his "*descensus Averni*" extremely "*facilis*."

CHURCH-BUILDING.

Of this it is quite something to be able to say that but few debts were contracted on this score. In the

first place, architects abounded. It is truly astonishing how many of this profession are developed in new countries. Indeed, the business is overdone. You may have designs submitted to you "without money and without price." And I am confident that there are not to be found upon the continent buildings of any kind which had more "sticks" of timber used in their construction than some of these churches had. These were chiefly to be found upon the roof. And the highest skill was exhibited in the collocation and the interlacement of these timbers in such way that by their joint action they might serve the important purpose of letting in only so much of the sun's rays as parasols and umbrellas raised by the worshippers could effectually shut off from their heads. This roof was sustained by columns of native woods whose entablatures were curiously bifurcated and whose pedestals were as stable as the foundations of the mountains. And if the term "classic" connote at all the "antique," then the order of architecture employed may to that extent claim to be more classic than that of Greece or Rome; nay, we can readily believe that it was invented by Adam himself.

The advantages of this style of architecture are numerous. Here are two of them: perfect ventilation and unobstructed out-look. The latter enabled the worshipper to keep one eye on all passing objects, and half of the other on the capers and antics of mules and horses hitched around, leaving him at liberty to dispose of the remaining half eye occasionally in such a

way as to satisfy the demands of conscience.

Its disadvantages were most apparent when a thunder-storm was raging; and especially when the winds lifted the roof (as happened *over* the writer's eye once) and scattered the timbers over the congregation, playing havoc with bonnets and babies. A serious objection to this style of architecture was urged by beaux and belles, namely, that the latter, in walking down the aisles, could not make the presence of their French heels known to the audience—nature's floor seeming to absorb sound. And in the case of the former, the extra squeaking leather in their new boots was for the same reason lost upon the public ear. To this latter fact it may be largely due that (particularly after some "ill wind" which "blew" the community that much "good," had at least taken rafters and wickered roof away) the call for help to erect heavier structures was always so promptly met by the youth of the parish, rightly equipped and ample in numbers to finish the job in a day or two, puncheon-flooring and shingling unnailed, but weighted down by transverse logs, included. And, reader, you will find it hard to realize the change produced in the tone of the community as they passed from the free and easy methods of the one style to the more staid and indoor demeanor becoming the latter. The transition was too great for some. Soon, the distinction being thus visibly drawn between outdoor and indoor, the issue assumed a practical shape, and there were rival services going on within and without. And

as will be observed in all such cases, there were numbers who took no decided stand, as between the "ins" and the "outs," and whose neutrality manifested itself in their passing to and fro as the contest waxed hotter and hotter, between the rival factions; and as the lines of one or the other army seemed to gain ground, so these moved up with it, and again deserted it when it began to waver. Meanwhile the squeaks and thuds sent upwards from the puncheon-floors were not music to the preacher's ears. And time would fail to tell of the quaint devices to which missionary and circuit-rider had to resort to gain a hearing. Suffice it to say some of them equalled Lorenzo Dow's use of Gabriel's trumpet.

ENDS.

One of these is the point at which our five-oared boat is now floating—the mouth of the Withlacoochee River. We have fairly reached the western end of Florida. This morning, having left wagon and team at a point fifteen miles above, and placed empty barrels, salt, fishing tackle, provisions for a week's marooning, and ourselves consisting of seven whites and four blacks, in a hired boat, we had rowed down to this point. The boys of our party had a gay time shooting at alligators. These odd beings lined the banks of the river, every log on the water-side or exposed root bordering the shore, had an occupant plying the lazy business of basking in the sunshine. Their solitude here is so seldom disturbed that they allowed us to approach within gun-shot. Whether one alligator was killed we did not stop to as-

certain; for when shot at, whether dying or unhurt, they wag their tails, draw up their legs, and tumble over into the water, dying it with their blood, if wounded. A few of these monsters were more than ten feet long, and their hides, at a distance of twenty yards, seemed to be covered with barnacles. These, of course, made sport of the buck-shot, and in one or two instances did not budge. It requires grape and canister to dislodge such.

THE GULF.

What a sensation it produces to be relieved of the pressure upon the senses of trees and lands and people—to swing out into space, and, as it were, to get next door to the Invisible. It is Awe, to be sure, but Freedom, too, and Rapture. For a time you forget that you are only going a-fishing, and sit rapt and dumb, and lost to yourself and your fellows. But there will always be at hand some one to disturb the reverie, and call you back from your mental vaultings and careerings—sometimes with a jerk such as master Frank employed when he exclaimed: "But what's that big pen out yonder?"

THAT PEN.

And of course all of us wished to know what it was. So we turned aside from our proper route somewhat to see this pen a mile away from the shore, made of piling, driven into the soft rock, which for six miles out forms the bed of the shallow waters of the gulf-coast. It enclosed, perhaps, a half acre of the sea, and was the half-way house of turtles, which had been caught and confined here until the fishing-smacks had secured their car-

goes. Here were to be seen turtles of all sizes and many varieties, from one to six feet in length, some of which could easily walk off with Vice-President David Davis (about 400 pounds) on his back, or with three or four ex-vice-presidents like Hon. A. H. Stephens.

ISLANDS.

This point of the coast is, as already intimated, quite shallow, the water at high tide averaging about eight feet in depth. There are, however, deep, narrow, and tortuous channels, allowing the approach of vessels to certain points on the mainland, but to be used with safety only by experienced pilots. These channels, in their disdain of straightforwardness, form in many places almost complete circles or ellipses, coming back nearly to points in their course which they had left a half mile away. In the circular or elliptical areas thus formed, little islands have sprung up, varying in size from a small fraction of an acre to several acres. They beautify the scene, charm the eye, and—to come down to "hard pan"—furnish suitable camping-ground for fishing parties.

As we were all unacquainted with this region—only following directions given on leaving home—we acted upon instincts thus somewhat instructed, and took possession of a half acre island four miles out—at low tide! [Mind that.]

In a half hour we had debarked, discharged cargo, set up tent, and brought cooking utensil and what promised to be "creature comforts," if fire burned and we suffered no diminution of appetites sharp and keen as

— a boy's new whistle. Nor did we forget in true discoverers' style to dub ours

HARRY'S ISLAND,

in honor of the blackest of the party, and the leader of the cohort whose business it was to catch mullets by night, with the net, and to salt them down for future use. Harry accepted the compliment with a graceful recognition, which sparkled in every dew-drop on his sweating brow, quivered on his finger-tips as he raised his hat from his head, shot out from an ivory battery of even thirty-two clearly revealed teeth, and wrung from him the cry to "Mars Jack" for a "chaw o' backer." We were so absorbed with the novelty of the situation and surroundings, that not a hook was put out that day. Watching the sea and the islands scattered up and down, ascertaining the metes and bounds of our own, looking for inhabitants whether aboriginal or newly arrived (none of which—"fiddlers" aside—were found), and making arrangements for fishing,—these filled out the afternoon. As the flood brought back the waters which on our arrival had receded to the lowest ebb, we found that our island was being cut in two, that in fact we occupied two distinct islands, and that the portion on which the tent was erected, was not more than thirty feet square at high water. But as all of the party had been reared on the Atlantic coast, and knew "what it meant," we felt no alarm, but rather enjoyed the situation.

The negroes were sent to catch mullets that night, and on their return with two or three bushels of them, we

"spread our blankets" on the clean beach, made bare by the receding tide, and which sloped just enough to make our positions comfortable, and tried to sleep. But who can perform this feat satisfactorily the first night out in such a place as this? Think of the tumult of the waves, the roaring of the surf, the deep blue sky staring you in the face with myriad eyes that seem concentrated on you out there so nearly alone.

We were awake and up none too early for the incoming tide of the morning. And after a breakfast, whose bill of fare would be the envy of many a first-class hotel, we glided over the placid waters in search of

FISH.

Yes; and in a cove of yonder island a mile away we hauled them in to our hearts' content:—Bass, two feet long, sheepshead, trout, and other varieties.

In our number was a boy of nine years who was ambitious to catch a large fish. Accordingly one of the larger bass-lines was turned over to him, and in a few moments he had a bite, and then a jerk, and soon was pulled violently from his seat, not relaxing his hold, however. Now he cried for help; when a generous friend came to the rescue, who, after "playing" his sharkship until he became exhausted, managed by dint of hard pulling and help of others to draw him up to the boat, where with his head raised above water he was brained by hatchet and turned adrift. He was too large to be taken on board with safety to the boat and crew, although of moderate size for a shark—about six feet in length.

FISHES!

But the author will always be thankful to Harry for prevailing on him to join his cohort in a night expedition. For here was sport indeed.

A long line of porpoises had contrived, by rules peculiar to their art, to hem in a school of mullets between a little island and the circular channel which surrounded it. And as we were passing near the island we were attracted to the spot by the singular phosphorescent sparkling of the waters caused by the incessant leaping of fish or by the passing of any object over its surface. We soon ascertained that it was due to the movements of a large school of mullets, hemmed within a very narrow compass by porpoises which were circling around in the channel, the waters near the shore being too shallow for them. Instantly the boat's bow was turned in that direction, and in a half-hour, with but one small

shrimp-net, we succeeded in filling all the available room in the boat, and had reluctantly to quit the scene.

Whether attracted by the light which we carried, or whether from sheer fright of their formidable foe, many of the fish jumped into the boat.

So large was this school and so restricted their prison bounds, that they (as seen in the clear waters by the torch-light) were overlying one another, and packed together in dense masses which swayed and heaved and boiled in the desperate struggle for life.

THE END.

Selecting the best fish and carefully extracting the largest roes to be salted down, and then barrelling these up for use at home, we found that we had none too few for safe transportation; and on the fifth day we bade a long farewell to Harry's Island and this part of the Gulf.

WHAT HAVE WE GAINED?

In an age restless, feverish, and excitable like ours, there is necessarily much that is superficial; for thoroughness comes only with prolonged effort and patient deliberation. Much, therefore, of what the world calls progress, is nothing more than a new coating of varnish on a faded fabric. The mind is so completely dazzled with the splendors of scientific discovery and the productions of art, and so fascinated by that undefinable something called "culture," that it is loth to make a

psychological examination of human activities. And it is to be feared that many have mistaken the names of things for the things themselves; that technicalities take the place of science, and new classifications pass for new branches of knowledge. Is it not easy for the novice who has learned the names of the stars to be led into the delusion of fancying himself a proficient in the science of astronomy, or the pretender who has become an expert in classifying the orders of animate nature to persuade

himself that he is an experienced naturalist? Too great familiarity with the exterior of a thing may lead one to believe that he understands its nature. The facilities which our times furnish for acquiring this superficial knowledge are so great that a half-fledged youngling can talk as familiarly of his German or Australian neighbor as the philosopher can, and recount the different schools of philosophy as readily as he can name the counties of his State. He can tell you the names of the authors, and artists, and the founders of new systems. But does he have an adequate knowledge of their teachings, and the inwardness of the principles which distinguish one from the other?

We may go further, and say that much that is passed off on the world as new is only the recoining of old material. This might be briefly illustrated by one of the new features in our system of education. The Germans (to whom we owe everything new in education), who first employed it, call it Kindergarten. The method of late years has been largely used for educating the youth, with the unquestioned assurance that it is a modern institution. But have we not reason to believe that the Jewish law-giver, who taught the first great school of much note in the history of our race, was in possession of this idea, and employed this method, without giving it any name? With him, it was enough to regard it as symbolical instruction addressed to the adult mind concerning its eternal destinies. With us, it is employed in the education of the young, to render more acute their observations in interpreting life and na-

ture. And yet we are far in advance of Moses!

The early stages of Christian art are full of symbolical lessons. The creeds and dogmas of the Church were set forth by marks, signs, figures, and other visible objects. The visible was used to give form and expression to the invisible, the actual to embody the ideal. Was not this natural? Early worshippers had been accustomed to objective teachings in religion. Their gods had been impersonations; and to their untutored minds their faith and rituals could best be expressed by tangible objects. And these objects became profusely multiplied, not only giving form to their ideas of religion, but entering also into the departments of daily life, as the relics at present in the Catacombs of Rome adequately show. Now, this mode of instruction—derived doubtless from the same idea in the Hebrew Scriptures—was employed as the one best adapted to that early stage of development. It was used to educate the human mind to apprehend the great Archetype in particular, and to interpret the lessons of life and nature in general. But these humble worshippers knew nothing of German Kindergarten. They had the knowledge without its technicalities, and performed their work without understanding the nature of their tools. No one can fail to discern a striking similarity between the German method and the schools in which the early church was taught. Friedrich Fröbel seems merely to have *translated* his system from earlier ages, rendering it easy of apprehension to the youthful mind, and giving to what had al-

ready existed "a local habitation and a name." And yet it is one of the new products of the boasted nineteenth century! Oh, when will the world cease praising this century? May the great Architect of worlds and centuries give us one that will so far eclipse this as to hush its praise!

The study of Grecian art will do much to convince one of the superior æsthetic culture of the Greeks. Whether they understood the technicalities of art need not engage our attention. They were endowed by nature to give form to beauty, in artistic effect transcending the finest works of modern times. What the French critic says is certainly true here: *L'antique, c'est le beau.* What effort of genius has equalled the Apollo Belvedere in the strength and beauty of manhood? In female beauty and dignity what attempt has surpassed the "Agrippina?" Who can look on the placid face of "Hermes," full of intensest fascination, blending female loveliness and manly dignity, and resist the witchery of Grecian sculpture? In poetry, a kindred art, which is but another form in which truth and beauty appear, they were not inferior. Their poetic intuitions and delicacies of apprehension were of the first order. The same poetic inspiration that stirred the heart of Milton gave birth to the Iliad. The same psychological insight that pervades the works of the great English dramatist was shown in common with his Grecian predecessor. They possessed true poetic souls. They had powers to effect the highest artistic finish. They were genuine impersonations of æsthetic

culture. But they did not bear that name. Here is where they fail (?) It was left for Baumgarten & Co. to found the school of æstheticism and determine in what it consists. The Greeks did not know the science of æsthetics. Heaven be praised that they were not æstheticians such as some we have now! But to them the rose was sweet with another name, or without a name. Which class shall we pronounce superior—that which impersonated the doctrine and wrought out in their lives and works the "eternal verities" of an æsthetic soul, or that which defined the science and analyzed and enunciated its principles? Am I less what I am, because I do not understand my nature?

So pass to a further consideration. As already intimated, electric light, the rapid transmission of thought, telescopic and microscopic instruments by which the distant is brought near and the small made large, the international links that have united all with one chain, the international communications that have made the world but one family and made its secrets as household secrets, have so facilitated the acquisition of knowledge as to delude us with the idea that the lore of antiquity and the learning of the present are our common possession. And, now, if we are not vastly superior to the ancients, some one will ask, how shall we account for the products and developments of the age? Do they not show progress? In a certain sense they do. But they are only the sum total of the accumulations of the ages. They are not the immediate work of individual genius, but the out-

growth of the universal mind of man. The great inventors and discoverers of the world are not wholly original in their productions. They are merely the media through which the mind universal expresses itself. No Newton unaided has made his discoveries. No Watt unassisted has lighted upon his inventions. The germs had been long planted. Ideas and principles had been long gaining force, until the invention was augmented and its results were seen in those epoch-making minds, just as an electric discharge is made through the most efficient conductor. The individual now is no stronger than he was twenty centuries ago. Intuitions of mind make no progress.

Whether we are superior to the ancients or not, whether we are making any advancement or not, one thing is more certain,—that it is possible for one to know much *about* a thing, and yet have little insight *into* it. One may understand perfectly the laws of prosody, may classify the different systems of versification and discern the various kinds of metre, and then not be a poet, nor even be able to appreciate poetry. He may have at his ready disposal the moods and figures of logic and fully comprehend the laws of the syllogism, and yet be unable to practise the art of reasoning in the

common requirements of life. (The writer of this paper is aware of the volumes that have been written to prove the value of rules as a guide to genius, and does not ignore them; nor would he attempt to refute them. That the above observations have an independent purpose is clearly manifest.) And this view, whatever be the considerations of time, shows the emptiness of human knowledge. The profoundest depths have not been fathomed. The sublimest epics of the human heart have never been written; and if they were written, we are doubtless unable to read them. We may be sporting on the surface with the mere toys of chance while the great current of life flows undisturbed beneath us. With better effect, perhaps, than that with which I have written, I will close by quoting these searching lines of a philosophical poet:

"True, we know what life is—but alas! do we live?

The grammar of life we have gotten by heart,
But life's self we have made a dead language—an
art,

Not a voice. Could we speak it but once as 'twas
spoken

When the silence of passion the first time was
broken!

Cuvier knew the world better than Adam, no
doubt;

But the last man, at best, was but learned about
What the first, without learning, enjoyed."

REPLY TO "FLIRTING."

A few weeks ago I came across an article in your magazine upon the subject of "Flirting," in which the writer condemns in unmeasured terms this "nefarious practice," as he calls it. I know I assume a difficult and thankless task in attempting to show some features about this practice which are not so heinous, and I recognize my inability to carry out successfully the defences which I have assumed. I don't believe in condemning a man unheard, however, and the same principle applies to a practice as to a man. Now, in the first place, I shall have to be very guarded in what I say, for I have been taught from my "youth up" to respect gray hairs, and it is self-evident that my opponent is an aged man, notwithstanding his declared age of "twenty summers." I claim he has me at a disadvantage in this fact alone, for there are many things which his "hoary locks" will cause to be left unsaid. On the other hand, there is in the case one feature in which the advantage is on my side; for Dr. Whately says that when objection is made and change urged in regard to any established institution, the burden of proof rests with the party or parties making objections. (I got 100 on Rhetoric, and I don't think I misquote Dr. Whately.) Now, I claim that the practice of carrying on flirtations is one of the established institutions in the society world of to-day; indeed, I go further, and say, that it is the ground-work of that huge and all-powerful fabric. The

grounds on which I make this assertion are obvious to any devotee of society, and, indeed, to almost any of its casual visitors. I shall however not base my defence upon any such plea, for Dr. Royall might accuse me of *petitio principii*, or "begging the question," a resort which I do not think I shall be compelled to act upon. I shall plead my cause altogether from a common-sense point of view, adducing to support my position, reasons which will be apparent to all. I disagree with the denouncer of this "abominable custom" in the very first assumption he makes. He says, "Next to his love for his God, man's most sacred attribute is his power of loving, the power of receiving and reciprocating the affections of the heart," &c., &c. Now, I have never been in love myself, but I believe as some writer of note has said, that "this thing of loving is nothing more nor less than the effect of flattery." A boy is flattered by the preference some girl expresses for him over his companions; and from such an origin can any "sacred attribute" arise? A muddy spring is continued in a muddy stream—an evil origin cannot effect a worthy result. This theory of love may not be true in all cases, but it is true in nine out of ten, and the "exception only proves the rule;" and in the nine cases in which it is true, people falling in love (?) engage in this same thing of pandering to the vanity and conceit which is inherent in them—the very failing which my aged friend

condemns so vehemently. Like D— of old, he has prepared the very arrows with which his own doom is sealed. And this is not the only instance of his want of discretion. He says again, "Without this power of loving, man would be reduced to the level of the lower animals;" and for an old man, a man of years and experience, to make the assertion that the only distinctive difference between the most perfect of God's creations and the "beasts of the field" lies in man's power of loving, is ridiculously absurd. Darwin may have thought so, but Guiteau says Darwin was a "crank." But to notice my friend's arguments in detail would require a too lengthy article ; and I'll only notice one general feature, and that is the exaggerated picture which he presents. There is an old adage about there being two sides to every thing, but the gentleman seems to have disregarded this time-

honored proverb. According to his ideas, flirting is the "unpardonable sin," and he attempts to maintain his position by a presentation of the very worst features of his side of the question. I look upon the matter in this light. A too excessive practice of its "wiles" may not be beneficial in its results, but I contend emphatically (and I feel sure that those who compose the society of to-day will sustain me) that the practice in itself is not hurtful. Merely a matter of pastime, it is decidedly beneficial in the superior cultivation and ease which its votaries acquire in society by engaging in it. Then besides, *Dum vivimus vivamus* is a very good motto, and a harmless flirtation is a good illustration of this principle. "Finally," I would say that, if truth be on my opponent's side and with his cause, it may be "mighty" but in this case it does not sustain the aphorism—for it does not "prevail."

BEAUTY.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss *in extenso* the powers of the poet or worshipper of Beauty, nor to enter into any logical, subtle dissertation as to what Beauty is in its primary and essential properties.

To trace it to its fountain and to demonstrate what constitutes its simple, absolute essence, on its ultimate analysis, we leave to more metaphysical fingers and philosophic heads.

Various definitions have been at-

tempted by learned men of this subtle principle, this ethereal essence; but none of them satisfactorily account for its diversified forms. "Uniformity amidst variety," the boasted definition may, it is true, account for the beauty of several figures, but is manifestly inapplicable to that of color and motion.

Now a definition which is worthy of the name and entitled to any degree of respect must be so framed as

to embrace within its terms all of its class and exclude everything except the thing defined.

I am here reminded of an anecdote of Plato, who was one of the foremost thinkers of the world, and the stratagem of the Cynic philosopher whereby great contempt and ridicule were heaped upon a certain definition of the distinguished philosopher. Though it may savor of the humorous and possibly bring a smile to the lips of the gravest professor, yet it will aptly illustrate the point we make that a definition must exclude everything except the thing defined.

Plato defined man to be "a featherless biped," that is, to put it in plain, unvarnished English, an animal with two feet and no feathers. The Cynic, as was his wont, set his wits to work if haply he might pick a flaw in Plato's definition. Having succeeded to his satisfaction, he set out on a fine morning to the Academy where Plato, proud, dignified, lofty, and surrounded by his disciples, was engaged in lecturing and discussing questions relating to the immortality of the soul,—questions deep, metaphysical, and sublime. The Cynic having approached the door of the Academy drew from underneath his mantle where the fowl had been concealed, a *picked chicken* and tossed him serenely into the midst of that dignified and immortal assembly of philosophers, exclaiming with ineffable satisfaction, as he pointed to the long legs of that naked chicken, "Behold Plato's man!!"

But laying aside all attempts to define Beauty, in its simple, absolute, and ultimate essence, let us inquire when and where and whence it first

began. 1st. Ideal Beauty and melody in their varied forms and tones have existed from eternity. This bold assertion, though far-sweeping and comprehensive in its reach, rolling like a billow back through the boundless and eternal, is but a simple truth. We lay it down as a maxim, the dictate of plain common sense, that the conception of an idea must exist in the mind antecedently to the expression of that idea; because to suppose that the expression could *first* take place, and that *afterwards* the idea should come into being, would be to suppose that a man could express an idea that did not exist, which would imply a logical absurdity. But take a stronger and clearer illustration. I walk into the studio of a celebrated artist. I view the spacious apartment round and discover that numerous works of art, the product of the great masters, adorn its walls. Among the various portraits there depending and glowing with life-like expression upon the breathing canvass, a picture of exquisite and matchless beauty charms my eye and holds me spell-bound to the spot. 'Tis the picture of a radiant cherub by the mighty master Raphael. There's peace and virtue expressed upon his face, a gentle and meek submission in his eye, and the glory of heaven blazing on his brow. Now, is it not as clear as the sun at full meridian ray, that the ideal conception of that angelic form with its chaste and simple but heavenly beauty, must have existed, did absolutely exist, in great Raphael's mind before he transformed it, radiant with expression, to the glowing canvass?

That picture hanging on the wall is

but the visible expression of an invisible idea that previously existed.

But let us view the matchless cherub once again, and this time with a closer and more searching eye. Now we see two pictures plain and palpable where a moment since we beheld but one. The first is the picture of the invisible ideal angel that antecedently existed in great Raphael's mind; the other, the picture of the visible real cherub that hangs upon the wall and makes the spot divine.

Now, if we inquire as to the time when each of these respective pictures, the ideal and the real, began their being, we shall find that they trace their origin and date their existence from two separate and distinct periods.

The one that we can see with the eye and handle with the hand, the real, may be said to have had a perfect and distinct existence subsequently to the ideal.

The former by the delicate touches of art, in the skilful combination of color, shade and light, grew by degrees till at last from the hand of the painter, as by one finishing master stroke, the picture leaped into life, a radiant and matchless angel.

Thus it dates its distinct existence from the time when it received the finishing touches of art.

But the other, the ideal picture, which we can neither see nor handle and which is the more beautiful because more delicate and ethereal, as a creation of the mind was born in an instant, as the lightning's flash, radiant, vivid, *thrilling*. It dates its birth from the moment when it first existed as a glowing thought, a divine conception, in the painter's brain.

It traces its origin to a time prior to the day when its less ethereal but heavenly sister cast a spell-like enchantment through the sculptured halls of art. Now for the application. What is the universe—using that word in its most comprehensive sense to include the limitless expanse of space—what is the universe with all its varied forms of beauty, but a picture on a more gigantic scale? What is earth, ocean, air, space, but a visible and material expression of an invisible ideal conception which, before the creation, or the painting of the picture, existed in the mind of the Creator. From these observations, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the conception, the ideal picture of the globe, with all the beauties of nature, the hill, the vale, the flower, the shrub, rocks, rivers, mountains, skies, absolutely existed before the creation.

Further, we lay it down as another maxim, the dictate also of plain logic and common sense, that if this original conception, this ideal picture of the beautiful, existed in the Divine mind a single moment before the creation, it has existed from all eternity.

That the Ruler of the universe is omniscient, endowed with simple, absolute omniscience, will be denied by none who admit his moral government, or believe in the existence of God. Now, every idea, and every conception of every idea that ever has been or ever will be, is, when subjected to rigid and logical analysis, as much a form and species of knowledge as the Pyramids or the Binomial Theorem. Now, to suppose that there ever was a time when there did not exist in the Creator's mind all forms and conceptions and

species of knowledge is to suppose that He who is confessedly omniscient is not omniscient, that he knew *some* things, but did not know *all* things; a state of affairs manifestly absurd when applied to an omniscient Being. Hence it follows that this original conception, this ideal picture of the beautiful, has always existed, and thus beauty, heaven-descended, is pure, divine, eternal.

She traces her lineage to the skies, the fairest daughter of heaven. Her light is coëternal with the eternal ray. Before the morning stars first sang together, and ere creation struggled in the great womb of time, primeval and all-pervading beauty was. Ye blades of grass that wave in the summer wind; ye flowers that bare your blushing bosoms to the sun; ye crystal dew-drops that sparkle on the rose; ye rosy-tinted shells adorning ocean's brow; ye tropic isles with balmy odor's breath; ye clouds that swell the floods and roll your billows against the moon; ye mountain crags against whose barren breasts in vain the howling tempests beat; ye uprooting storms that by the gnarly trunk do seize the seated oak and toss him to the winds; ye mad thunders that shake the earth and make old ocean tremble in his bed; ye angry lightnings that like a fiery god do tear the frightened skies as if ye'd hurl the trembling heavens down—with solemn voices ye all thunder “GOD !!”

All forms of beauty throughout the realms of nature, from the tiny shell to the majestic globe, rock, river, forest, peaks, mountains, are but the visible fulfilment of an ideal, primordial pattern existing from eternity in

the Almighty's mind; and with a voice of mute eloquence, louder than the trumpet's tongue, they seem to say, “The hand that made us is Divine.” We trace our origin to the skies.

Ye rapt adorers of the rolling Rhine,
When winds are low, and banks of lilies nod,
Go tell the clouds, as tho' a hand divine,
Earth with a silent finger points to God.

Oh ! there's divinity in a blade of grass; o'er every flower that blossoms on the earth, a guardian angel, with snowy wing outspread hovers day and night to tell the passers-by that beauty is supreme, and hath power to call an angel down. There may be those with eye and ear so dull, and souls so grossly organized that, when they pass the flower by, they see not the angel, nor hear the rustle of his gentle wing. But he is there, and more than an angel, God is there.

He who touches the lily's pure and spotless robe, or looks into a blushing rose's face, and does not straightway, in imagination, mount upon the flower's rosy wing divine, and soar, beauty-clad, full up to the crystal gates of heaven, views the rose with an unpoetic and inappreciative eye.

Oh ! if our faculties were so finely formed, and our souls so delicately organized, that we might mount to those ambrosial regions, where the air is nectar, where space is music and ether song, and where the beauteous prospect, like a never-ending joy, stretches away into eternity, we might then catch creation's delicate and eternal melodies, whose echoes ring in angel ears, and strike against the Eternal's throne.

"WOULDN'T TAKE FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT!"

It was one evening in February, while the birds and domestic fowls were choosing their mates, that a young gentleman whom, for convenience, I will call Quitman, came into my room with a sheet of note paper in his hand, saying to me: "Here's what I have written to a lady; I want you to see if it is all right." But instead of waiting for me to comply with his request, he continued: "I thought I'd write and ask her to correspond with me—may be she will. I am lonely, and away, so that I can't see her; beside, all the boys get letters from their sweethearts but me."

After reading the note I replied that I thought it contained all that would be necessary. He arose as if to go out, but turning back made me promise not to tell Ulsey and Vaile, who are his room-mates. But not being satisfied with my judgment in a matter of such vital importance, he presented the note to Vaile for examination, and obtained his opinion in regard to the probabilities and possibilities in the case. By chance, Vaile corroborated my statement in reference to the merits of the note.

All Quitman's fears subsided as soon as he obtained our unanimous approval, and he immediately put the travelling dress upon this important epistle, and sent it post-haste to its destination.

Now the time glides slowly by. Quitman has a kind of bewildered expression. The time for a reply approaches. To him the weeks seem

months, the days weeks. Ten thousand conjectures arise in his mind as to the cause of delay. His bewilderment becomes utter confusion. Latin rules and exceptions, and mathematical theorems find no abiding place in his intellect. Thus he spent a month.

Just at this time Vaile and I walked together after supper, and as is the custom with special friends—to the best of my knowledge—we said something about our correspondence with the ladies—of course we have no sweethearts. This very naturally suggested to our minds the deplorable condition of our fellow-student, with whom we were in much sympathy, as you will soon learn.

Vaile observed casually that Quitman was somewhat perplexed about the matter of correspondence; and related in a very indefinite way the circumstances. I replied that it must be the same instance in which he had sought my counsel, and which he requested me not to mention. So, you see, he had told each of us, and we had the advantage of knowing, without violating our promise.

After due deliberation, we decided that Quitman must get speedy relief from some source. Then arose the question as to *how* this could be most successfully obtained. We soon decided that nothing could so effectually satiate that indescribable longing and "fearful looking for" a letter to come, as the thing itself. This decision imposed upon us one of the most perplexing tasks that I have ever en-

countered in that line of business, that of imitating a lady whom I had never seen, and of whose style of expression I knew nothing whatever, except what is common to that sex. My friend was better acquainted with the events that had occurred, and the relationship existing between Quitman and the "darling of his heart" than I was; consequently, this part of the work fell to him. He agreed (not without some reluctance), on condition that I should transcribe it in order to prevent Quitman's detecting his handwriting. Just at this juncture we finished our walk. On the following evening Vaile came to my room, bringing with him the result of his first attempt at playing the lady. "There's the post-mark; what are we to do about that?" said he. I advised him to take it to the post-office and mark it dimly, which he did, and consequently had to inform the postmaster of our design, in order to insure success. Having thus met all probable difficulties, we placed the tardy response in the office to await the next "mail-call." The time soon comes. Quitman enters the gay and boisterous throng of boys at the office, appearing as if the last ray of hope had taken its lasting flight, leaving upon his countenance an expression indicative of that doleful "*Nevermore*," which filled Poe's mind as he pondered over the "*Lost Lenore*." Presently the postmaster called out, "Quitman." The long looked-for messenger is passed to him. As soon as his eyes beheld the superscription there appeared on his gloomy features a smile, which I imagine resembled the "*furlough grin*," which one of our

professors alludes to frequently. He immediately retired to the room where he had received counsel and so much sympathy (?), and opened with trembling hand and beating heart the precious treasure, which read as follows:

ECSTASY, HENLOPEN,
March 24, 1882.

MR. QUITMAN:—Your kind favor to hand. A certain person (wishing to tease me) has kept it until to-day. So I hasten to reply, knowing that you feel as if I were not intending to answer at all. But please excuse me, and I will do better in the future. You wished to know if I would correspond with you, to which I would say, that nothing affords me more pleasure than to receive a kind missive from a friend; therefore I will take pleasure in doing so. But you must promise faithfully not to show my letters to any one, nor tell that we are corresponding, if you do, my fellow may *discard* me, and then my fortune would be spoiled (?). You know if I should cut Miss Laura out, she would be fully mad, and Mr. Joe would be fully glad. Every time I cast my eyes to the mantle, and behold that beautiful present you gave me, my heart flies away to where you are, and lingers there as a "guardian angel" to watch over you and keep your heart from being stolen by the charms and fascinations of those "village belles."

Everything is quite lively about here, though parties, musicales, &c., have about ceased; but I don't care, for since you left I do not enjoy them much. I shall always remember with pleasure the time I spent with you at Mr. Lovejoy's.

Hoping this will find you happy, I close, by asking you to write soon to
Your little friend,

LUCY.

During this reading, stillness reigned. But it would require more than mortal pen to picture his countenance the meanwhile. But imagine a school boy sitting at the foot of some lovely oak, after having run a foot-race in August, the perspiration flowing freely, and you will have some idea of his appearance when he began to read.

After reading, he threw himself across the bed and exclaimed: "I WOULDN'T TAKE FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT!" Vaile, who had been patiently awaiting the result withdrew at once; you can guess for what purpose. Of course Mr. Quitman revealed the contents to each of us, though separately. But to his utter astonishment, the next morning, while reading the *Evening Vistor*, the following met his

eye: "Married, at the bride's father, near Ecstasy, at 10 o'clock a. m., March 26, 1882, by Rev. J. J. Smith, Mr. William Ball to Miss Lucy Pendleton."

After enjoying our success for a few days, we informed him of the joke, but not till he had told us what he intended to say in reply. And to complete our fun, among other things, he said that he had had some photographs taken, and expected to send one with the reply. It was with great difficulty that we prevailed in making him believe that we had deceived him. He still claims that it is worth *fifty dollars* to him, because it taught him to keep his own secrets, and that he is more *tender hearted* than before. I assure him that he is welcome to all the benefit he may derive from it, if it be five hundred dollars; for I have laughed enough to more than repay me for my trouble.

PALLIDA SPES.

I have seen a fair rose;
In its beauty it blows,—
But a hand waves me back when I near it.
I have gazed on its completeness,
Lost my sorrow in its sweetness;—
May who culls it not want right of merit!

Oh! a star far away
Has my night turned to day,—
But I look on it sloping down the west.
It will shine for other eyes,
While mine, wand’ring thro’ the skies,
Light on none where contented they can rest.

I have seen a fair ship
That did smile on the lip
Of a smooth sea that glittered all so bright!
And my hopes its passage crave,—
But they linger by the wave,
While o’er the curving main it sinks from sight.

And I know a tender heart
That doth often weep apart,
Like the wounded deer that hides him in the glade;
For the ship, the star, the rose,
Only broke its sweet repose,
To enkindle hopes so sadly soon to fade.

EDITORIAL.

"PONYING" ON EXAMINATIONS.

The fact that "ponying" on examinations is practised at this and other colleges is a thing too well known to require demonstration. How to stop it, is the interesting question. It is almost an impossibility for a member of the faculty to detect one who cheats on examination; for he who is so base as to stoop to this act, is generally one who has shrewdness enough to successfully prevent detection by the professor who may be present. For this reason, but few are ever discovered and arraigned before the officers of the college.

There is a way to effectually put a stop to this infamous practice, if all those students of the institution whose bosoms nourish a lofty sentiment of honor and integrity will combine their efforts to this end.

Let all students who lay any claim to the name gentleman, combine in generating a sentiment among the boys that shall completely overwhelm the sneaking culprit who attempts thus to dishonor the college, his parents, and himself. Let it be known that the man who is found to "pony" on examination will be considered as one totally unfit to associate with gentlemen. Let those with whom such a man boards demand of the lady of the house that he be requested to take his departure to a more congenial clime. Let him be buffeted and kicked from place to place till he comes to the conclusion that "Wake Forest College is

a 'one horse' institution any way,' and that he does not propose to be cramped up in any such insignificant place. He might go whenever he might like, just so he cleared us of his presence.

If such a sentiment as this could be raised, it would not fail to rid the college of all such troublesome students. If there is any "ponying" done on examination, it is always found out by the boys; and the guilty one would never fail to be discovered, and to receive his just reward. Let no society issue be made of such matters, but let the good from both sides condemn unsparingly this jockey who *rides through* trampling under foot truth, integrity, and honor.

OUR CATALOGUE.

It is neat, and has a preface. This is about all that can be said to specially recommend it. It has, however, other distinct characteristics. The whole thing is the very concentrated essence of modesty. All it says is true, to be sure, and much more besides. When one examines a catalogue of an institution, he generally knocks off about half for "blowing." We must beg those who read ours to omit this process, or they will surely get a very feeble idea of Wake Forest. You can believe all it says, draw on your imagination a little, and then your idea will have ample room for expansion. It devotes four lines to the Literary Societies. How unassuming!

There are not two other such societies in the South—we mean they are peculiar in that they are by far more useful and instructive than the majority of such societies. It is our Societies that distinctly characterize our College. It seems that our catalogue does not like to change—just about those four lines have appeared in it every year since—when? Well, much further back than we can remember. It devotes five lines to the subject of medals. Opposed to change again, however, as these are, the same five lines that appeared in last year's catalogue, notwithstanding the fact that the Societies now offer two more medals than usual. Various other things are explained in the catalogue in a very condensed form. However, we will refrain from further comment. We would like to see Major R. Bingham employed to reconstruct the thing—he knows how to put out a catalogue.

FIRST SENIOR SPEAKING.

When we first came to college, Senior Speakings were anticipated with little less anxiety than a six year old boy would anticipate his birthday party. Those grave and dignified Seniors (for we then thought they were) marching up the aisles and taking their seats on the rostrum, seemed to us to have reached the highest honor that could be obtained. We heard them spout, and thought if we could do as well as the poorest, our names would be forever written “on fame’s immortal tablet” (a new expression then). But to fix our admiration still higher, when they had finished speaking, the President

in behalf of the Senior class, invited the ladies to the halls. We thought, however, we would go up and see how the thing was carried on. The halls were in the Old Building then. On the second floor a dim lamp was burning; but no one seemed to stop. But on the third, the “sink” in the middle of the passage contained some couples, who were talking in deep and earnest tones. (We were told afterwards that that was “courting-alley.”) Not being much impressed with this crowd (for we did not then know the beauty in courting), we bounded to the fourth, where we heard merry laughing and talking and contentions—there was no end to it. Not being used to war, we started up to where a crowd of boys were contending with hot invectives, as though something was at stake, thinking perhaps we might do something to preserve the peace. But when we approached, to our great astonishment, they were only contending about a lady. As soon as it was decided who should have her, we heard, as they walked off, the following: “Well, Miss —, how did you enjoy the speeches to-night?” “O, very well, indeed. I did so much like Mr. A’s reference to the ladies.” (You see the Seniors have to put in something about the ladies, just to please them.) “Have you caught a sweetheart to-night?” “Why, no; not a single one. I do think it is awful.” “It is surely your fault, for I don’t see how any one could be with you, and not love you.”

This being the end of his speech, he was very willing to see a gentleman coming to his relief, although he contended that his time was not out yet.

We then went on toward the other end of the passage, and there beheld a sight which we shall ever remember. One of our "Newish," some four-and-twenty years old, was promenading with a lady, perhaps his senior. He had dropped into the circle of promenaders, and was steadily pursuing his course, afraid to speak lest he might miss the step. And the lady, having nothing else to do, followed on the inside track. We left this scene, sympathizing with our fellow—"Newish," and dreading our own initiation, and retired to dream of promenading circles, anxious eyes, and hot contentions.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?

This is the question of all questions which perplex every boy or young man when he first contemplates a course at college. Boys hear of young men going to college, and staying from three to six years to take their degrees; and they think it out of all reason thus to spend so much time. Why, they could be half way up the hill of fortune in that time! And this question of how long they can afford to remain in school *anywhere* even, brings its own answer. They think that they cannot afford to lose so many happy chances of making their fortunes. So they conclude not to go to college, but into business; or they seek to acquire eminence in some profession for which they don't know whether they have a "turn" or not. They soon learn *how long it takes them to fail*.

Not only does this question puzzle some boys so much that they do not go to college at all, but it gets the ad-

vantage of some after they go. One boy came to college this year, contemplating something—graduation in a year perhaps—but he said the course was too long, and so he didn't begin at all. Some get tired and think that they can make men of themselves more easily than by studying a long time to make good preparation. They want to "hang out their shingle" at quite an early day. Well, it may be quite a trite suggestion, but it is still a worthy one, that a sharp axe cuts the best and saves the laborer much time. If boys and young men are so anxious to hang out their shingles, they would do well not to let imagination hang them so high that they cannot reach them to turn them back, if the wind should blow them around. Boys, the best way to make your shingle worth something to you, is to be the man your shingle says you are. Go to college intending to stay as long as it is necessary. And those already here would do well to begin at the first of the course, if they have not done so before, and remain till they have taken the highest degree. Profit by a long course of general reading. Avail yourselves of the opportunities of writing for the STUDENT. Let it take you a long time to complete your course—let your education "soak in"—and you will doubtless wish sometime in the future that your stay at college had been even longer than it was.

DARWIN.

The author of "The Origin of Species" died at his home in Down, Kent,

co., Eng., April 19, 1882. In patient, accurate, and extensive observation of nature, he stands without a peer. Charles Robert Darwin was born February 12, 1809. He graduated at Cambridge in 1832, and for four years after he held the position of naturalist on the ship Beagle, in its voyage around the world, serving without pay, on condition that he should have the disposal of his collections. The publication of the journal of his researches during this voyage at once gained him recognition as a student of nature. He seems to have inherited his fondness for the study of the sciences, for he was the third of his family in direct descent who were members of the Royal Society. And the sons whom he has left have much of his ability and taste for science; they rendered him valuable aid in the labors of his later years. Excepting the dates of his books, the public knows little of Mr. Darwin's quiet life. While he was the prime agent in a marvellous revolution that was going on in the world of science, "he pursued the even tenor of his way, doing the humblest duties, living the simplest life, sweetening the atmosphere of home and purifying it for the world."

The popular opinion of Mr. Darwin is grossly inaccurate. From Carlyle all the way down to the country pastor who accidentally sees something in his paper about evolution, Mr. Darwin, as a man, has been held up to ridicule, because his theory of the creation of existing forms is new and heretical. We say nothing here of the correctness or incorrectness of his theory; but thus, as a man, he was thor-

oughly honest and above reproach; and, as an observer of nature, he deserves his place in Westminster Abbey, by the side of the immortal Newton.

To convey some idea of the enormous influence he has exerted on the thought of the age, we can present nothing better than these facts about "The Origin of Species," to say nothing of his other works. It has passed through many editions in England, and has been translated into a number of foreign languages, including French, German, Dutch, Italian, and Russian. It has been the subject of more pamphlets, essays, and separate books, than any other volume of the age. A catalogue of the literature of Darwinism has been published in Berlin, giving 36 octavo pages of titles of works, and the names of 312 different authors.

Mr. Darwin's theory is much misunderstood. Sir John Lubbock, in his address before the British Association, said: "I believe there are thousands who consider that according to his theory a sheep might turn into a cow, or a zebra into a horse." No one would have opposed that more confidently than Mr. Darwin, his theory being that they are descended from a common ancestor. The theory of evolution, as he held it, is founded on four propositions: 1. That no two animals or plants in nature are identical in all respects. 2. That the offspring tend to inherit the peculiarities of their parents. 3. That, of those which come into existence, only a small number reach maturity. 4. That those which are, on the whole, best adapted to the cir-

cumstances in which they are placed, are more likely to leave descendants."

Here we have, according to evolutionists, a sufficient explanation of the gradual development from the lower to the higher forms of existence, without the intervention of special creative power all along the line of development.

Whether the theory is to be received wholly or not, scientific men have not yet decided. They agree that it is a good working hypothesis, which is amply attested by the unprecedented advance science has made since it was first proposed. But if it be accepted, the doctrine of final causes is not in danger; if possible, it would be strengthened. There must have been an intelligent and beneficent Cause at the starting point of this progress upward.

Doubtless many uninformed persons think that Mr. Darwin propounded this theory with the sole object of undermining the popular faith in the Bible and Christianity. But, quoting the *Examiner*, "as a matter of fact, many Darwinians are Christians of unswerving conviction. Mr. Darwin was himself not only a man of many personal virtues, but at least a nominal Christian; and he assumes the necessity of creative power to originate the primordial germs of life from which he held all existing species to be developed."

EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. After a short illness he died at his home in Concord on the 27th of April last. His mind had already begun to grow

feeble by age: it "had cracked the phial in which it was held, and had begun to escape." When he heard of the death of Longfellow, so near to his own, he said: "Longfellow, Longfellow, there is something familiar about that name; I knew him, didn't I, Ellen?" His father, Rev. William Emerson, graduated at Harvard in 1789, and ten years after became pastor of the First Unitarian church in Boston. He was a noted pulpit orator, and made several contributions to literature. He died when Ralph was eight years old, leaving a widow, a daughter, and four sons, of whom Ralph was the second. Ralph's brothers partook of his genius, but all died early. He entered Harvard in 1817, and graduated in 1821 at the age of seventeen. His college career was not brilliant. He was superior to the majority of his classmates in his renderings of the Greek and Latin classics, but was deficient in the declensions, conjugations, and rules of the grammar. "In philosophy he did poorly, and mathematics were his utter despair." But he made use of the library, and was specially distinguished for his knowledge of general literature, and for his talent for composition and declamation. For five years after leaving college he taught school, and in 1829 he was ordained as associate pastor of the Second Unitarian church of Boston. Mr. Emerson's career as a minister lasted four years. Little is known of it. Only one of his sermons was ever published. That was his last, his farewell sermon, in which he gave his reasons for resigning the pastorate. His opinions about the Lord's Supper had materially changed, and were no

longer in harmony with those of the church, and, being a thoroughly honest man, he felt compelled to resign. This was the occasion of great grief to his congregation, who voted the continuance of his salary. He relinquished it, however, three months after; and having written a tender letter of farewell to his people, near the close of December, 1832, he set sail for Europe. A story is told of a Cambridge Divinity student who scattered one Sunday his flowers of rhetoric over a congregation near Boston to which Mr. Emerson sometimes preached. After the sermon the young man asked a farmer what he thought of it. The farmer replied: "Well, you see, Mr. —, we are all plain, uneducated people here, and we cannot *understand* most of you young preachers. There's Mr. Emerson, now ; we all understand him."

Mr. Emerson made several visits to Europe, the first, mainly as he said, to see certain great men, another, on invitation to lecture. He is said to have enchain'd his audiences by no eloquence of gesture or passion, but by the eloquence of thought. A Scotch writer who heard three of his lectures in 1848 thus speaks of him: "A lecturer in the common sense he is not ; call him rather a public monologist, talking rather to himself than to his audience—and what a quiet, calm, commanding conversation it is ! It is not the seraph or burning one that you see in the midst of his wings of fire—it is the naked cherubic reason thinking aloud before you." It is the opinion of the same author that, with more accommodation to the tastes and sur-

roundings of his audience, and with greater personal passion, he would have stirred and inflamed the world. He lectured also at many points in the United States ; but the greater part of his life, and the most attractive, was spent in the quiet of that Massachusetts village which he and his disciples have immortalized as the literary and philosophic Athens of America.

Here in the midst of his unassuming neighbors he did most of his work, attracting to himself not only the "Concord School of Philosophy" as its centre and inspiration, but also the laborer on his farm and the village merchant, as their sympathetic and wise counsellor. He was of cool natural temperament, and we know of nothing to stain the purity and integrity of his fourscore years.

Of his literary style we must speak briefly. It has been called the Delphic-oracle style. Some have been wicked enough to say that Emerson was consciously and purposely obscure. Many of his sentences are a string of beads, any of which may be transposed without affecting the whole. "His utterances were a perpetual surprise. The hearers were kept on the alert with the twofold wonder how the last thing could be said so well, and what the next would be." "He sprinkles sentences upon his page which are not only clear, but cast, like glow-worms, a far and fairy light around them. At other times he scatters a shower of paragraphs which lie, like elf-knots, insulated and insoluble." Herman Grimm, on first glancing over "Nature," laid it aside

saying there was no sense in it. But afterwards its power conquered him, and he wrote an elaborate essay showing that its author's mind was one of the clearest and keenest of the age.

Some hold that Emerson was the truest poet and the profoundest philosopher America has produced. There can be no doubt of his place in the

foremost rank of those who have stimulated and directed the thought of their fellowmen. But with all this, a gloom rests on that simple grave in Concord; for his cold philosophy of the Finite and the Infinite took no note of sin, or the divinity and atonement of Jesus Christ.

EDUCATIONAL.

—NEW Orleans has 18,846 pupils.

—VASSAR College has 409 students.

—THE graduating class in Princeton numbers forty-three.

—THE female seminary at St. Petersburg, Russia, has 1,022 students.

—NINE per cent. of the Yale graduates become ministers of the gospel.

—EVERY member of the Faculty at Amherst is an alumnus of that college.

—THE average expense of a graduate of Yale for the whole course is \$2,825.

—THE Senior Class at Rochester Theological Seminary number fourteen this year.

—"GENTLEMEN and fellow-students," is the way the Harvard professors begin their lectures.

—OUR catalogue for the past session shows 169 students. Of these ten are in the graduating class. South Carolina has seven representatives, Virginia five, and Tennessee two.

—PROF. MAHAFFY is of the opinion that the training of an ordinary Eng-

lish boy at Eton or Harrow, supplemented by hunting, fishing, etc., during the holidays, is quite equal to that of any Greek youth of the old time.

—WE are glad that the *Acta Columbiana*, in the same editorial which calls for \$2,000 to pay expenses for the next race with Harvard, has to deplore the general apathy in college sports of all the classes. Less sporting and more studying would help them.

—SOME wise man has said of early-risers in general, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. This is often too true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all its afternoon. The vigor and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by book-gluttony and lesson-bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the

strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins.—*Prof. Huxley.*

—THE Scientific School of Yale College is a beneficiary to the amount of about a million dollars from the late Joseph Sheffield, after whom the school is named.

—THE committee on text-books in Chicago has recommended a change in most of the books used. The textbook war is one of the evils of our present school system.

—THE proportion of people in Missouri over ten years of age, who cannot read or write, is 6.40 per cent. The largest percentage of illiteracy is in South Carolina, 32.32.

—WISCONSIN has 300,122 pupils in the public schools, 24,624 in private schools, 1,898 in the normal schools, 2,245 in denominational schools, and 284 in theological seminaries.

—IN the last local examinations at the University of Cambridge, the Junior girls gained the highest percentage of passes, namely, 71.1, though not so high as last year, when 75 per cent. passed.

—THE attendance at the Normal School of St. Louis has fallen off from 250 a few years ago to the present class of 40. It has had but one male class, that of 1859, in which there were five graduates.

—THE catalogue of Washington and Lee Universities for 1881-'82 shows nine professors in the literary and five in the law department. There are but 109 matriculates, a great falling off within a few years.

—THE commencement of Davidson College will occur June 14th. Hon. Thomas Hardeman, of Georgia, will deliver the annual oration.

—THE daughter of Minister Sargent, already a graduate of a medical college, intends to pursue medical studies at a German university.

—WILLIAMS College has 253 students, among whom are President Garfield's sons. There are 45 seniors. The \$50,000 which it was proposed to raise to endow a Garfield professorship is completed with the exception of \$8,000.

—MERCER University is the pet and pride of Georgia Baptists, and justly deserves it all. Its graduates fill many high positions of trust and honor. They are prominent among judges, teachers, lawyers, professors, physicians, preachers, farmers, and representatives of this and other States.

—AT the recent seventieth commencement of Princeton Theological Seminary, 42 students were graduated. Dr. Kempshall delivered an address. A large number of the graduates expect to engage in missionary work. Forty-seven graduates have died during the year, and their average age was over 66 years.

—A SCHOOL commissioner of our acquaintance in the western part of the State held his first examination for teachers recently. One question was, "Give the full name of the poet Bryant, and the name of his principal work." "John Colen Bryant, and his chief work is the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Fact.

—OF the 74 Seniors who began the year at Brown, 29 have dropped out.

—MERRITT E. YATES has accepted the Presidency of the Rutgers College.

—THERE are forty applicants for the vacancies in the faculty of the South Carolina University.

CHARLESTON, S. C., has surpassed all other Southern cities in helping itself educate its children.

—THE students of Yale College have raised money enough to purchase a six-acre park for athletic purposes.

—DAVIDSON College, N. C., has this year 121 students—a large attendance considering the fewness of its constituency.

—AMHERST College receives \$100,000 from the Williston estate, and the Williston Seminary gets \$200,000 from the same source.

—THE second annual session of the Normal School at Wilson, N. C., will begin June 13th and continue till July 13th. It is announced that lectures will be delivered there during that time by Drs. Curry and Mayo, Hon. J. C. Scarborough, Dr. Eugene Grissom, and others. Prof. Chas. L. Wilson will have charge of the department of vocal music.

—SINCE our last issue the entire buildings of Major R. Bingham's school have been destroyed by fire. It is thought to have been accidental. The whole was heavily insured, though the insurance did not cover the entire loss. Major B. announces to the public that new and better buildings will be erected in time for the opening of the next regular session.

—THERE is a plan on foot to estab-

lish a Conservatory of Music in Boston on a large scale. It is proposed to purchase the St. James Hotel and spend \$700,000 in preparing it for the school. Instruction is to be given in other studies; in fact, the plan is to make it an institution for higher education with musical education as the special end of all. It is a fine plan—on paper. It is likely to stay on paper for an indefinite time.

—COLBY UNIVERSITY.—President Robins has been compelled to resign on account of ill-health, much to the regret of all concerned. He has been an able, successful and popular president, and under the inspiration of his wise management, the college has taken high rank among our oldest and best institutions. A successor has not yet been appointed, but rumor says the probabilities point toward Dr. Pepper, of Crozer Seminary.

—WAYLAND Seminary, at Washington, D. C., and the Nashville Institute are two worthy institutions for the education of the colored people. At Wayland there are eight teachers and 133 students enrolled, of whom 28 are in the theological department—four graduating this year. At Nashville there are nine teachers and 270 students, of whom 99 are young women. Both institutions need buildings, endowments, libraries, apparatus, etc.

—THE *Tribune* pertinently replies to the objection to coëducation that the young men and women are thrown together in the same classes, that the objectors fail to "explain why it should be so much more strange, fearful and unnatural for young men and maidens

to sit quietly together in a class-room, listening to a profound and brilliant professor, than for them to dance together through a long evening, or to ride together or walk together." There are arguments against coëducation, but this is not one of them.

—“SOME teachers have a way of punishing pupils by making them do extra tasks. We knew a teacher who used to punish a failure in spelling by making the pupil write the whole lesson over ten times for every error made in the class-room. Misbehavior was punished by compelling the delinquent to write so many pages of the “Reader” for each offence. Could a more stupid thing be done by any intelligent being? The system is perfectly designed to make the pupil hate all the regular lessons, to breed in him a disgust for that which he should be taught to like.”

—AN effort is making to induce Columbia College to admit young women to the full privileges of the Institution. President Barnard favors that policy, but a majority of the Board of Trustees oppose it. The Coëducation problem is likely to be solved by a compromise. Some of the larger institutions, like Harvard, will in time admit women; some, like Columbia, will not. There will then be separate colleges for women, like Vassar, separate colleges for men, and enough of the best colleges will admit both to give ample chance for the friends of coëducation to test their theory on a large scale.

—THE SEMINARY.—The handsome catalogue of the Southern Baptist

Theological Seminary for the session just ended shows 94 students in attendance. Kentucky sends 22; Virginia, 16; Georgia, 9; Tennessee and South Carolina, each, 8; North Carolina, 6; Missouri, 5; Texas, 4; Alabama, 2; and Louisiana, West Virginia, Arkansas, Illinois, Michigan, Nebraska, Connecticut, Mexico, each sends one. The prosperity of the Seminary affords occasion of profound gratitude to God. Southern Baptists may be pardoned for the pride with which they claim to have a theological school unexcelled in the world as to the ability of the faculty, and the character of the work done from year to year.

—MR. JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Conn., who is said to be the wealthiest man in the State, and who, moreover, has been the artificer of his own fortune, proposes to establish a trust fund amounting to a million of dollars, the annual interest of which is to be expended in promoting the education of the colored people at the South. He said to a reporter of the *New York Tribune* that, “ever since the war,” his mind had been at work upon this question, and that now his thoughts had reached a definite and fixed shape and that he was ready to put the plan into execution. A bill of which a letter addressed by Mr. Slater to certain gentlemen named by him as the first trustees of the fund forms a part, has been introduced into the Legislature for the purpose of constituting these persons and their successors in office, a body corporate, to hold the fund and disburse the proceeds thereof, in accord-

ance with the wishes of the generous donor. The trustees named by Mr. Slater are Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio; Morrison R. Waite, of the District of Columbia; William E. Dodge, of New York; Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts; Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland; John A. Stewart, of New York; Alfred H. Colquitt, of Georgia; Morris K. Jessup, of New York; Jas. P. Boyce, of Kentucky; and William A. Slater, of Connecticut.

—BETTER THAN HAZING.—The "Brown University scientific expedition" is to start early this month. It is proposed that, in view of the fact that the specimens collected will be given to the museum and will be therefore at the service of the citizens as well as collegians, the extra expenses for dredges, tide guages, and other instruments, will be borne by those who take an interest in the advancement of natural science. This museum is the only one in the state, and it is expected the people will assist in this attempt to enlarge its usefulness. The

president of this expedition is Alpheus S. Packard, Jr., professor of zoölogy and geology. The Executive Committee consist of Hermon C. Bumpus, '84, chairman; Elisha Dyer, Jr., '83, Ira Barrows, '83, Marshall A. Newell, '84, and Richard Lamb, '84. The schooner *Althea*, of 240 tons capacity, Capt. Donsett, has been chartered. The vessel will sail soon after commencement, and will proceed directly to the Grand Menan Islands, where it is hoped a good number of birds' eggs can be secured. Then the course will lie along the northern shore of Nova Scotia, visiting the remarkable cliff formations in Annapolis Basin and Mines Basin. Land parties will be sent out at various places to take astronomical observation, record tides and collect marine organic remains from the ore beds. The expedition promises now to be a success. The students have shown interest in the subject, and it is hoped all alumni of the college and friends of education will extend a generous aid.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—JESSE JAMES' widow is going to write a book about the outlaw.

—MARGERY DEANE'S *European Breezes* has already reached a second edition.

—THE *Boston Globe* gave Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes eight dollars a line for his poem on Garfield's death.

—IT is well that Whittier is by nature an *autographer*, for he is said to have about 3000 applications for his autograph.

—TENNYSON is still working away at one of his country places. He has just finished a new play, which will be out soon.

—ROSSETTI, whose most distinguished poem we present to our readers in this issue, wrote a play called "The Slave," at the age of five.

—SENATOR Bayard, of Delaware, delivered the oration at the celebration of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence at Charlotte, May 20th.

—IF you wish to have material for literary gossip for the summer months, be sure to be here on the 7th of June to catch the words that fall from Dr. Deems.

—PROF. MAHAFFY, of England, has written a book on *Old Greek Education*. Anything he chooses to say about the ancient Greeks is sure of respectful hearing.

—“MARK TWAIN” (Samuel L. Clemens), has recently been down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, to get material for a new edition of his *Mississippi River Sketches*.

—THE volume of sermons by Dean Stanly contains those preached on the deaths of Lord Palmerston, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, the Princess Alice, Carlyle, Beaconsfield, and others.

—A NEW work by Prof. Huxley is announced, *Science and Culture*. Aside from philosophy and metaphysics, he is doubtless an authority; he is always clear, fresh, and stimulating.

—MR. LONGFELLOW’s estate is valued at \$250,000, and Mr. Emerson’s at \$200,000. Much of the success of the latter in this respect is due to the thrift of his wife. Are not many half men thus made whole men?

—MRS. ALEXANDER CARLYLE will publish a memoir of her uncle after

Mr. Froude’s work has been completed, in the hope that her recollections and impressions may remove the unpleasant picture which has been given of *Carlyle* in the “Reminiscences” and in the recently published biography.

—ANOTHER bright star has been stricken from America’s literary canopy in the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which took place on the 27th of April. He was born May 25th, 1803. At the funeral of Longfellow, he was one of the most affected mourners. He returned home never to leave any more. It is as a poet and man of letters that Emerson has the chief claim to our respect and remembrance. How much more healthful might have been his influence, if he had been sound in every respect. But “an orthodox Emerson were no Emerson at all.”

—THE *Biblical Recorder*, of recent date, in commenting on the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson, says that he, “like his contemporary and superior, Longfellow, rejected the lowly Nazarene as his Saviour.” Concerning the latter the *Recorder*, we have reason to believe, is mistaken. No one doubts that a spirit of piety pervades his entire writings, both prose and poetry. Besides, we have better evidence. A friend of the poet, writing to a contemporary from personal knowledge, says that Mr. Longfellow was a Christian in fact as well as in name. “Those who knew him had no doubt of it. He regarded Christ as One who came from on high to save, and one who alone as the Redeemer of men, in whom trust is to be placed for what we need in life and in death.”

SCIENCE NOTES.

THESE things of God are fair for nought,
Unless the eye, in seeing,
Sees hidden in the thing the thought
That constitutes its being.

IN *The Origin of Species* Prof. Huxley shows that between the eighth and ninth years a single plant would stock the whole available surface of the globe, if all the seeds produced other plants. Allowing that the plant produces only 50 seeds each year, and that each plant requires one square foot to live upon, the ninth year's crop would demand 531 trillion square feet more than the surface of the land contains.

DIGITATED STOCKINGS.—For once fashion seems to agree with health and comfort. Stockings with separate apartments for each toe have long been worn in special cases of disease; but only recently has it become fashionable to wear them entirely. There will be an obvious gain in comfort, the toes must have more room, and the foot can not be so easily distorted; besides, the formation of soft corns will be largely prevented by the use of the "fingered" stockings.

SCARECROWS have had their day, and farmers may put up their shot-guns. The crow is no longer a devastator. He is the friend of man, and the bad habit supposed to be inherent in crow nature in pulling up the young and tender shoots of grain is not bad but beneficial, as he thus unearths the larvæ of beetles which he devours on the spot. All this is proved by Professor Linden, who has given

several years of investigation to the habits of crows, and has recently made the results public. Now it is the turn of the English sparrow, and we wait for a paper from his defender.

THE GLOSSOGRAPH.—A speech recorder called a glossograph has been invented by A. Gentilli, of Vienna. It is described as a combination of delicate levers and blades, which, being placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of a speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. This vibration is transmitted to pencils. These transcribe the several signs produced by the action of the tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement, and thus a special system of writing, which may be termed glossography, is produced. This is based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants.

FORESTRY.—The wanton destruction of our forests has in the eyes of scientific men been alarming, and many of them have said and written what they could to check it. Most timely, therefore, was the organization of the American Forestry Congress in Cincinnati April 25th. The constitution provides that its object shall be to encourage the protection and planting of forest and ornamental trees, and to promote forest culture. The United States and Canada are divided into eleven districts, according to climate

and vegetation, each of which has an executive committee. On "Arbor Day," the 27th, 25,000 persons gathered in Eden Park to witness the ceremonies attending the planting of trees in memory of famous persons—Washington, Jefferson, Harrison, Lincoln, Garfield, Arthur, Columbus, Queen Victoria, Lafayette, etc.

OILING THE WAVES.—In the *Nineteenth Century* for May, Mr. C. F. Gordon Cumming writes an article to show that a small quantity of oil poured on the water in a storm at sea will prevent the breaking of the waves, which is the chief cause of the danger. He does little more than cite from trustworthy sources instances of the saving of crews and cargoes by this happy expedient, recollecting and adopted as a last resort by captains who had, perchance, heard of it from old fishermen on rocky coasts. It is surprising that, after Dr. Franklin had tried the experiment on a large pond with satisfaction, the seafaring folk failed to make the tank of oil one of the essentials of a ship's equipage. One drop of oil is said to form a film over an area four feet in circumference. In case of storm the plan is to suspend over the sides of the vessel canvas bags of oil, from which it can ooze slowly. With this protection the bursting breakers let fall their crests before they reach her, and fawn about her hulk harmless. The recent experiments of Mr. John Shields, at Peterhead, the easternmost headland of Scotland, seem to have put the matter beyond question.

WOODPECKERS AND BEARS DECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH.—At the Crys-

tal Palace Electrical Exhibition, London, the Norwegian Telegraph Department exhibits two stuffed woodpeckers which have pierced a telegraph pole in search of food. The explanation of this phenomenon, which is by no means uncommon in Norway, is as follows: The woodpecker feeds on insects which it finds under the bark of decayed trees; and it is supposed that the bird is deceived by the humming sound emitted by the telegraph post into the belief that the sound proceeds from the insects concealed in the wood; and that he is not deceived until the perforation is complete, and daylight, instead of insects, is disclosed to the astonished and disappointed bird. Mr. Nielson, the Chief Director of Telegraphs at Christiana, further states that bears are very troublesome to his department, as they not unfrequently scatter the heaps of stones which are used to support the posts. The bear's fondness for honey is supposed to explain this proceeding; and his operations are performed under the belief that the humming sound proceeds from a bees' nest buried in the earth.—*Scientific American*.

THE PRICKLY PEAR AS AN ANTELOPE FENCE.—The prickly pear, that ugly, fleshy little cactus, with its sudden summer glories of crimson and golden blossoms, fulfills a strange purpose in the animal economy of the prairies. In itself it appears to be one of the veriest outcasts among vegetables, execrated by man and refused as food by beast. Yet if it were not for this plant the herds of prairie antelope would have fared badly enough. For the antelope, whenever they found

themselves in straits from wolves or from dogs, made straight for the prickly pear patches and belts, and there, standing right out on the barren, open plain, defied their swift but tender footed pursuers to come near them. For the small, thick pads of the cactus, though they lie so flat and insignificantly upon the ground, are studded with tufts of strong fierce spines, and woe to the wolf or the dog that treads upon them. The antelope's hoofs, however, are proof against the spines, and one leap across the belt suffices to place the horned folk in safety. These patches and belts, then, so trivial to the eye and in some places almost invisible to the cursory glance, are in reality towers of refuge to the great edible division of the wild prairie nations, and as unpassable to the eaters as was that girdle of fire and steel which Von Moltke buckled so close round the city of the Napoleons.—*World*.

CHOCTAW COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—The two thousand Choctaws still living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, retain, in their pristine vigor, many of the usages of their ancestors. Among these are the methods employed in conducting a courtship and the marriage ceremony.

When a young Chocktaw, of Kemper or Neshoba county, sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then approaches within a few yards of her and gently casts a pebble toward her, so that it may fall at her feet. He may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention. If this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest;

if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes instead of throwing pebbles the suitor enters the woman's cabin and lays his hat or handkerchief on her bed.

If the man's suit is acceptable the woman permits the hat to remain; but if she is unwilling to become his bride, it is removed instantly. The rejected suitor, in either method employed, knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible.

When a marriage is agreed upon, the lovers appoint a time and place for the ceremony. On the marriage day the friends and relatives of the prospective couple meet at their respective houses or villages, and thence march toward each other. When they arrive near the marriage ground—generally an intermediate space between the two villages—they halt within about a hundred yards of each other. The brothers of the woman then go across to the opposite party and bring forward the man and seat him on a blanket spread upon the marriage ground. The man's sisters then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the woman and seating her by the side of the man. Sometimes, to furnish a little merriment for the occasion, the woman is expected to break loose and run. Of course she is pursued, captured, and brought back. All parties now assemble around the expectant couple. A bag of bread is brought forward by the woman's relatives and deposited near her. In like manner the man's relatives bring forward a bag of meat

and deposit it near him. These bags of provisions are lingering symbols of the primitive days when the man was the hunter to provide the household with game, and the woman was to raise corn for the bread and hominy. The man's friends and relatives now begin to throw presents upon the head and shoulders of the woman. These presents are of any kind that the donors choose to give, as articles of clothing, money, trinkets, ribbons, etc. As soon as thrown they are quickly snatched off by the woman's relatives

and distributed among themselves. During all this time the couple sit very quietly and demurely, not a word spoken by either. When all the presents have been thrown and distributed, the couple, now man and wife, arise, the provisions from the bags are spread, and, just as in civil life, the ceremony is rounded off with a festival. The festival over, the company disperse, and the gallant groom conducts his bride to his home, where they enter upon the toils and responsibilities of the future.—*American Naturalist.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—Dr. Pritchard and Prof. Taylor attended the late meeting of the Chowan Baptist Association.

—Just as we go to press, we learn that the medal for improvement in debate in the Euzelian Hall has been awarded to Mr. E. H. Horton, of Hertford county.

—President Pritchard, preached the sermon before the Publication Society in the New York Anniversaries. He has accepted the unanimous call of the Broadway Church in Louisville, Ky.

—The following students were the successful contestants for the medals awarded to the most proficient in Greek, Latin, and French: Greek, W. F. Marshall; Latin, A. T. Robertson; French, Thomas Dixon.

—Dr. Pritchard announces the following gentlemen as contestants for the medal for oratory, annually awarded

at our Commencement: Messrs. Alderman, T. Dixon, Jenkins, Marshall, G. A. Norwood, Briggs, D. L. Herring, Bostick, Freeman, C. Jones, Markham, and White.

—Some students try to make us think all the year that they are tolerably independent about nearly everything which students are generally concerned about; but almost any student can be heard to remark near examination week, that he has the hardest professor in college, and that he is at his "mercy" on examination day.

—Commencement is on the doorstep. We welcome our friends from all parts of the State and elsewhere to Wake Forest and to the pleasures of that occasion. The more, the better we like it. Come, and feel at home; and do not hesitate to call on any of us for anything, for it will be our

pleasure to see that all who visit us have the best time possible.

—The medals given by the two Societies for the most improvement in oratory and debate, and for the best original essay, have not been awarded yet, and the committees to award the medals for the improvement in oratory and debate anticipate some trouble as to who shall have them, for the boys are making "one mighty effort" now. They will be decided, however, time enough for the victors to receive their honors at Commencement.

—Dr. H. A. Tupper, of Richmond, the enterprising Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, recently spent a Sabbath with the Church, Sunday School, and Missionary Society here, and we all felt that we could not have done without him that day. He preached twice during his short stay, and everybody said Dr. Tupper's visit was one of great value to us all, and we are sure that all were pleased to see and know him.

—The elections for the next Anniversary of the two Literary Societies have been held with the following results: From the Euzelian Society—Thomas Dixon for orator; first debater, D. M. Austin; second debater, W. F. Marshall. From the Philomathesian, E. S. Alderman, for orator, with L. L. Jenkins for first debater, and H. B. Folk for second. G. C. Briggs was elected president of debate; H. P. Markham, secretary. The orators state their purpose of omitting the customary eulogy of the dead in their orations, as this will be rather usurp-

ing the privilege of the Alumni department of the STUDENT.

—In the *Biblical Recorder* of June 16, 1859, we find the following interesting bits in an article about Commencement at Wake Forest a few days before: "The first public exercise was declamation by members of the Freshman class, on Monday night. We were not present, but heard the performance highly commended. On Tuesday night, members of the Sophomore class gave a similar exhibition, much to their credit as declaimers and to the evident gratification of a large audience." So that "Commencement declamation" is no new thing. But they had no medal then, and we can beat them now—can't we, boys?

—The agent of a new enterprise was in town a few days since, representing some matrimonial mutual insurance company. He proposed to pay a heavy premium to every young man that would marry. This is the first time we ever heard of any benefit accruing from marriage, unless, perchance, you are fortunate enough to get a wife bountifully endowed. We can say we were almost tempted ourself. Who knows but we may marry some day? and a handsome little dot would come in very conveniently, indeed. The most serious drawback was the never-failing policy. Alas! he required money of us! And so our anticipations were nipped in the bud.

—The contemplated marriage of one of the belles of the Hill occurred on the 16th of May, and she was immediately taken by her fortunate and handsome "fellow" to his home in

Scotland Neck. She said, however, on leaving, that she had a number of engagements with the young gentlemen here, and that she would be back at Commencement to fill them. What about it, boys? Are you going to claim your engagements as gallantly as ever? Some clever fellow can have ours; or rather, we would like to know who will take it, for there may be other engagements to fill then that would pay better. And (we can say it, now she is married), a change of sweethearts now and then is desirable in some respects, any way.

—We see that the customary invitations to the Chapel Hill Commencement were not issued this summer because the order of the committee was not filled in time, and in their place a general invitation was given through the papers. In connection with this announcement, the *News and Observer* remarks that probably this is the proper method, any how, and that ordinarily special invitations to public ceremonies ought not to be issued. Let our future committees think of this; the method proposed would save no small outlay. Our tickets also were much later than usual on account of publishers' failure to come to terms.

MARSHALS, NOTICE.—In modern times those who are most honored are the public servants. So brush out all thoughts of poetry and sweethearts, and prepare to be eminently practical men: to manage the band, seat visitors and the rest of us, hand around water, run errands, distribute programmes, and last but probably as important as any of your manifold duties, to see that proper order and decorum

are preserved. See that loud talking and tramping in the entrance of Memorial Hall is prevented during the progress of exercises within. Allow no smoking of cigars and cigarettes in either of the buildings open to the public. We have presumed to particularize in these two matters because they are of great importance and generally neglected. And then, *Palman qui meruit*, etc.

—The final Senior Speaking of the session is so near that our readers will fail to be interested in an account of the April speaking. The class was represented by only seven of its members, three having been excused. Below we give the names of the speakers with their subjects: Mr. D. W. Herring, Pender county, N. C.—The Mutual Dependence of Man upon Man; Mr. W. J. Ferrell, Wake county, N. C.—Searchings for the Unknown; Mr. T. B. Wilder, Louisburg, N. C.—History; Mr. E. E. Hilliard, Harnett county, N. C.—In Jail or Out; Which do you Prefer? Mr. E. G. Beckwith, Wake county, N. C.—Foolish Attempts at Originality; Mr. J. W. Fleetwood, Northampton county, N. C.—Look on the Bright Side; Mr. W. T. Lewellyn, Surry county, N. C.—Moral Power. After the speeches, came the invariable invitation to the Halls, where, in the festivities that followed, we, of course, participated.

—A puzzled student presents the following:

Si felix et lactabilis esses, veni huc.

When I saw this sentence on the Trinity Commencement ticket, the first thing that I tried to do was, naturally enough, to attempt to translate it. And so I put my wits to

work, confident of finding a precious jewel in this casket. *Felix* generally means lucky. Well, it is all right so far; but I searched three lexicons in vain for *lactabilis*. Foiled here, I tried some other plan. As *lac* means milk, I concluded that *lactabilis* must mean milkable. Taking this for granted, the difficulty would seem to disappear; but there is a greater one still. *Si—esses, veni* is a conditional sentence, with the imperfect subjunctive in the condition, and the imperative in the conclusion. This was something entirely new. I knew how to translate a logical, an ideal, or an unreal condition, but where to class this one I knew not. *Si—esses* appeared to be an unreal condition referring to present time, and *veni*, the present imperative. So I made a venture. "If you were (but you are not) lucky and milkable, come hither." This is not good English, I admit. But the question arose in my mind as to whether I was lucky, &c., and if not I was not invited. The sentence implied that I was not lucky, and therefore not invited. Surely this is not what was meant by the sentence. It seems to me that it should have been somewhat as follows (using the same words): *Si felix et lactabilis esse vis veni huc.* Will some one, who knows more about Latin than the writer professes to know, at Trinity or elsewhere, produce a satisfactory translation and explanation of this sentence? If, for no other reason, let some one satisfy the curiosity of an inquiring student, who is always anxious to learn.

Inquirer.

—Thursday evening, the 18th of

May, we witnessed the most imposing scene it has been our privilege to witness at Wake Forest for some time, in the crowning of the Queen of May, elect. The ceremony occurred in the spacious upper Hall of the Wingate Memorial Building. It was announced that the entertainment would be the last of a series of a similar nature, to raise funds for carpeting the rostrum of the new Hall. An audience commensurate with the occasion had duly gathered and were listening to the Hill Band, when Flora, bedecked with flowers, and closely followed by the numerous train of little white-clad fairies, laden with wreaths and bouquets, marched down the aisle, and was seated in her bower of flowers on the left of the throne of her Majesty, the Queen of May. The Ex-Queen, with her retinue, came next, and was seated on the right. And now, with grace and dignity in her every step, while music of siren sweetness lends its enchantment, comes the newly-elected Queen, with all her lady courtiers, laden with banners and floral offerings. Time forbids a detailed account of what followed. The crown was presented with a neat and appropriate speech. Numerous other speeches and offerings were bestowed upon her Majesty. After the coronation, Prof. Poteat announced that the audience would be entertained by a charade, entitled "Christmas Box." While waiting for the curtain, the choir sung one of the most beautiful selections to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening. The curtain rose for the first scene in "The Christmas Box." This was a com-

plete success, all the actors performing their parts with credit to themselves and to the intense enjoyment of their listeners. Prof. Royall dismisses the audience, paying at the same time a tribute to Mrs. Brooks, the mover and prime originator of these entertain-

ments. Prof. Poteat takes occasion to state that the original design of carpeting the rostrum is accomplished, and there is only necessary a few more yards to carpet the main aisle. And now, with satisfaction on every countenance, the crowd disperses.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—Rev. C. C. Newton, of Sampson county, attended College several years. He is now a popular pastor of churches in that county.

—'52. Jno. Mitchell, D. D., is pastor of the Baptist church in Murfreesboro. He gives us occasional visits, showing that he still has an interest in his *Alma Mater*.

—'56. J. D. Hufham, D. D., is now pastor of the Baptist church at Scotland Neck. We are generally greeted by him at our commencements, and we hope to see him at the next.

—'56. L. H. Shuck, D. D., who is now pastor of the First Baptist church of Charleston, S. C., is a native of North Carolina. He has combined the rare qualities of a fascinating disposition, a fine scholar, and a pleasing orator.

—'59. William G. Graves is a successful farmer in Caswell county. The success of this gentleman shows that farmers, as well as professional men, profit by a liberal education.

—'60. Rev. F. H. Ivey is now pastor of the Baptist church in Goldsboro.

He will be remembered as the author of the eloquent address on the life of Dr. Wingate.

—'61. Col. T. F. Toon, legislator from Columbus county, is an energetic business man and a leading politician.

—Rev. J. L. Carroll attended our College before the war, and would have graduated in '63, but the college exercises being suspended, he finished his course at Chapel Hill. He is now pastor of the Baptist church in Lexington, Va.

—'62. E. S. Moore, Esq., of Selma, N. C., is an influential planter. He is a member of our Board of Trustees.

—'67. Rev. Lansing Burrows is now pastor in Lexington, Ky. His success in the ministry does honor to our College. He is eloquent and energetic, undertaking and accomplishing great things, as was shown by the address and \$5,000 collection he made in the late Southern Baptist Convention for church purposes in New Orleans.

—'68. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney is the beloved pastor of the Second Baptist

church, Raleigh, N. C. His prudence makes his presence almost indispensable in his Association. The beautiful house in which that church worships has been built during his pastorate.

—Mr. M. D. Burney, a teacher in Texas, was one of the first public debtors of the Societies. He is a man of fine attainments, and is, doubtless, doing much good in the "wilds of the West."

—'68. Prof. J. B. Brewer, who is now President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, was the only old member of the Euzelian Society that returned after the war. On Jan. 19, 1866, the Society was reorganized by Mr. Brewer, assisted by Rev. A. F. Purefoy and Prof. W. B. Royall, who were old members. The following new members were taken in: Messrs. W. H. Pace, W. O. Allen, S. E. Overby, G. L. Herring, E. S. and B. W. Rowland. Like Mark Twain's brigade, each held an office, and most of them two. Saturday-morning meetings were suspended for a while. The Philomathesian Society was reorganized, after a suspension of three and a half years, Jan. 27, 1866, by Messrs. H. A. Foote and H. M. Cates. The following new members were taken in: Messrs. Hicks, of Tenn., Hobgood and Royster, of Granville, Sledge and Bullock, of Warren, Fowler, of Wake, and Hunt, of Yadkin. Business was regularly gone through with, but it seemed there was not much to do. We suppose there was no grass around the College to walk on and the practice of water-throwing had not been begun.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Ashe-

ville, has received and accepted a call to Baltimore. The brethren there have raised about \$20,000 towards the erection of a new church in a new part of the city, and will proceed at once to build the house of worship and occupy the field.—*Recorder*.

—A. D. Hunter, who was with us last year, and has just returned from the Seminary, will be regularly ordained to the ministry on the second Sunday in June.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—We raise the question as to the existence of such a body. No doubt that there are Alumni—no; but the Association, what is that? when does it meet? where? what does it do? Indeed, we remember to have heard long ago of the warm time had in an upper small room in the Old Building—warm weather, not particularly warm discussions. And we were once present at a meeting called the meeting of the Alumni Association, at which, as well as we can remember, the following was the order of business: The President rose and said: "Brethren, this is the time for the election of our orator for the next Commencement. I think Bro. — would make us a good speech. Those in favor of his election will please say Aye; those opposed, No. Bro. — is the next Alumni orator. A motion to adjourn would be in order. Those in favor, &c. The Alunmni Association is adjourned." It had as well not met. The President could have appointed the speaker out of the meeting as well as in it. We read frequently of Alumni dinners, meetings for consultation, etc., at other colleges; but

nothing of the kind at Wake Forest. Have our Alumni no interest in the College? or have they forgotten that the pillars and beams of a college are its graduates? Ought not this defunct body to be reorganized? Under

zealous and wise leadership it might do a grand work for Wake Forest College. The failure to grasp the glittering opportunity seems to us unfaithfulness without excuse.

PERIODICALS, Etc.

—*North Carolina Home Magazine* seems especially adapted to the needs of North Carolina homes. Its articles are short and to the point. It seems in every way well worth \$1.00 per year. Every farmer should have it.

—*The Eclectic* for June is before us. As its name imports, it is made up of selections from a wide field of literature. We have space only to give a part of the table of contents: "A Few Words About the Nineteenth Century," a lecture by Frederick Harrison, comes first; next we have, by Prof. Gray, "Relation of Insects to Flowers;" "Talks and Talkers," by R. L. Stevenson; "A New Theory of the Sun," by Siemens; "The World's End," "The Future of English Humor," etc.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, always bright and attractive, seems especially so in the current number. W. H. Rideing writes the leading article on "Quaint Old Yarmouth;" "The Social Athens of America," i. e., Baltimore, is described by Mr. Didier. We pass over a number of articles to mention that on Longfellow by Geo. W. Curtis, editor. It is accompanied by a portrait of the great poet, which is

said to be very fine. There is in our Reading Room no more welcome monthly.

—*At Home and Abroad*.—This handsome magazine becomes brighter and more beautiful with each issue. The number for May, which has just made its appearance, is a very attractive one, being filled with interesting and instructive reading. Its opening article is by O. W. Blacknall, entitled "Timrod and his Sect," and sets forth the mission, importance, and influence of different kinds of poetry. "A Summer In The Tropics" and "Across the Atlantic" are very instructive sketches, and are to be continued in the next number. This magazine contains many historical and current facts, and well deserves the patronage of the public.

—The June *Home Circle* has some interesting articles; among these may be mentioned "The River Jordan," by Dr. Broadus, which consists of reminiscences of a visit to that historic stream; "A Visit with Sir Walter Scott;" "The Buddhism of Japan;" "Adoniram Judson," by the

late Dr. Brantly—a comparison between the life of that great missionary and that of Paul; "Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales." "Glennandale," and Dr. Dyer's "Wonders of the Sea" are continued; also "Wise Mothers;" but if they are all to be like the last two, the name of "Unwise Mothers" would suit the papers better. We generally enjoy the editorial notes more than any other department of the magazine.

EXCHANGES.

Examinations will prevent our noticing in detail our exchanges this month. We acknowledge the receipt of the *William Jewell Student, University (Va.) Magazine, The College Record, Pennsylvania University Magazine, Trinity Herald, The Adelphian, University (N. C.) Monthly, The Wittenberger, The Album, The Academy,* and others. Among our State papers we welcome *The New South*, published at Wilmington, N. C., and gladly add it to our exchange list.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A TRIP ABROAD; OR A SUMMER VACATION IN EUROPE. (Illustrated.) By John E. Ray, A. M., Raleigh: Edwards, Broughton & Co. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50c.

We cannot quite see the appropriateness of the author's statement in the preface, that the volume is not for the critic's perusal, but for the friendly eye. In these days, when one offers a book to the public, he cannot on any plea expect to escape criticism, if his work gives ground for it. But this by the way. "A Trip Abroad"

needs no introduction to the Baptists of North Carolina, as it is, with slight modifications, the collected series of papers which under that heading appeared in the *Biblical Recorder* in 1880-'81. As these papers appeared week after week, many throughout the State read them with interest and profit, and they are doubtless glad to have them in permanent form. The free and easy style of a letter written on a spot described gives a vividness and freshness to the narrative often lacking in the journals of more brilliant and extensive travellers. You seem to be by the writer's side often, and to be chatting with him about something under the eye of both. Another merit of this book is that it condescends to small things and commonplaces of European travel, which do not reach the plain of more famous works; and these are just the things which one wants to know. We want Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's, the Milan Cathedral, the Vale of Chamouny; but also the appearance of the people, their every-day life and occupations, the practical difficulties which meet an ordinary traveller, etc. All these we have here. Besides, the author presents succinctly the historical or literary associations of the points on his route, making at times most fitting quotations from writers of note. His route lay through Liverpool, London, Paris, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, Munich, Brussels and Edinburg. The best way to go to these places without going to them is to read some such book as this.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. By Archbishop Trench. New York: Humboldt Library. In two parts, 15c each.

The Study of Words is not a new book. It has already passed through many editions since 1851, the date of its publication. It has therefore been tested and bears the verdict, *good*. It comprises seven lectures, all of importance and interest to students of English. The subjects discussed are these: The Poetry in Words, Morality in Words, History in Words, Rise of New Words, Distinction of Words, The Schoolmaster's Use of Words. The introductory lecture relates to the general subject. Without some acquaintance with these matters no one has begun to know English;

and they are presented here in as concise and charming way as could be desired. If you want your eyes opened to the beauties of many words daily on your tongue, read the *Study of Words*. If you will say afterwards that it was not worth 30c., we will buy your copy for what you gave for it, and give it to somebody that can't afford that outlay.

The type is good, and the size convenient. It is in paper covers, and may be bound together with other valuable publications of Messrs. J. Fitzgerald & Co. The public is greatly indebted to this enterprising firm for bringing valuable scientific literature in the reach of all.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made

The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
The path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres ;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA.

Whether it be this gladsome day,
Whose perfect beauty lies
In a golden sheen on the ocean's breast
'Neath the laughing summer skies,
Whose sunbeams glisten and gleam and glance
'Mid the sleepy forest trees,
While the meadow grasses are hard at play
With the fragrant, frolicsome breeze ;

Or whether it be the happy news
This day has given to me,
This treasure my hand and heart hold fast,
This letter from over the sea—

Oh, I've asked my heart a score of times
 Why it has grown so gay,
 Whether because of our precious gift,
 Or because of the gladsome day;

And my heart has questioned of me as well
 Wherefore my lips should sing,
 And why to my eyes persistently
 The happy tears should cling;
 And here by the casement as I stand
 In the breath of the flowers fair,
 And the subtle fragrance of clover bloom
 Filling the summer air,

With the sunbeams kissing my brow and hair,
 And turning to shining gold
 The words which come from over the sea,
 The letter my hand doth hold.
 We answer each other, my heart and I :
 " Though the day be fair and bright,
 Yet neither to breeze nor flower nor sun,
 Do we owe our sweet delight ;

" But only this, the precious gift
 Which claims both heart and hand,
 And woos as only love can woo,
 Love only understand."
 And thus it is that the gladsome day,
 With its joyous, azure skies,
 Its golden shadows, and merry breeze,
 Seems perfect to my eyes.

We had not dreamed, my heart and I,
 That there could such gladness be
 As has come to us on this summer day
 In our letter from over the sea.
 So shine, ye sunbeams, glisten and gleam,
 And turn my letter to gold;
 For hiding safe in its own white folds
 A dear old story is told.

—Harper's Weekly.

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The wave is mighty, but the spray is weak ;
 And often thus our great and high resolves,
 Grand in their foaming as an ocean wave,
 Break in the spray of nothing.

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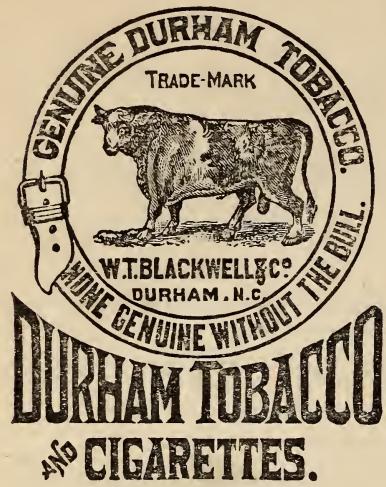
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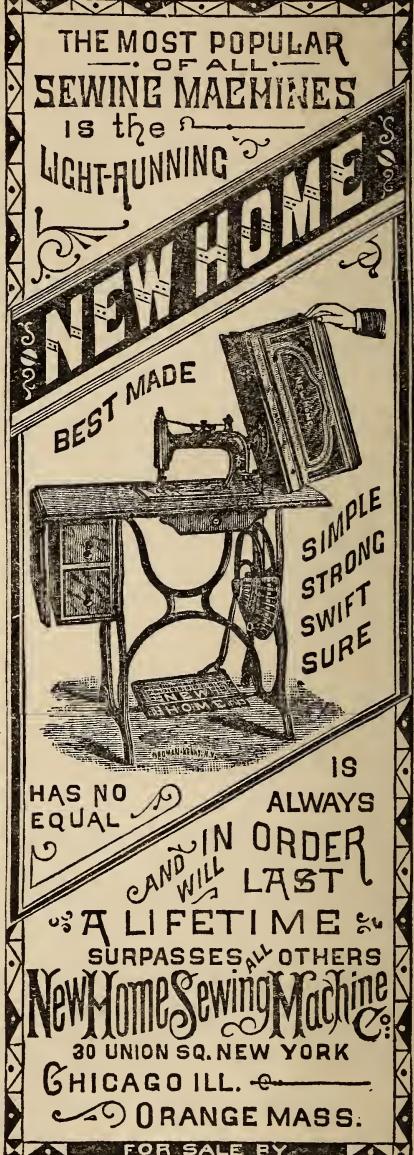
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EU.	EDITORS:	PHI.
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THE COMING QUESTION.

A great question is now gradually but surely stealing upon the American people. It involves the vital principle of our republic, and upon the solution of this problem may hang the destiny of our nation, the hope of the world. Statesmen may well have dubious forebodings as to its issues, for no calm and dispassionate sentiment can be expected—it is surrounded by explosive elements—it carries in its wake a storm whose distant mutterings can now be faintly heard. The substance of this question is: "Who shall govern America?" Sovereignty must reside somewhere; in our government it is in the people, and was entrusted to them because they were believed at that time to be *wisest*. Our people change—they are not what they were fifty years, or even twenty years ago. Does not the fact of this change demand of us an investigation of this factor which holds the reins of supremacy? Should we not again make the inquiry: Who are *wisest*? If the present so-called

people are tried and found wanting, a remedy must be sought, or inevitable calamity will befall that sublime cause, of which we are the professed champions. Carefully examining the state of our nation to-day, we discover four symptoms, which plainly tell us that some dangerous if not fatal disease is preying upon the vitals of our government. 1. *Corruption* in every department from the President's chair down to the most menial office. Patriotism and virtue are myths of the past, about which poets sing and orators harangue, which never disturb the complacent mind of the politician of this age. All things, great or small, sacred or profane, are made subservient to party and policy, to the utter disregard of national welfare. Mammoth governmental swindling operations, and the foulest political actions, are committed with impunity by our high officials. 2. The *power and influence* of the *demagogue*. In no nation of earth does this monster flourish as in our glorious republic. Who ma-

nipulates the net-work of wires which incloses this Democracy? Who bosses the great machine? It is a lamentable, a disgraceful fact, that less than fifty men—low, street politicians of New York and Ohio—can establish themselves the absolute dictators of a mighty nation. I once stood in a crowded court-room and listened to a demagogue of dark complexion discourse upon a subject of the gravest importance. As I heard the falsehoods fall from his foul lips, and at every pause saw thousands of white rolling eyes, and sets of pearly teeth as they lighted up the darkness of the scenery, and heard the vast volume of wild and senseless yells as it rolled upward from that dusky rabble, I felt my blood boil with rage. And as I looked over that surging crowd, across whose every horrid, grinning skull God seemed to have stamped IDIOT, I could but ask the question: "Oh! Great Judge, does Liberty, does Justice, bestow the sublime prerogatives of freemen upon such degraded wretches, creating thus material for the villain's skillful hand?" On the day of election, from the ballot-box where wisdom, virtue and patriotism should preside, the voice of that demagogue was re-echoed, throughout the length and breadth of our land, in notes whose terrible voices sounded the death-knell of a noble cause. 3. The *undue influence* of wealth in the political world is gaining strength and impulse at every moment. Immense funds are necessary to carry on any campaign, without which no party is so sanguine as to dare hope for success. He who lacks money is minus

the one thing needful to insure success in the political arena. The last National Democratic Convention nominated for Vice-President of the United States—not a statesman, but a millionaire. Why? Simply because he had the gold requisite to carry the State of Indiana. But the cash failed to appear, and the cause of the Democracy went down in gloom. 4. A *sentiment of lethargy* among our good and *virtuous citizens*. They have lost faith in the integrity and purity of our government. Hence the ballot, that priceless boon of American freedom, is neglected and even loathed by those whose duty it is to keep it sacred and untarnished. If there is anything that should make the statesman tremble for the fate of his country, it is when its true and disinterested supporters begin thus to retire.

By the study of these four symptoms we recognize the disease: *the lower element of the body-politic has now too strong a voice, and is destined soon to gain complete ascendancy in the affairs of America.* Can we assure ourselves that the above symptoms really indicate this as the true malady? Certainly; for, why does the foulest corruption lurk in every department to its most minute ramification? Because it is repeatedly sanctioned by the vote of the sovereign people, who are the real rulers, while officials are mere servants. The regulator is defective—repair it, and all works well. Whence the demagogue's influence? But one answer can be given: *power entrusted to ignorance.* Whence the necessity of such enormous sums of money for campaign purposes?

Because there is now a floating purchasable vote of such stupendous proportions that no party, faction or individual dare dream of victory without its support. It not only holds the balance of power, but enters as a prime factor in our national politics. Again, why are the good becoming disgusted and retiring? Because they are crowded and jostled by an ignorant rabble.

Having thus identified the genuine disease, let us investigate some of its causes. Among the first is the great civil war, upon whose fields of death was spilt the best blood of America. The result of this terrible struggle was to snatch from the bonds of abject slavery millions of base and ignorant Africans, and exalt them to the exercise of the proudest privilege of American freemen. With astounding rapidity this low and wretched race has multiplied, until it now aggregates the startling number of six millions, about one-fourth of whom are sovereign voters. A second cause is the stupendous waves of immigration that have been yearly rolling upon our shores their mighty load of filth and misery from the squalid hovels of the old world. Think for a moment! 1881 gave us 720,045; thus far, this year, the increase is 62 per cent. over last; this will give us at the close of 1882 1,173,000. At the same rate the next census, in 1890, will show nearly 12,000,000 foreign additions to our population since 1880. One generation alone will thus add to our number more than 35,000,000. The stunning question arises, have we been assimilating, can we continue to assim-

ilate, this vast tide of discontented humanity? If so, what kind of composite will we form? Considering, then, the magnitude of the power wielded by the unlettered negroe, native, and immigrant, who are all ignorant of our institutions and laws, we do not wonder that from this conglomerate mass there should have emanated a disease which threatens our government with dire destruction.

What is the *remedy*? This question is one that must, in the near future, agitate our nation to its profoundest depths. An *educational qualification* for suffrage, though in itself an evil, can be the only effectual solution of the problem. I fear we have skipped a long age in the process of progressive development. While I believe in universal suffrage as the true basis of the best form of government, I consider it as an indispensable prerequisite to its stability and purity that universal teaching should precede universal enfranchisement. The establishment of such a qualification would at once elevate and dignify citizenship, and the slumbering intellects of this gigantic republic would wake to realize the fact that to be a *sovereign citizen of America means something*. It would deal a death blow to the power of the demagogue. The illiterate populace, stripped of the right of suffrage, would lose all its charm for him, which could be acquired again only by the attainment of knowledge; and the acquisition of this knowledge would be as fatal to the demagogue as the absence of the electoral privilege. The further multiplication of ignorant, dependent voters would immediately cease, and

hence wealth, as a political weapon, would lose its prestige. Corruption in public office would be checked; for the people, who are responsible for continued disorder in the public household, would be intelligent and alive to their interests and the nation's welfare. It would be the first and most important step toward thoroughly Americanizing the hordes of immigrants that are now daily seeking refuge beneath the spreading wings of the American eagle. Education would receive such an impetus that the auspicious day must soon dawn upon our country, when the blighting curse of ignorance, with its long train of horrible calamities and woe, would spread its dark pinions to seek a resting place in a more congenial clime. This may seem at first a picture of fancy, but let us remember that the establishment by law of this qualification implies the provision by the government of the *means* necessary to the early fulfilment of its requirements.

But certain objections are raised to the introduction of such a feature into our constitution. We hear the pretended guardians of freedom howl: "All men are born free and EQUAL!" That *may* be, but certain it is they do not remain so long; and in the transit from the cradle to manhood there are developed differences, so deep and broad, that wild indeed must be the enthusiast who denies their existence. Can any one say that an ignorant villain, who treads the soil but to curse it with his vile touch, should have an equal voice in determining the destiny of our nation?—a voice equal in power to that of the profoundest statesman and most generous philan-

thropist? We are told again that an educational qualification would deprive many *good* citizens of their vote, which, besides being an irreparable wrong to the men, would destroy all their individual interest in the government, converting them into malcontents and nihilists. We shall see. Suppose a law is enacted that no man unable to *read* and *write* shall be allowed to vote, said law to go into effect two years from date of enactment. The government *must* then, as we have said before, place this knowledge within the reach of every one. Thus, instantaneously, there is created a universal desire for learning with an imperative demand for it. That man who, through laziness, worthlessness, or lack of mental ability, should fail to comply with this small requirement, is unworthy to wield the sceptre of a king; and to place upon the brow of such a wretch the sparkling diadem of sovereignty would be a monstrosity, an inexpiable insult to the goddess of Liberty, whom we profess to worship. The voice of the man esteeming thus lightly his ballot could be, if expressed, no exponent of a freeman's individuality, but only the pusillanimous echo of a demagogue, or the infamous dictate of his own selfishness. *Honest* ignorance with opportunity for improvement cannot be excused. I would wish to exclude none from freedom, none from security, only from a share in government until they have *sense* enough to use their power intelligently. Ignorance, in whatever garb you clothe it, is the same hideous fiend. You may go to your village graveyard, lay it off in beautiful squares with white gravelled walk-

ways, set the richest and greenest grasses in every plat, plant the sweetest flowers in every nook and corner, rear your magnificent marble monuments till their tops are lost amid clouds, and write over the elaborately carved arch-way, "OAKDALE CEMETERY"—you may do all this—it's a grave-yard still, and beneath that beautiful surface those narrow walls of clay are just as cold, and drear, and lonely as ever, and down in its silent depths the worm holds its destined sway. You may take an ignorant wretch, black or white, clothe him in the royal robe, upon his dirty brow place the glittering crown, you may call *him* a *free, sovereign* citizen—it is a falsehood! for in his sordid heart he is yet the same slave, vile and ignoble, answering the beck and call of every plotting knave. The supposition, that all those, with few exceptions, who enjoy the electoral franchise will possess sufficient virtue and intelligence to poll a vote calculated to benefit the country, and which shall be an expression of their own individuality,

is found to be unreal; because, such are the intricate complications of the marvelous government under which we live, that no man, deprived of the advantages of the press, can vote intelligently on any political question, or even comprehend the first grand principles upon which our republic is founded. How can a dull, untutored intellect pierce the mazy labyrinth of governmental machinery the most mysterious and wonderful ever constructed by man? In this age of knowledge and chicanery, craftiness and depravity, he who exercises the prerogatives of the citizen, should be one able to deduce skillful conclusions for himself.

Let the boldest and most progressive of our statesmen advance to the front, and open the investigation of this interesting question, which must eventually absorb all others. We can but tremble at its approach, yet, trusting that the brain and patriotism of our nation will bend all their energy to its happy solution, we feel that there is yet hope.

GASINESS, LAZINESS, AND BUSINESS IN COLLEGE.

Under these three heads may be placed all the leading characteristics of that wonderful sample of eccentricity called the college student. Now *gassiness* is not found in Webster or Worcester, but it expresses the idea quite exactly. What idea? Well, let's consider, and see what is meant by *gassiness, laziness* and *business*. Here now is the "gasy" boy, the lazy boy, and the business boy. Boy number one takes his field-piece, gets it adjusted,

makes too much allowance for the attraction of gravitation, fires off, and of course the prodigious angle of elevation throws his projectile away over the target; thus he makes a blank shot, a fruitless and extravagant waste of force. The dreamy simpleton in shooting at a mark on a level with the horizon, plies his ordnance as if he were trying to bombard the ranks of starry buttons that cluster about the zenith of heaven's night-shirt. He is

not yet in the "stern conflict of life"—don't understand me to say that he is only in college, the back yard, where the "young idea" practices. These high-flown, sentimental star-wooing proclivities and effervescent tendencies in the cerebral organism of number one are exactly what ought to be called, and are meant by, gasiness.

Laziness, the characteristic of boy number two, need not be defined. It is found in the dictionaries, and, being quite a dearth-proof commodity, is occasionally seen in other places.

Business is found in the dictionary, but it is evident that the maker of the dictionary can learn something more about the word, if he will study its use more closely. The business boy has some judgment about him, has everything adjusted rightly, and when he fires off, his shots tell, because *he means business*. The lexicographer doesn't give it in exactly this use, though it is his *business* to have an eye to BUSINESS, and to do the square thing by *business* and all other words; and when the proper herb is not to be found in the garden, it must be sought and gathered wild in the meadows and fields. This is the apology for employing words and usages that are not quite recognized as old acquaintances.

I. In the college boy who has an average share of human nature, gasiness is the predominating peculiarity. Some great idea gets hold of him, sets him crazy, gets him in too big a hurry, and he overdoes things. His engine is filled with water, fired up thoroughly, and a tremendous head of steam is acquired before it is time to start, before even the track is laid. The consequence is that he has to blow off,

and there goes all that prematurely collected force. The results of his previous toil and effort now prove to be mere gas. Such a thing happens when a boy gets it into his head that he knows enough to graduate without going all the way through the prescribed college course. He enters a high study, does a great deal of outside parallel reading on the prominent topics, then there secretly creeps over him the notion that his professor, perhaps, hasn't done all that parallel reading of the most recent views, and he comes to the conclusion that he knows it about as well as the man in charge of the recitation room. He can't endure any lecturing, or explanation of difficult points to himself or classmates. Why he just knows everything there is to know about it, and keeps throwing out and wedging in his remarks all the while, confident of the value of *his* opinion. He finds in due time, however, that he has "fallen through," and his labor lost, because the track wasn't laid. In other words, he is mere vessel, some chemical changes going on within, and all this is escaping gas—a gas very offensive to all except himself. The most generous, philanthropic, patriotic thing a professor can do in such a case is to stop that flow of gas. It is sometimes stopped, sometimes not. Once in a while such a boy gets all the way through college, and commencement day finds him on the mountain top of seniority, gazing out on the long sought prospect, still keeping up that same old sputtering and puffing. He evidently belongs to that species of

bipeds who learn only in the school of experience.

He next becomes inspired with the idea of "expressing his views eloquently in public," and goes to expressing. There is a morning walk and an evening walk. Woods, hills and vales are resonant with the reverberating echoes of practiced eloquence. Mark his presumption now; learning how to "express his views (!)" taking it for granted that they are worth expressing, of course, and never troubles himself about their quality. This process is kept up until sufficient warmth is generated to excite fermentation, and then he appears on the rostrum. The President pulls out the spigot by announcing as "next orator of the evening Mr. Henry C. Webster Calhoun," and the gas tank begins his noisy discharge. The guardian spirits of classic days are roused from their resting place of ages by the tumult, and wonder whether old Greece is revived and her Demosthenes has unlimbered his oratorical artillery against an aggressive Philip, or whether a new Rome has been built in a day and a Catiline within its walls is stormed by the Olympic thunderbolts of indignant Cicero. When they find this is only the gas escaping from a college disclaimer, their spirits reproach their imaginations for being so excessively presumptuous, and take flight for a region where chemical experiments are not conducted in just this way. What is the use of so much howling in learning a boy how to speak? Why learn him so many theatrical antics, and spoil him with this dreadful *gasiness* in oratory? When, on the play-

ground, he disputes a point in the game in which he is interested, does he not find "expression" for his views—easy, forcible, *natural* expression? Get something in his head to be expressed, and let there be necessity for expressing it, and suitable expression will follow as day follows night. It may be rude at first, but what of that? Did not the great master painter mark out the first conceptions of his mind on a barn door with the charred end of a broom-stick? Thought, powerful, sledge-hammer thought, must first be in the mind, and it will struggle till it finds expression, as an air-bubble rising from the depths of the sea struggles upward, till it breaks on the far-off surface with its farewell kiss to the waves.

Now, the *gasiness* of a well-drilled senior shows itself in various ways, but just watch him on Commencement day; that faultless frock coat, fragrant perfume, magnificent cigar, elegant moustache, delicately perched "plug," handsome cane. When he enters the chapel, see the symmetrical curves described by those latest style box-toes as rostrumwards the portly hero wends his way with grand impulses sending a throb of buoyancy through every nerve. How his bosom heaves to rid itself of the overpowering sentiments of that senior oration. The announcement of his subject strikes a thrill to every heart. Then there emerges from the background of the rostrum that form of majesty sublime. He dwells with enrapturing eloquence on the past, the present, the future—tells of exalted ideals, "the

searchings for rest ;" speculates wildly on the coming man ; the coming question—furiously emitting a whole volley of such gaseous exhalations. He doesn't omit warning youth to arm itself against the stern realities of life ; and in his theory of combatting them most successfully, exhibits a knowledge of scientific warfare that would make an Achilles, or any other first-class leader—Wade Hampton, for example—blush at his ignorance. With what wind-mill grace does that right arm whirl when waved toward the chandalier ! With what glowing terms and enchanting fluency does he picture his ideas of the true glory of life ! His poet soul seems to be wafted to the topmost heights of fervid eloquence, and in the wild revels of his daring fancy, he mounts old Pegasus, dashes boldly into the untrodden regions of the sublime, goes circumnavigating on wings of swiftness the "mighty ocean of stupendous ethereality," sailing among the "golden-headed bolts" of heaven's azure floor, until his noble steed, so vigorously goaded by the sharp-piercing spurs of heroic ambition, falls exhausted beneath his unquestionably honorable and dignified burden. He makes this one noble effort to be the hero of a four-page obituary when he dies, and this is about the last ever heard of him. Pardon the notice just here of one class of graduates who are specially injured, and whose facilities for injuring are specially increased by *gasiness*.

Of all temptations broadcast among men by the great adversary, a *read* sermon is one from which honest men

ought to pray for special deliverance. It is an opiate that not only lulls to sleep physically, but also puts men's souls into a treacherous slumber. Instances of good resulting abundantly from *read* sermons are exceedingly rare. But a thousand times rather let the sermon be *read* than have a windy, noisy, much-a-do-about-nothing sort of a preacher to preach it. True, the pulpit brings forth its good fruits, yet the same soil that yields an abundant increase of good grain, supports an equally *vigorous* growth of tares. And so, besides "*read*" preaching, mentioned above, there creeps in scientific preaching, political preaching, and theatrical preaching as tares in the wheat. The last named of these has the most *gas* in it, and is the most fascinating to the young ministerial aspirant. So he gets a pretty cane, a gaudy Bible, and a pair of glittering spectacles, though his eyes are sharp as an eagle's. He must also have a dangling, jingling watch chain and charm to nudge with his elbow in his wild dashings and frantic appeals. These constitute a passably good outfit for doing what is called *theatrical preaching*. But after all, it is not so exceedingly objectionable, if converting power is to be counted a commendable quality, for there is certainly great converting power in this theatrical preaching. The congregation assembles in a frame of mind for worship, and with a desire to hear the Word, but ere that darling reverend has finished his sermon, all that assembly of *hearers* has been converted into *spectators* of a dramatic performance, or rather of a cattle show

where one of the cattle monopolizes the entire braying department. This division of the subject has been pursued at some length because it was thought that its exceeding hurtfulness and extensive prevalence merited a tolerably free discussion ; and in closing, it may be well to suggest a remedy. What is the antidote for this acid poison that begets such an effervescent disposition in the contents of so many cranial retorts ? Is there no base that can be brought to bear so as to counteract and neutralize it, and make a wholesome, harmless salt ? Certainly. The remedy, the neutralizing base, is brains. But how can brains be obtained ? Well, if the boy has too much gasiness in the recitation room, too much on the rostrum, just offer him a medal to stop that issue of gas and cultivate cerebral excellence, and if he is any boy at all, a liberal mixture of brains, or, to say the least of it, an honest effort at reformation, is an absolute certainty.

II. *Laziness* here as elsewhere might be very easily dispensed with. Let it be briefly noticed, however. The many mischievous acts committed in one college term might lead one to believe that there is very little laziness in the constitution of the school-boy, yet it is the very class who perpetrate these deeds of evil that exhibit the highest type of laziness. It doesn't take brains to suggest to a fellow the idea of organizing a committee for keeping guard by night over the citizens' gardens and orchards, and to relieve the walking public of the inconvenience of opening gates, to murder the harmony of midnight's silence by awaking to ecstasy all the tin pans

and asthmatic horns in the immediate vicinity ; in short, to see that the strictest decorum is observed in town at night ; but it does require an immense amount of the purest article of laziness to induce a boy to forsake his books, to abandon the very object for which he was sent to college, and to enable him to put into practice the satanic schemes framed by his brainless mind in its idle musings. The boy that possesses such *deadly mental laziness* is a self-perpetuating nuisance. Occasionally he gets up enough interest in his lesson to bolt like an avalanche against the door of a busy friend, stalk in, and inquire for some help on an "easy little point." The next thing in order is to put out the light and leave his kind friend alone in the dark ; and in carrying out this short programme, he creates noise and confusion enough to throw a circus manager into spasms. And that is about as much industry as he ever manifests. Of course a professor never gets disgusted with any member of his class—he doesn't believe he has any business to—but when he taxes all his powers of explicitness in explanation, and the boy is wilfully too lazy to take hold of a proposition that a mummy ought to comprehend at sight, or when the blockhead can't tell the gender of a Latin or Greek noun when it has an infallible trade mark attached in the ending of the adjective, he would certainly feel a sense of relief if he didn't have to struggle so hard to keep from becoming disgusted. The best thing to do with such a student on all occasions is to do without him. Laziness never attracts as much attention elsewhere as gasiness does, and

must not do so here; so the lazy boy is now dismissed, having received fully as much notice as he usually merits.

III. Unfinished *Business* comes up next. It would perhaps be a pleasure for the reader to stop short right here at this period  . See it? It CERTAINLY would have been a pleasure for the writer to stop there too; but remember the adage, '*business before pleasure*,' and lets journey on till we get through with this '*business*'.

The lazy boy is left out of the question—he will never be anything. A full supply of brains in the head of the gas generator may possibly make of him a *business* boy; but the business man, the model student, is seen in him who goes at his work with a vim, yet without ostentation; quietly, yet not lazily, and does everything in a gentlemanly, business-like manner. He never rants and raves and makes the forests tremble in practising an "expression of his views," but whenever necessity applies the match to his intellectual cannon, he never has much difficulty in ejecting enough bomb-shell thought to answer all ordinary purposes. We can laugh at our clowns and merry-andrews in their comic antics and drolleries, and deal with the noisy, lazy scamps in college in the light, airy style which their presence is always sure to excite; while in the presence of the business man, the true gentleman, there is something that

veils the mind in an atmosphere of seriousness, something that strikes one as worthy of admiration, as sublime.

There is need of more stern manhood in the constitution of us students of to-day; more business-like purpose, and less of that frivolous, frolicsome spirit that would do homage to the most successful explorer of gardens and orchards and most expert trickster of the recitation room, as the Pericles of his class. Is it possible that a man can know what a lord he is in being the keeper of a soul, and yet be a trifler?

"The miracle of the soul is more
Than all the marvels it looks upon.
And we are kings whose heritage was before
The spheres and owes no homage to the sun.
In my own heart a mightier world I bear,
Than all those orbs on orbs about me rolled;
Nor are you kinglier, stars, though throned in
gold
And given the empires of the midnight air."

The earth is beautiful in its flowers and grasses, meadows and streams; grand in its mighty, rolling hills; sublime in its rugged, cloud-piercing mountains, whose heads look out on the gambols of thunderbolts; yet with all this, it is but the simple granite pedestal upon which the *true man*, with the glory of a heaven-born intellect crowning his brow, looms up as a statue of purest marble, spotless in its white; in finish, perfect; in majesty, unapproachable.

CRITICISM.

In the beginning I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am no literary critic, and I expect to make evident this fact before I shall have finished what I have to say. I do not deem myself capable of filling the position in the first place, and if I thought I had the ability, I doubt whether I should feel the inclination, for to my mind the position is by no means an enviable one—indeed, the critic of to-day stands forth as a sort of Ishmael, his hand against every man, and the satirical quills of all writers against him. His is indeed an unpleasant life, or rather, it is generally. North Carolina presents an exception, and to call attention to the evil results of this exceptional state of affairs at home is the incentive I have in writing. There is scarcely an instance within the recollection of any of our *literateurs* in which any literary effort emanating from a home writer has met with any other than favorable comments from our home critics. This should not be. 'Tis true that to have our efforts cauterized by the criticisms of our judges is discouraging, but at the same time it is necessary sometimes. An honest literary critic will find in every work, however well sustained the reputation of the writer, some points wherein there might be made some improvement, and it is his duty, and should be his inclination, to show forth these same defects of style and subject matter. The reason is obvious. By carefully criticising the faults and discrepancies of style a rep-

etition of the same fault in the next work of the author is avoided, and thus a higher standard of excellence may be attained. It may be urged that "*auctores nascuntur non fiunt;*" but even if this be true, no one will dare deny that improvement may not result from the wise and judicious criticisms of competent judges. Proof of this is seen in the history of the world's literature. The crude efforts of Byron would never have attained their exalted excellence had it not been for the caustic criticisms of the English and Scotch reviewers. Their bitter satire might have crushed him—some men it would have crushed—but with Byron their injustice served only to strike the rock of his pride, and a new fountain of ambition was the result—a fountain from whose waters he drew the inspiration with which his later works are so replete. Undue severity, either from incompetent judgment or from prejudice, should never enter into the comments of our critics. A great wrong might thereby be committed. The critic's pen represents a mighty power—far greater than is generally supposed—and that the incautious or injudicious wielding of this power is attended with evil is too nearly self-evident to require any historical reference. But I wish to confine myself particularly to the state of affairs at home. The point which I wish most emphatically to impress is, that justice be done—that this thing of criticising favorably, when error is palpable, either from a

fear of offending, or from incompetent judgment, should no longer be tolerated. It is an injustice threefold in its nature, an injustice to the writer, to the reading public, and to our State reputation as a literary people; and the injustice is due either to timidity, a false generosity, or else a want of ability for the position they have assumed on the part of our critics. A false generosity or courtesy is the prevailing fault with our critics; they dislike to wound a man's feelings. 'Tis a poor friend who notices only the virtues of his friend, however, and they should bear this in mind. This false courtesy has caused many an honestly unfavorable opinion to be hushed and silenced merely because the expression of said unfavorable opinion might give offense. North Carolina critics, it seems, are peculiarly afraid of offending their proteges, the authors, and it is only an illustration of the general prevalence of this thing of hiding the truth for fear of giving offense. There is in reality but one

competent and fair-dealing critic in North Carolina, but one who will, undaunted by the fear of lessening his popularity, fearlessly condemn when condemnation is necessary, and the Cape Fear section may well boast her prize. I do not mean it to be inferred that I think him the only critic in North Carolina, however; for in my opinion our entire State press constitute a coterie of critics, whose power is great, and whose influence is widespread. Professional critics are scarce with us, and their duties devolve to a great extent upon our press. Let them sustain the honor of so distinguished a calling. The best way to sustain it is by honesty. When commendation is deserved, spare it by no means; but when faults are palpable, fearlessly, and for the honor of your cailing, say so. Draw a careful distinction between commendation and condemnation, and the result will be an undoubted improvement upon the present state of affairs.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

It must be a fact patent to all who have studied the matter, that in these days when books are so cheap and when every one reads more or less, the reading of history is sadly neglected. There must, of course, be a reason for this, and I shall endeavor to find this reason. With the "Young America" portion of our country there seems to be a growing mania for reading light literature and yellow-backed dime novels—generally such as those

in which Buckskin Bill or Rifle Jim kills with the most imperturbable calmness scores of Indians and escapes without a scratch, or else rescues from these same Indians, at deadly risk, the beautiful maiden who has fallen a captive in their hands. He, of course, marries the maiden, or else finds that she is his long lost sister. The reading of such trash naturally perverts the taste for reading; for after reading these blood-and-thunder affairs

and getting the mind excited, anything natural is distasteful. It requires something that will excite and keep the mind in a state of feverish agitation. This it is not in the province of history to do, and they, therefore, seek literature (?) which is better adapted to their perverted taste. While by this I do not mean to disparage novel reading, yet I think that some judgment should be used in their selection.

A novel that aims to enforce some moral truth, or one from which a good moral may be drawn, is very good. An historical novel is my idea of a good and entertaining story. In the reading of history much thought is required, that is if it is read in the proper manner, while light literature, if it does not take away the ability for steady thought, at least impairs it, for, as Madam DeStael says in one of her works, "frivolity in any shape deprives attention of its power, thought of its originality, and sentiment of its depth." These, then, are my principal objections to the reading of light literature: First, it takes away the taste for reading that which is more solid; and second, it gets the mind so accustomed to reading without application, that, should one read more serviceable matter, he would not derive from it the proper amount of information.

In what way, then, should history be studied? I should say, in the beginning, that I am not an advocate of very extensive reading without depth, nor do I believe that a long string of dates and names committed to memory is of much service. I think that a history should be studied, and studied thoroughly. Take any event, look at

it from all sides, reason from the effect to the cause, and from cause to effect; see what particular political situation produced it, and what were the immediate results and what the final, and thus look at all the main incidents. True, you may not in this manner read so many books as some of your friends, yet you will have really a better notion of history.

Some old Latin author has said, "*timea virum unius libri*," meaning that the man who is master of one book is more to be dreaded in discussion than one who has a slight acquaintance with many.

History naturally divides itself into two grand divisions—sacred and profane. The Bible is the great centre-piece of sacred history, and I deem it entirely unnecessary to state the necessity of studying this, thinking its own words sufficient—"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." However, the study of writers contemporary with the sacred writers is useful in proving the facts of the Bible; for if one should doubt the authenticity of the Bible, a study of profane history would serve to clear the doubt. The object of this paper is not, however, a plea for sacred historical study, but for profane.

Some one, Irving, I think, calls the literature of the past a great mine from which men are continually bringing up treasures, and the comparison is applicable in many ways. While the facts which we seek are in history, they are, generally, as in a mine, in the form of ore—much mass—while we wish only a small part of it; then it requires much time and labor to

bring it to light. The ore must be separated and then refined in the laboratory of the mind before we have that for which we look.

History is a great panorama, commencing with the beginning of human life, and stretching on down and continually enlarging. To get a good idea of it, it is best to commence at the beginning and trace its course through the successive ages. While, of course, no one could learn all of the history of this great length of time, yet one can look at the main incidents and get a comprehensive idea of them. Yet I am far from thinking that any one can get such a notion of history as I am speaking of from any common-size school history. It requires more time than that, and our young men at college, after finishing what history is taught in the course, calmly rest on their oars and think that all has been done. There are a few other histories which should be studied at any rate—such as that of our own nation, that of England, and also of Greece and Rome—these having, probably, more interest to us than any others.

The benefits to be derived from the study of history are many and various. Bolingbroke says that history is philosophy teaching by example and also by warning. Cicero calls it the mistress of life, for it teaches us what we ought to pursue and what we ought to avoid. It is also very entertaining. What can be more pleasant than to get a well written history and then go back in your mind to the times of which you read? I love to picture to myself the scenes of which I read, and in reading of some of the military giants of former ages, it seems that I

can almost see the fierce conflict, hear the shouts and experience a personal pride in the unusual bravery or skill of some of the combatants. And then read of Hannibal's march over the Alps—see his dusky soldiers in long lines, all unused to such weather and unskilled in climbing mountains—see how they are cheered by their indefatigable leader, how he inspires them with hopes which not even the pangs of hunger, nor the severity of the climate is able to blast. And when I read of his campaigns, I often wish that I could have been a soldier under such a captain as he—one whom I place above all others, although he called himself the third,—and we have since him had a Cæsar and a Napoleon. To my mind a good history is much superior to a novel. A novel must, in some way, be copied from nature, or else on reading it we are disgusted; we say that it is unnatural and foolish. A novel must then conform to our ideas of life: it does not draw out and lead thought, but in history everything is new, and it encourages thought, for we know not what to expect, and, as truth is often stranger than fiction, it is more attractive than a novel.

Take the life of Napoleon for an example. In what novel will you find a stranger or more entertaining life pictured than is his, or to what character of fiction is given more bravery and genius than he possessed, or who went through more varied vicissitudes of fortune? His youth gave no promise of the long and brilliant military career which awaited him, and looking at his humble origin we would scarcely have imagined that he

would one day sit upon a throne. Then as he sat upon his imperial throne, with all Europe prostrate at his feet, his star of destiny at its zenith, we would not have thought that he would end his life in banishment on a desert island, continually guarded like a wild beast. Nor is this the only example of the surprising adventures of men of genius in history: Charles XII., of Sweden, Peter, Alexander, and others, the life of any one of whom is almost equally interesting.

History is likewise instructive. The greater part of the knowledge of everyone has to come from others. Were it otherwise, and man had to derive his knowledge from himself, in the short life which he leads here, he would, at his death, know scarcely as much as the youth of our generation. George W. Curtis shows the value of a knowledge of the past when, in speaking of the members of the Continental Congress, he says, "Most of them were profound scholars, and studied mankind that they might know man. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speeches."

History broadens our views and makes them liberal, and it makes us acquainted with the great men of other nations. I think it is Victor Hugo who declares that it was he who first told Frenchmen that England had produced other great men besides the Duke of Marlborough. Yet how few of our people know that France has ever produced any great men save Lafayette and Napoleon? Then, it shows how, as nations degenerate,

they become corrupt. Take Rome as an example. In its first era, when the inhabitants lived modestly, and had moderate desires and simple tastes, see with what scorn they rejected the gifts of Pyrrhus; and then compare this proud dignity with a later time, when Jugurtha, after having bribed his judges, and as he was leaving the city, turned and said, "Ah, proud city! thou wouldest sell thyself if thou couldst find a buyer." What a contrast, and what a warning!

Then, no one can be familiar with the present time unless he has a tolerably good knowledge of history. One needs to study the different combinations of circumstances which have formed the nation—the history of our forefathers, their political and religious views, &c. All of these things have their part in the consideration of the present. History, then, is the great source of all knowledge. It is divided into three classes—the history of lives, the history of times, and the history of actions. For a beginning, a history which embraces all three in a condensed state is best. Then they can be studied separately, in whatever order the reader prefers, always having a clear idea of the bearing that it has on the whole. The most important, as well as the most entertaining, of them, is the history of the lives of those who have gone before us. It is important because it tells us of human beings, of men such as we are; and whatever affected them in any way would affect us in the same manner under similar circumstances. We have in these lives a complete encyclopedia of all human sentiments, pas-

sions, &c.; in fact, of all the workings of man's soul. Such is the character of the human understanding—such the nature of our minds, that abstract or general propositions appear doubtful unless we have examples. We have to apply to ourselves what we see happen to others; therefore, the study of history is a practical science, one that is useful in the every-day affairs of life, and examples taken from it cannot be tossed aside and rejected as antiquated rubbish. In fact, some one has said that these examples are more valuable than experience itself, for we have a full, perfect and completed case which can be studied without prejudice. As the writing of histories and books has become more and more common, see how the world has advanced. Each age is ahead of all previous ones, and our century stands head and shoulders above all others. The reason is obvious. The press has reduced the price of reading matter until it is within the reach of all; and as it has been more generally indulged, the taste for it has been increased. Our knowledge now is based on all the knowledge of the past, thus brought within easy reach, and we see and comprehend more because we stand on such an immense mass of learning—on such a mass as could not formerly have been conceived of. See

the public and private libraries here and there throughout the country. They are the eminences from which the probabilities for the future are reckoned. Observations are made with respect to the social and political heavens, and then by simply comparing these with those of the past, even from the beginning of authentic history, deductions are made with as much accuracy as any earthly events can be foretold.

History is the great source of comparison whence we draw all our similes and examples. So much is this the case that some writer has said that, if all our classic literature were destroyed, we would not have a literature worthy of the name for the next three hundred years.

The subject is practically limitless: volumes might be written on it as it affects the different departments of life, for it has a bearing on all; yet I hope that I have said enough to show that this study is devoid neither of interest nor of attraction, and with this hope I sum up the uses of history in a nutshell: its true end is the constant improvement in public and private morals; and so much do I esteem it that I would not give up my taste for reading it in exchange for the wealth of Vanderbilt.

AT THE POST OFFICE.

It is evening. The last rays of the sun paint broad shadows on the landscape. The cows slowly wend their ways homeward. The evening zephyrs play lightly through the tree-tops—the voice of the plowman has died away—even marbles have given way to the pressure of more important matters, and each one threads his way to the post office. There a large crowd is assembled. But what means this “martial array?” Is there news of great import expected? Has President Arthur been assassinated, and do they await particulars? Has Queen Victoria been killed? Or has the moon fallen in the Gulf of Mexico? Worse, far worse than all these together. Commencement is coming, and the “judiciary is exhausted,” for anxious eyes are strained to see if they can catch a sight of that sight of all sights to boys in this condition. Impatience stretches the moments into minutes and the minutes into quarter hours as they wait for Dick to distribute the mail. Finally the door opens and the red face of the postmaster looks like sunrise in a gap of the mountains. All is silence—the letters are distributed, but, alas! the effusions of Cyntha Ann Maria no longer calm the troubled longing of the soul—the sweet little letter from Angelina Augusta with its kisses, &c., has lost its wonted power. Ordinary letters sink into utter insignificance. “Registered letters” is the cry; but the P. M. is not naturally an energetic (that is, not *over* energetic) man, and he seems to take pleasure in

going slowly. Mistakes might occur should he be hasty, and many of the postal cards might contain treasonable matter, therefore he must be careful. But at last patience has its own reward. He cries out, “Registered letter for ——;” and now expectation is painted on every face. Each knows in his heart that he is the happy one, and each shows the most perfect willingness to step forward and sign his name. The vision of Commencement *convivia* looms up in enormous proportions. Each plots out his pleasures in advance. He will take Miss Julia to ride Wednesday afternoon about sundown, and who knows but she may say, “Yes!” then some ice-cream on their return, and so on. Bright fancy is busy; she seems to have borrowed all the rainbow colors of the universe—for—for John Smith, and there’s no other. Alas! who can paint the picture? Sad disappointment can be traced in the countenances of those but a few moments before so hopeful. He has an inner consciousness that ice-cream and afternoon rides are not healthy, or at least they are not suited to his constitution. Just at this periodical juncture—and probably he sees with his mind’s eye that hateful John Smith, happy in the possession of a “Registered,” also happy in forestalling him in the good offices of Miss Julia—and with a little stretch of the imagination, he sees himself sitting on the railing of the little bridge in the bottom, wailing and gnashing his teeth, figuratively, as

John and Miss Julia go sweeping by; and, oh! for the pencil of Salvator Rosa to paint his feeling as he looks on this. But at last he cheers up. To-morrow night there will be another mail, and he will be more fortunate then, perhaps, and thus bright Hope

leads him on from day to day, until at last his dream is realized, and his much looked for "Registered" is at last received. And here we leave it to the mind of the reader to ponder our hero's expectations, &c.

EDITORIAL.

A NEW CHANGE.

We noticed in an early number of THE STUDENT an editorial on "Change," in which it was said that change is continually stamping itself upon all things. It is very true, and very desirable, too, in many instances; but sometimes we witness changes which are not only unpleasant, but are inexpressibly painful. Such has been the case since the change mentioned in a former number. Doubtless, before THE STUDENT has reached the many quiet homes of the friends and patrons of Wake Forest College, the sad news will have been heard that another change has occurred at the College—such a change as has been known only four times before in the history of the institution. And many a mother will sadly receive the tidings that the man who influenced her boy to go to college is no longer President of the good old institution which she has already learned to love. The change is a sad one, indeed; but more lamentable still, is the fact that our beloved President, who has done so much for the College during the past three years, and who has so stirred the people of North Carolina on the subject of education, not only leaves the College, but the State, too. We are glad, however, to note that he leaves with us his tenderest regards and brightest hopes for his own dear *Alma Mater*.

It is consoling, too, to think that these sad and seemingly unfortunate changes are not without the guidance of a stronger hand than ours, and that they are conducted by Him who doeth all things well. For while we so deeply regret the loss of our dear President, Dr. Pritchard, we are happy in the thought that the trustees of the College have selected the very man whom our retiring President desired. For he says that of all the good and learned men of the State, Mr. Dixon is the man he preferred as his successor in the charge which he knows to be so important, and one, also, which imposes a tender and yet weighty responsibility. While we are sad in giving up the one, we are happy in welcoming the other; for we know that our interest is the common interest of them both.

MANIAS.

It is a well known fact, however strange it may appear, that out in the busy world, *manias* often take possession of men and women on whom the burden of years presses more heavily than on college students. *Manias* which, though perhaps not serious enough in their import to consign their victims to the tender care of the keeper of an insane asylum, are yet deplorable enough in their consequences to call down upon their heads more scathing satire than the writer of

this article, with the dullness and laziness consequent to vacation and the heat of a midsummer sun, feels willing or competent to enter upon. Besides, fortunately enough, it would be considered out of place in a college magazine to find fault with the follies of politics or fashion; so we must confine ourself to such petty weaknesses as young undergraduates are heirs to.

Old students will bear us out that never, elsewhere, was that old saying, "Every dog has his day," (varying the "dog" so as to include all things, small or great,) more clearly verified than it is daily at Wake Forest. The quickness with which the most insignificant amusement becomes *the rage*, proves the truth of our assertion. Some thoughtless Fresh, (excuse us—*New-Ish*, we should have said,) in all the innocence of his unsophisticated soul, brings out from one corner of his trunk a set of marbles and invites his brother *New-Ish* to share with him the delights of that good old game. The crowd of eager Preps that quickly gather around, manifest their interest and appreciation; and from that minute *marbles* is *the go*. Sophs and Juniors are readily enticed from their rooms to swell the ranks of this new tyrant. No student's outfit is complete without half dozen or so "taws." The merchants of the Hill, thinking this fever will last forever, order marbles by the bushel. It is only when the Faculty has passed severe laws forbidding the playing of marbles during study hours, and two or three grave and honored Seniors, with knucks dirty or sore, (inevitable result of playing with Preps,) are arraigned before that august body for violation

of aforesaid law, that this mania weakens in popular favor.

And now some one in wanton recklessness gets in front of the old chapel and yells at the top of his voice, "B-A-S-E B-A-L-L!" Ah! that cry strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the mass. Books are thrown aside, and soon a score or two of pleasure's votaries are seen trooping towards the base ball grounds. The reign of marbles is at an end for this session. All its adherents go to enlist in the numbers of the new mania, and now, every evening, nothing can be heard for hundreds of yards but shouts of "F-O-U-L" and "J-U-D-G-M-E-N-T," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

And not only is this tendency to abuse by excessive use noticeable in games, but even more especially in the use of slang words and phrases. We remember an editorial written by one of our brethren on "Gimmy yer han' on that," that meets the case here exactly. All who were at college a year ago, remember how the question, "Who's that?" beginning, as Mars Hall would say, about two octaves above high *do* on the first word and falling rapidly to a melodious bass on the last, began to rage, flourished, and finally died. And the prevalence of such beautiful and meaning monosyllables as the "Balls" of last term, expresses significantly all we would say on the subject.

These manias sometimes confine themselves to individuals with almost as serious results as when the mass loses its head and follows blindly its leader. We have known young men to be taken with a mania for speaking, and to practice almost incessantly

to the intense annoyance of their neighbors. (Mind, it is not the speaking we condemn, but the speaking in their rooms, when all for several rooms around are forced to put up with the nuisance.) Singing in college must come in, too, for its share of abuse just here. We have known others to be seized with a mania for long talks in prayer meeting, but we will refrain.

Still another has a most distressing mania for visiting *one* young lady. We remember commanding visiting *ladies* in a former editorial, but think it decidedly *not* the best to be too exclusive in these visits while at college.

We will leave our readers to draw each his own moral, merely commanding reform as worthy of consideration.

EDUCATIONAL.

—OF the 22,792 students in German universities, 1,241 are foreigners.

—OF 318,000 illiterates in Louisiana, 259,000 are negroes.

—L. R. GWALTNEY, D. D., has been chosen President of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia.

—THE young women of the Harvard Annex manifest a decided preference for the classical studies. They are strongly opposed to co-education.

—VIENNA has had during the past session in her university nearly 5,000 students—more than any other university in Austro-Germany.

—PRINCETON College is to have a school of fine arts. Dr. W. C. Prime, of New York, and General McClellan, will draw up the plan.

—A GIRL from Maine surpassed all others in a class of 195 in an examination in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

—PROF. GOODWIN, of Harvard College, will spend a year in Greece, and Prof. White will fill his place in Harvard.

—ACTIVE educational work has been suspended largely, except in the public schools. THE STUDENT is pretty brave to face such a blank.

—THE memory of Rev. Charles Kingsley has been appropriately honored by the opening, in May last, of Kingsly College, in North Devon, England.

—THE first college paper in the United States was the *Gazette*, at Dartmouth, started in August, 1799. Daniel Webster was one of its first contributors.

—EDWARD FULLER, a member of the Harvard graduating class of 1882, is the author of a novel, *Forever and a Day*, announced by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

—AN educational commission, comprising twenty-one members representing the different districts of India, is to be appointed by the British government for the purpose of devising means for extending the blessings of education to the masses of the people in that country.

—AMONG seventeen applicants for admission to the District of Columbia bar, the best examination was passed by Mrs. M. M. Ricker. She was particularly well versed in the law of real property.

—FORTY-SEVEN alumni of the Princeton Theological Seminary died last year; seven were over eighty years of age, and twenty-four were over seventy—the average age being sixty-six. The life of the preacher is favorable to longevity, at least.

—PRESIDENT Howard predicts that twenty years hence more young ladies than men will be seeking a collegiate education.—*Ex.* We say, hail happy day, and a day, too, when we shall have co-education of the sexes, *if it be for the best.*

—RICHMOND College has been offered \$10,000 by Mr. John H. Dean, of New York, provided other friends will raise \$40,000 more. We wish somebody would make such an offer to Wake Forest, and that the other friends also could be found.

—THE University (N. C.) Catalogue shows twelve professors besides State Geologist, Assistant in Laboratory and Instructor in Greek. There were during the past session 199 students, of whom 8 were post graduate, 18 law, and 12 medical; 47 were "optional," and 21 were in the senior class. Not counting post graduates, law and medical students, there were 161 academic students. Wake Forest had 169.

—"THE graduates acquitted themselves with more than usual success."

This is what we read of almost every graduating class at all colleges; and we are truly glad that each succeeding class improves on the last one, for we expect to be in the senior class sometime ourselves, and it is somewhat consoling that our class, too, will "acquit themselves with more than usual success."

—THE University of Virginia had, during the session of 1881-'82, (58th session) 18 professors, 5 instructors, and 326 students. Of the students, 179 were from Virginia, 28 from Kentucky, 20 from Texas, 13 from Maryland, 12 from South Carolina, 9 from Tennessee, 9 from Georgia, 7 from West Virginia, 6 from Mississippi, 6 from Arkansas, 6 from Alabama, 4 from North Carolina, 3 from Colorado, and 3 from New York.

—REV. R. D. MALLORY has accepted the Presidency of the new college at Shelby, and will be assisted by his wife. We welcome Brother Mallory and wife to the educational interest of North Carolina, coming, as they do, so highly recommended as educators of girls. Shelby is one of the most desirable places in the State for a good school, surrounded by several good watering places, and fanned by the pure, healthful air from the mountains. Girls, you who read THE STUDENT, won't you go and reap the benefits of this new college? We speak from experience when we say Shelby is a good place—we've been there.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE subject of the drama just finished by Tennyson, is Robin Hood and the Men of Sherwood Forest.

—THE Boston *Globe* is said to have given eight dollars a line for Dr. O. W. Holmes' poem on the death of President Garfield.

—MR. DARWIN'S chief recreation after study was in reading novels, interest and not merit being the only point considered in the story.

—A STATUE of Byron was lately unveiled at Missolonghi, where he died. This deserved tribute was the grateful work of the Byron Society, at Athens.

—READERS of Mr. Green's *The Making of England* will be glad to know that he is continuing the story in *England and the Northmen*, which will probably be issued this year. It brings us down to the Norman conquest.

—A NEPHEW of Robert Burns is an inmate of the Glasgow poor-house. The English literary journals call for the raising of a fund for his support.

—*A History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies* is a forthcoming historical work that promises to be of considerable value. It will appear as a serial in *The Century*.

—MR. R. S. DAVIS, one of the editors of *Our Continent*, has resigned, and sold his interest in the paper; and Messrs. Ford, Howard & Hulbert, Judge Tourgee's publishers, have bought an interest, and will hereafter be represented in the management.

—GENIUS has glue on its hands, and will take hold of a marble slab.—*Prof. S. J. Wilson.*

—ON his seventieth birthday, May 7th, Mr. Robert Browning was presented by the Browning Society with a complete set of his own works.

—THOMAS GRAY is the subject of the next volume in the "English Men of Letters" series. It is to be written by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

—MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD was lately elected President of the Words-worth Society in London; and there is a probability of his receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge. He seems likely to become as famous as his father, the great Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. He is sixty years old.

—MR. LOWELL is to write a memoir of Longfellow for the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. J. Eliot Cabot will write, under authority, the life of Emerson. It would be wise to wait for these two volumes, instead of purchasing any of the number of their biographies which have so far appeared.

—*The Critic* is of the opinion that there has been a gradual advance in the immoralities of the French novel. Emile Zola's last novel caps the climax. Faithful notice is given "to decent men and women that no book so foul and vile has ever been issued by reputable French publishers." It has been translated for the American market.

—IT is understood that Emerson left voluminous manuscripts behind him, containing a large number of lectures and essays. It is probable that a considerable portion of these materials will be published.

—As we drove past a certain house, Mr. Emerson said, turning his head towards it, "There lives a good Calvinistic woman, who prays for me every day," and then, with fine, indescribable smile, "I'm glad of it."—*Whittier.*

ORIGINALITY.—This is what Goethe has to say of those who affect to be original :

You're a disciple of no school,
And own no living master's rule ;
Nor have dead men in Greece or Rome
Taught you things better learned at home;
This means, if I am not mistaking—
You're a prime fool of your own making.

—A choice Italian periodical of recent date contained an admirable review of Longfellow's career, written by Signor Bonghi, an author of high repute, and an able parliamentary debater. It shows the extent of our representative poet's influence. The author has this to say: "It is well to be a great poet; but it is well also that the peoples should gather from the delight of poetry some wholesome and elevating food for the soul. I will say that there is no better proof of the moral vigor of a nation than this, that in it such poets are born and supremely loved."

—IN the June *Eclectic* Frederick Harrison tells us that the London newspapers of a single year consume more type and paper than the printing presses of the whole world produced from the days of Guttenburg to

the French Revolution; also that the press of the world now turns out every day in legible type more matter than in Dr. Johnson's day it turned out in a year, more than in Shakspeare's it turned out in a century.

—SAMUEL WARD, in the *North American Review*, says that it was Longfellow's habit during the boiling of his coffee-kettle to work, at a standing desk, upon a translation of Dante. So soon as the kettle hissed he folded his portfolio, not to resume that work till the following morning. In this wise, by devoting ten minutes a day during many years, the lovely work grew like a coral leaf to its completion.

—THE Educational Library is the name of a series of new books on education, of the "primer" size, edited by Philip Magnus in England. The first number of the series is *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories* by Oscar Browning. His "warm and artistic sketch" begins with the theories of Plato and Aristotle, and comes down to Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Kant, and the English Public School. The second, *Old Greek Education*, by the Rev. Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, was referred to in our last issue. The name of the author guarantees a valuable and readable book.

—THE eleventh and twelfth volumes of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States* have made their appearance this year: they give account of the formation of the Constitution, American history is also illuminated by the third and fourth volumes of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*: they treat of the period of the American

Revolution. Another history of value is Dr. Edward A. Freeman's, *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First*, in two volumes, being a continuation of his *History of the Norman Conquest*.

—MR. BANCROFT'S literary career has been a remarkable one, not only for its success, but also for its long duration. The preface of the first volume of the first edition of his *History* is dated forty-eight years ago. For more than half a century, therefore, he has been devoted to the study of American history. No wonder his work has been accepted as the classic upon that subject. Though eighty-two years of age, he is still at work, and hopes to bring his narrative down to the Mexican War.

—WE heartily repeat what the London *Academy* said last year of *The Critic*: "It is not quite so old as the present year [1881], and it has already established its reputation as the first literary journal in America. We say

this advisedly." It is published fortnightly, No. 30, Lafayette Place, N. Y. It costs \$2 a year; to teachers and clergymen, \$1.60. The valuable essays which have appeared in it within the past sixteen months have been collected and published in one volume by Osgood & Co.

Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindostan is a remarkable book, not only because it is full of true poetry, but because it is English poetry written by a Hindoo girl. Toru Dutt, the author, was thirteen years of age when her father took her to Europe to learn French and English. Four years after, in 1873, she returned to Bengal; and despairing of an audience in her own land, but eager to write, she adopted English as the medium of her thought. At her early death, she left several completed manuscripts; but her fame will rest on this volume of English poems, which "will still be read when her sad story has ceased to be rehearsed."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE British Association meets this year at Southampton, beginning August 23rd. Dr. C. W. Siemens will occupy the chair. Meetings of the several sections will be held daily until August 29th. The concluding general meeting will be held August 30th.

WINTER IN THE SAHARA.—A young French traveler, M. Gorloff, lately gave to the Royal Geographical Society an account of a six months' trip in North Africa, accompanied only by two Arabs. During the whole of his

journey they had frost every night. At one time M. Gorloff and his guides were overtaken by a severe snow storm. The guides lost their way, and they were in much danger of being frozen to death. There were many in France, said M. Gorloff, who proclaim the Sahara a rich country, where fortune was to be made. He would like those persons to travel in it. He thought they would then change their opinion.

NAPHTHA AS FUEL.—The locomotives on some Russian railroads are

heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells, and up to the present time no accidents have resulted from its use. The vessels on the Caspian sea are also heated with this liquid combustible, and the cost is said to be only half as great as that of coal.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—The parties who went to Upper Egypt to observe the eclipse of the sun, May 17, were favored with good weather. Successful observations are reported from Soham, the station selected by the English, French and Italian astronomers. A fine comet was discovered close by the sun, and its position determined by photography. The spectroscopic and ocular observations, just before and during the period of totality, gave most valuable results, the darkening of the lines observed by the French astronomers indicating a luna atmosphere. The spectrum of the corona was successfully photographed for the first time.

THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.—The brothers Tocci, born in Turin in 1877, are considered to be even more curious than the famous Siamese twins. They have two well formed heads, two pairs of arms, and two thoraces, with all internal organs; but at the level of the sixth rib they coalesce into one body. They have only one abdomen, one right and one left leg. It is a curious fact that the right leg moves only under the control of the right twin (named Baptiste), while the other is movable only by the left twin (named Jacob). As a result, they are unable to walk. This left foot is deformed, and is an example of talipes

equinus. Each infant has a distinct moral personality; one cries while the other is laughing; one is awake while the other sleeps. When one is sitting up the other is in a position almost horizontal.—*Presse Medicale Belge*.

SIEGE OF THE LOCUSTS.—The rewards offered by the government have brought about the collection and destruction of 12,000 tons of locust eggs, but the siege is regarded as a failure! Poor farmers in the West!

THE CABIAI.—Dr. Saec proposes that this little animal, which is found in great abundance in South America, be domesticated and used for food. He says it fills the conditions of a meat-producer, is cleanly in its habits, cylindrical, and lazy, and requires hardly more care and nourishment than a rabbit. It would take a place between the pig and the sheep.

A SMALL STEAM ENGINE.—The smallest steam engine in the world has been constructed by an American watchmaker named Buck. The engine, with its boiler, feed pump, speed regulator, etc., occupies a space less than one square inch. The height is two-thirds of an inch, and an ordinary thimble covers the whole. There are 140 distinct pieces connected by 102 screws. The boiler is filled with three drops of water. The total weight is only one grain. The engine works perfectly.

ANCIENT CHINESE COFFINS.—A recent number of the *Celestial Empire*, referring to a discovery of some ancient graves near Shanghai, gives, says *Nature*, an interesting account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he

reached the age of forty. He would then have it painted three times every year with a species of varnish, mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and the cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade would then be placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver would be placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was placed on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation; but they crumbled to dust on exposure to the air.—*Sci. American.*

N. C. EXPERIMENT STATION.—It was organized under act of Legislature on 19th April, 1877. It was located at Chapel Hill, and, until Nov. '80, Dr. A. R. Ledoux was director. It has been removed to Raleigh, and now, under Dr. C. W. Dabney, Jr., in 10 well-fitted-up apartments in the large building of the Agricultural Department, is an honor to the State. The Report of 1881 is before us. During the year 450 samples were analyzed, including 171 of fertilizers.

LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

—The great Parliament House clock, in London, usually called the Westminster clock, is the largest in the world. It was contracted for in 1847, and started running in 1859. The hammer for striking the hours weighs 420 pounds, and falls on a bell which weighs 15 tons, and which can be heard ten miles. The main wheels are 40 inches in diameter. The clock beats two seconds; weight of pendulum ball 685 pounds; frame, 4 feet 7 inches wide; dials, 22½ feet in diameter; weight of minute hand, 200 pounds; length, 14 feet. This monster, when finished, cost \$43,670.

A BURNING LAKE.—It is said that from one of the chief naphtha wells of Russia, the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. Its depth is, however, only two feet. This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presented an imposing spectacle, the thick, black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards' distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within

three miles' distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons' clothes, and even on the food in the adjacent houses. Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth which

was saturated with it was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed.—*Scientific American.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—WE are not all here.

—“SUCCESS” is what everybody says for our late Commencement.

—PIC-NICS and fishing parties are the topics of the day now.

—Congratulate us, brother editors, on not having the “blues,” for *its dull here now* (they say.)

—PROF. POTEAT and wife have gone to Yanceyville. A happy vacation to them.

—“O, for my report!” is the common expression with the boys who think they passed all right, and with those who “fell through” also.

—DR. PRITCHARD was at Holly Spring on the 11th inst., and preached the sermon at the ordination of Rev. A. D. Hunter.

—WE had a new commencement just a week after Commencement proper. A number of girls and boys gathered in the College Hotel, and all enjoyed it, we think.

—ONE student who remained here a short time after Commencement, took a trip one day to parts unknown to us; and he will be able to relate to the boys an interesting experience when they all get back.

—THE juveniles seemed to enjoy Commencement more than any of us; and their partings were truly *scenes of sadness*.

—DR. WM. ROYALL has left for Franklin, to attend the Normal School. We congratulate our mountain friends in having secured the services of a man of a such eminence.

—THERE is reason to believe from the indications of Commencement week that the matrimonial insurance agent who recently visited this place will make some money out of the Wake Forest boys on his policies.

—GOV. JARVIS said in a short speech at Commencement, that there was not a member of the Board of Trustees who felt a greater interest in Wake Forest College than he did. He spoke of the great educational work in the State, and the prospects for even more rapid advancement in the near future. He said, also, that ours was the sixth Commencement he had attended this year, and that he was enjoying it more than he had any one before. We gladly recognize and highly appreciate the Governor's interest in the College and its work.

—ONE member of the senior class, who has distinguished himself as a devourer of Greek, Latin and French, seemed to have lost the power of restraining his feelings when the time came for him to separate from his classmates. His eyes and face had not their usual appearance. Just before he left, a Junior said to him: "Did you tell Miss —— good-bye?" "No; nor do I expect to go by there." So we think that Senior took advantage of his class in that he tried to throw off on his class the feeling produced by a member of an entirely different class.

—THIS is the first vacation that THE STUDENT has witnessed, and it is getting dull since all the boys who work for it so hard, and the many beautiful young ladies who like to read it so well, are gone. The silence of the office seems to say to us that the boys ought to work for THE STUDENT during vacation, so that we may all have a joyful reunion in September. And we would like to say something pretty to the ladies who visited us. We ought to have done so while they were here, and if we didn't it is not our fault, for our mouth has been sore ever since.

—IT is always a pleasure and privilege for those who know Dr. William Royall to sit and hear his words of wisdom and counsel, and it was peculiarly so with us this morning, as we found the Doctor in reasonable health and good spirits. He was elated to note the fact that "the Royall Family" were all together, enjoying a social reunion, both of children and grandchildren. And especially was

this truly enjoyable, as it has been eighteen years since the children of the "Royal Family" met at one place. The family now numbers in all twenty-one.

—AT a late meeting of the editors of THE STUDENT it was agreed that each editor should tell us through THE STUDENT something of his commencement experiences, and since all have scattered, we have been thinking what that agreement should include. It could not have meant how many friends we met. Of course it did not refer to our sweethearts, for they are strange things to college boys. However, brother editors, we would like to have a line of your experience for next number, if not for this. As to our own experience—well, we'll not "break the ice," but in telling a very intimate lady friend some of our Thursday night's experience, (and it was not exactly what we wished in every way), she remarked that she saw us occupying a certain seat either in the Phi. or Eu. Hall, or in the Library or Reading Room—we will not say which—and that she feared for us then as she knew herself (not by experience, of course) that that was an "unlucky seat"—or rather, unlucky "corner." However, as we don't know that all of the "editorial staff" will do so, we will not give any definite expression, but wait awhile, in the meantime wondering what the consequences will be. But, really, we didn't mean to say that things were left so indefinite—surely that lady was right about that "unlucky corner"—for you see we have forgotten, and have "sold" ourself already.

—Quot homines, tot sententiae. We never have seen this so fully exemplified as during Commencement days; for every one said that "his girl was the best and the sweetest," and could not be persuaded to abandon his opinion, nor be convinced that he was wrong, though every boy in college contended that *his* "girl was the best." We didn't say much then, but think now upon serious reflection, that they were all wrong, but would have been exactly right if they could all have had a "girl" exactly like ours.

—FRIDAY evening, June 2nd, at $7\frac{1}{2}$ p. m., the students in a body assembled in the College Chapel in a grand mass meeting of the two Literary Societies. Chas. A. Smith acted as President, and E. H. Freeman, Secretary. A committee of arrangements had been previously appointed by the Societies, and they announced that the order of business and the object of the mass meeting was to discuss the interest of THE STUDENT. By special selections, there were speeches by Messrs. Briggs, Dixon, Herring and Beckwith; and then speeches by many others. All expressed bright hopes for THE STUDENT, and the sentiment seemed to be very general that the students were all going to work hard for THE STUDENT during the vacation weeks, and we were assured that next year THE STUDENT will have a more extended circulation. We trust that the boys will be as zealous in effort this summer as they were in speech in the mass meeting.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Monday, the threshold of Commencement is upon us, and a glorious

day it is—not a cloud to shut off the sunshine, and just warm enough to be pleasant. Things began to assume a Commencement aspect as early in the week as this. Visitors were coming in on every train. Usually the dullest day of the whole college year, this Commencement was a marked and agreeable exception. Ennui was a complaint which afflicted no one this year. The unusual number of visitors so early in the week, as well as an increased interest in the contest for the declaimer's medal Monday evening, were undoubtedly the causes of the change. Monday evening, the usual time at $7\frac{1}{2}$, the smaller chapel was well filled by the students and visitors to listen to the declaimers. These were twelve in number, six chosen from each Society, and we would say they were very judiciously chosen.

All displayed marked oratorical ability and acquitted themselves well and to the credit of their respective Societies. They declaimed in the following order: Mr. G. A. Norwood, of Charleston, S. C., opening the ball. Mr. Ed. S. Alderman, of Wilmington, N. C., was the next speaker, and he was followed by Messrs. G. C. Briggs, Asheville, N. C.; W. R. Morrison, Wilmington, N. C.; J. L. White, Shelby, N. C.; L. L. Jenkins, Charlotte, N. C.; W. F. Marshall, Louisburg, N. C.; G. P. Bostick, Shelby, N. C.; H. P. Markham, Durham, N. C.; Thos. Dixon, Shelby, N. C.; D. L. Herring, Pender county, N. C., and O. G. Jones, Rockingham county, N. C.

Revs. J. H. Mundy and Jno. Mitchell, of Murfreesboro, and W. P. Blake, of Weldon, had been requested by

President Pritchard to act as judges, and after a consultation, they unanimously awarded the medal to Thomas Dixon, of Shelby, N. C. His declamation was a selection from the writings of George Hoey, and entitled "Asleep at the Switch."

Dr. Mitchell, chairman of the committee, spoke in very complimentary terms of the oratorical ability displayed by all the declaimers, and remarked that it was a source of great pride and gratification to the friends and trustees of the College that so great an interest was taken in this branch of learning. Kessnech's Band had arrived in time to add to the enjoyment of the evening, as well as the remainder of the Commencement exercises, a statement wholly unnecessary to those who were present.

TUESDAY.

Every incoming train, morning, noon and night, brought more visitors, and by 8 o'clock p. m., the crowd in attendance was large enough to fill the large Memorial Hall, the next to the largest, if not the largest, in the State. The occasion of the assembly was the address before the Alumni Association, and after a short, fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, President Pritchard introduced Council S. Wooten, Esq., of La Grange, N. C., as the Alumni orator, announcing as his theme "The Sixteenth Century." Fortunate in the selection of a subject so replete with interest, he held the attention of his audience for more than an hour, with a speech well written, and evidently the result of wide reading, much study and a thorough knowledge of his sub-

ject. The Political, Religious and Scientific events of the sixteenth century were presented in a style original and interesting; and their influence and bearing upon the political, philosophical and religious institutions of to-day formed the line of thought that was presented. The vacancies before and after the address were filled in by some excellent selections from the band. Clever gentlemen are those Richmond fellows, and making music is an art manfully understood among them.

WEDNESDAY.—DR. DEEMS' ADDRESS.

Dr. Deems, in the beginning of his address, paid his audience a very delicate compliment, stating that he would take it for granted they were sufficiently well acquainted with the progress of the age to have noticed the tendencies in thought peculiar to it. He stated in support of his idea in selecting his subject that it was one of vital importance, saying, however, that he would not mention it either in the start or in the course of the delivery of his address, or at its completion, leaving it to be inferred from what he should say. He might have made selection of a patriotic theme, or one expressive of his love and admiration of North Carolina. He might have selected a funny subject, as no man of North Carolina knew more funny yarns than he except Senator Vance. He had had a wide field from which to choose, and had determined that the theme of his address to-day should be the one most conducive to the future interests of his hearers. He then proceeded to show its importance, and in a very few minutes we settled upon

"The 19th Century, as a Superstitious Age," as the topic which Dr. Deems was arguing, for his address was in the nature of an argument. He first spoke of the superstitions of our day, as compared with those of past ages. The 19th century after Christ, he said, was as superstitious as the 19th century before Christ; the difference was that, like the Indian with his log, the log of superstitious belief had only been shifted from one shoulder to the other, and had lost none of its organized form and power. Dividing his subject into two great heads, superstition of mind and matter, he first directed his remarks towards the departments of philosophy and chemical science. Taking up logic he proved theoretically and practically it was entirely a superstition; the keystone of logic is the syllogism. We take for granted the major premise before we can arrive at the conclusion. That all men are mortal is a well recognized truth; we believe it, but we can't prove it. History tells us the world has been populated for centuries; these people have died; we've known, perhaps, a hundred who have died; but we accept the premise that all men are mortal because it can't be controverted. He treated the subjects, light, air and heat, showing the accepted theories in regard to them to be instances of superstitious belief entirely.

Superstition is a belief which, if true, cannot be proven, and if false, its falsity cannot be verified. This was his general definition of the term, and its application to logic, and the theories of light, heat and air, were apt and pointed. Especially original and

striking was his application of his idea in regard to the superstitions connected with the theory of air. Atomical particles of ether, the interspatial element filling in the interspaces in the atmosphere, are inconceivable, but the theory is accepted as true; a matter of faith. From mind he came to matter. Taking up the atomical theory, in a very beautiful deductive argument, the Doctor showed it to be wholly a matter of superstition. It was not his intention to make a fight on science. He believed in it. It was an illustration of an idea of his—things that can be verified are *useful*; things that cannot be verified are *indispensable*. The doctrines of science are indispensable. The tenor of the whole address was to prove that faith must necessarily enter into the intellectual make-up of our people, and that science and religion were developed from the same foundation, fostered by the same mother, and if science was a necessary constituent of our age, religion must be equally so. A subject more appropriate could not have been chosen, and the masterly manner in which it was handled showed the deep research the Doctor had made in regard to it. It was a masterpiece of its own kind, and will afford food for thought for years to come to all who had the pleasure of hearing it. A report to do justice to the excellence of the address could not be made from a synopsis, and we regret our inability to give a more complete account of it. A publication of it complete was earnestly desired, but in answer to our request the Doctor stated that he wished "to shoot it again," and would prefer that only a synopsis be given.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Dr. J. R. Graves, editor of the Memphis *Baptist*, is a celebrated Baptist polemic, and it was expected, first, that he would be strongly denominational in his sermon, and secondly, that he would preach, as he usually does, from two to three hours. He surprised the public in both particulars. The sermon did not contain a strictly sectarian thought, and was finished in an hour and ten minutes, and a grand sermon it was, too. Taking the history of the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, he gracefully, elaborately and eloquently set forth the elements of moral courage as required on the part of Christians in this age and country. The discourse made a profound impression upon the audience, and won much good will for the speaker. This is the second sermon before the graduating class which Dr. Graves has preached at Wake Forest, having performed a similar service twenty-six years ago.

THURSDAY.

[From News and Observer.]

This morning's exercises were begun by a most fervent prayer by Dr. Skinner, of Raleigh. He invoked the blessings of the Most High on the young gentlemen now graduating.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

President Pritchard then introduced Mr. Charles A. Smith, of Gates county, who delivered the salutatory address. Mr. Smith spoke feelingly and eloquently of the adieu soon to take place. His speech was replete with poetic beauty of expression. He said, "Labor must win." His effort was a decided success. He was applauded

at his conclusion, and was made the recipient of a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of Harnett county, next delivered a fine and impressive address on "Two Things to Do—Think and Act." His argument showed that he was fully informed on his subject. His quotations from history displayed a thorough knowledge of his theme, and his speech was delivered in an oratorical and finished style. His oration was attentively listened to. He was also presented with a lovely bouquet of blushing roses, at the conclusion, and sat down amid much applause.

Mr. T. B. Wilder, of Louisburg, was the next orator. His subject was "The Old North State." He spoke of the proud title of being called a "Roman" in ancient days. Now it is equally so to be called an "American citizen." He deemed it a still prouder thing to be called a "North Carolinian." He spoke eloquently of the part taken in the late war by the Old North State, and her patient, patriotic course since the cessation of hostilities. He wanted to know why our young men should go abroad for education instead of being educated at home. His speech was well delivered, and contained many truths that our people should know and heed. The conclusion of his speech was rewarded with hearty, patriotic applause, as was evinced by the heels and slapping of hands of his audience. He gracefully acknowledged the presentation of a lovely bouquet.

Mr. E. G. Beckwith, of Wake county, spoke next. His theme was "The Tongue to Sound, the Thought to

Soar." He impressively described the powers of the tongue, in oratorical speech, and the soft, fascinating notes of a musical voice. The influences of oratory on man, and music on all animated nature. He described the force of thought in ancient and modern times in producing results on men and things. He lucidly described the unbounded space of thought, of its far-reaching power, &c. His speech was noted for its profoundness, and was well delivered. He was the recipient of much applause, together with a pretty boquet, at the conclusion of his oration.

Mr. J. W. Fleetwood, of Northampton county, then spoke. His theme was "The Debt which our Age Imposes." He spoke of the fraud that men in even the smallest offices were guilty of now-a-days; said that we needed purer men to instill the right doctrines into our children; spoke of the great good accomplished by such men as Peabody and others who had done so much for the human race, and concluded with an eloquent appeal to the best impulses of men to go forward in the great work of good for mankind. His speech was a capital effort, and his delivery was easy and graceful. Applause followed his conclusion.

Mr. D. W. Herring, of Pender county, was next introduced, and delivered an oration entitled, "Will, the Rudder; Talent the Ship." His impressive style, forceful diction and bearing on the rostrum showed him to be an orator. He forcibly described the relations of the different heads of his subject, one with the other. He feelingly portrayed life's passions, pleasures and disappointments.

He spoke of the obscurity of the birth of some of our greatest men, and the force of the strong will that placed them in the front rank of mankind. Mr. Herring will prepare himself for the ministry, and then go as a missionary to convert the "heathen Chinee." He is a young man with all the elements of success in him. His speech was loudly applauded.

Mr. W. J. Ferrell, of Wake county, was next introduced, and delivered a fine address on "Red-Tape." He said that the influence of "Red-tape" is all-powerful. He spoke of odiousness. He denounced the modern use of it. He declared that Longfellow never said a truer thing than that "things are not as they seem." He described the use of "Red-tape" in politics. He eulogized the Polish patriot Sobieski, and compared his purity of character with the baseness of Napoleon's "Red-tapeism." He graphically described the fawning votary of power and the man who manfully resists its insidious influences. His speech was originally expressed, and received well merited attention throughout. He was applauded, and received flowers from some fair admirer at his conclusion.

Mr. O. L. Springfield, of Pender county, spoke next, his subject being "Big Hearts." He spoke of the relation of intellect to the heart, and said the influence of brain on the heart was sympathetic, but sometimes instead of intellect we find only appetite. He touchingly portrayed the impulses of the human heart. Said conventionalities of society could not stay the impulses of the heart in its congenial

desires. He spoke feelingly and easily, and concluded by appealing to the tender sympathies of the ladies, which was applauded to the echo, especially by his fair hearers.

Mr. W. T. Lewellyn, of Surry county, next spoke, choosing the subject of "Magnanimity." His comprehensive subject was handled with a degree of ease and graceful gesture which would have done credit to a man long accustomed to speech-making. He beautifully pictured the outrage that "magnanimity" so often received from jealousy. He cited many cases of noted men, both ancient and modern, who practiced magnanimity, and the good resulting therefrom. Said, "Let the inscriptions on the monuments in every Southern State testify to the patriotism of the Southern soldier." He was much applauded for his patriotic speech.

The valedictory address was delivered by Mr. H. G. Holding, of Wake Forest. Mr. Holding feelingly bade his class-mates, the faculty, and his fellow college-mates, "farewell." He pathetically spoke of the ties that for four long years had so intimately associated them together, which must now be sundered. His address was so touchingly delivered that hardly a dry eye remained in the crowded hall.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

At the conclusion of the valedictory, President Pritchard proceeded to confer the degrees upon the graduating class, and in doing so said: "Bacon has said that history is philosophy teaching by example. Perhaps I can better enforce the few lessons I wish to impress upon your minds by referring to a young man, whose story is

told in the Old Testament—the name of that man was Samson. He was distinguished in his birth, education, supernatural strength, and in the mission given him, to deliver his country from Philistine bondage. Grand possibilities were before him—extraordinary endowments were bestowed upon him, and yet his life was a comparative failure. Instead of becoming a mighty conqueror and liberating his people, he himself became a blind captive—was made to perform the labors of a female slave, and at last destroyed himself in the vengeance he inflicted upon his enemies. Samson was a failure because he did not recognize and appreciate the importance and dignity of his mission. He had no settled purpose in life, which he pursued with undeviating energy; he was indolent, and he was a sensualist. These points were developed as applicable to the young men of the class about to enter into life, and enforced in terms of affectionate interest.

The recipients of degrees were as follows: Bachelor of Science, T. B. Wilder; Bachelor of Letters, O. L. Stringfield; Bachelor of Arts, E. G. Beckwith, W. J. Ferrell, J. W. Fleetwood, D. W. Herring, C. A. Smith, E. E. Hilliard, W. T. Lewellyn; Master of Arts, H. G. Holding.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.

Upon invitation from President Pritchard, those entitled to medals presented themselves on the rostrum. The "French Medal" was presented to Thomas Dixon, of Shelby, by Dr. T. E. Skinner, in a few happy, jocose remarks, which produced mountainous merriment. "The Latin Medal" was presented to A. T. Robertson, of

Statesville, by Rev. R. R. Savage. "The Silcox Greek Medal" was presented to W. F. Marshall, of Louisburg, by Rev. O. F. Gregory, in a short address of good wishes. "The Phi. Society Essay Medal" was presented to D. W. Herring, of Pender county, by Gov. Jarvis, in an address laden with patriotic sentiments, characteristic of our noble Governor. His Excellency's remarks were loudly applauded. "The College Medal," for best declamation, was presented to Thomas Dixon, of Shelby, by N. B. Broughton, Esq., with a few remarks appropriately spoken. "The Philomathesian Medal," for improvement in oratory, was presented to E. H. Freeman, of Wilmington, by Rev. Mr. Blake, in a short speech. "The Euzeilian Essay Medal," was presented to Thomas Dixon, of Shelby, by W. N. Jones, Esq., who made some *cradlestic* wishes for the presentee's future. "The Euzeilian Medal," for improvement in debate, was presented to Mr. E. H. Horton, by Rev. A. G. McMannaway.

President Pritchard next read the names of students who were proficient in their studies.

Dr. T. E. Skinner now came forward and said he wished to make a few remarks to the President of the College. He said Dr. Pritchard had addressed 60,000 people in this State on the subject of education. His remarks were serio-jocular. He spoke of the loss the State would sustain in losing Dr. Pritchard, but he felt it would not be long before he would return; that the people of North Carolina would not let him stay away. He

smilingly suggested that when he bought a ticket for Louisville that he should also buy a "return" one. He complimented the Doctor as being the prince among preachers. In bidding Dr. Pritchard good-bye, Dr. Skinner was so much affected that he could scarcely articulate. The scene was one to be long remembered by those who witnessed it. Men and women wept copiously. To check this sad scene Dr. Skinner turned to the new-elected President, Rev. A. C. Dixon, who was sitting on the rostrum, but who has not yet signified his intention as to whether he will accept the position or not, and said, referring to Mr. Dixon's late call to the pastorate of a church in Baltimore: "How can you, who are still so young, leave your mother (this State)?" This remark dried up the tears and produced laughter again. After again taking a farewell handshake with the retiring President, he sorrowfully sat down.

Dr. Pritchard advanced to the front of the rostrum and for a few minutes could scarcely speak, he was so overcome by the occasion. He said his heart was too full now for utterance; he could not express his feelings; that wherever he might go he could never forget his native land and his dear friends left behind. In conclusion he said that the man above all others he most desired to fill his place had been chosen by the trustees: that he believed that the hand of God had directed their judgment. He closed by feelingly saying that if it pleased God to send him back to his birth-land, he would return with eagerness and pleasure. After this the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Wil-

liam Royall, and everybody retired for dinner.

Thus closed the college exercises for this season.

WINGATE HALL.

Wingate Hall in the evening was again crowded with ladies, ravishingly lovely in their beauty, and gay young gallants, and courting and flirting ruled the hour. The sweet music discoursed by the band lent an additional charm to the evening too enjoyable to be described. To say that this Commencement has been a success is putting it too weak; it has been more than a success.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity

was conferred on the following gentlemen by the Faculty: A. J. Emmer-
son, President of William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri; Rev. J. A. Mundy, Warrenton, North Carolina, and Rev. F. H. Ivey, Goldsboro, North Carolina.

John E. Ray, Esq., was elected President; Prof. L. R. Mills, Secretary, and Prof. W. G. Simmons, Treasurer, of the Alumni Society for the ensuing year.

We return our thanks for courtesies to the President and others during our stay at the College. Our best wishes will follow Dr. Pritchard wherever he may go.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI---THE CLASS OF '70.

Ten years are past, two more besides,

Again we see Commencement day ;
The days have gone with rapid strides,
The years have sped how swift away.

Twelve years ago their school-days ended,
A band of six, three beardless boys,
By three of riper years attended,
Received their share of graduate joys.

The honored Wingate then was here,
To us the parting words he gave ;
The tones still linger in the ear,
The words reëcho from his grave :

"A purpose true, a mission grand,
To this, life's thoughts and actions give ;
Though you may fall, your work shall stand,
A mission have, and for it live."

The farewells said, Commencement past,
We turned with sadness from the place ;
We little thought that look the last
Upon the dear, familiar face.

Scarce one year sped, and Seawell slept,
A faithful preacher, loved by all ;

True hearts and eyes in sadness wept ;

Our band was broken by his fall.

The years sped on, we wandered wide,

To Texas, Georgia, Tennessee ;

Come, let's recount what ills betide,

What good to you, what good to me.

We've plowed and sowed, with zeal we've
wrought,

In sunny field or busy mart,

Sometimes "the young idea" taught,

By preaching sought to reach the heart.

Twelve years ago—six in our band—

Now Seawell's gone, the rest survive ;

Here's Royall, Fowler, Brewer, Bland,

And Greene ; we now are only five.

Now, class of seventy, one and all,

Where have ye gone ? What toil ? what strife ?

What do ye now ? What lots befall ?

And tell me, too, has each a wife ?

Come, write to me, Moravian Falls ;

The county, Wilkes ; the state, N. C. ;

Now who will heed my friendly calls ?

You know my name,

G. W. G. .

—'70. This class was composed of six members. Of these C. M. Seawell, a promising young minister, died within a year of graduation. Mr. R. E. Royall is in the turpentine business in Georgia. Rev. William Bland is teaching and preaching in Sampson county. Mr. M. L. Fowler is farming in Wake county. Mr. S. W. Brewer is in business in Raleigh. Rev. G. W.

Green is Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, and preaches to three churches. All these, except Mr. Bland, attended the late Commencement.

—'77. E. B. Jones, Esq., is practicing law in Fayetteville, N. C. He delivered the annual address at the recent Commencement of Moravian Falls Academy.

WORTH REPEATING.

COMMENCEMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SWEDEN.

[From LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.]

Upsala is a town dear to Sweden, not only on account of its great antiquity, but because it has been for centuries its great seat of learning. Upsala is essentially a university town; it has a population of about 16,000; the river Furisan flows through it, and the streets are wide, and paved with cobblestones. The University dates from 1249, and its revival under Gustaf Adolf, from 1613. In order to be admitted the student has to pass a successful examination at one of the high schools. Formerly the examination was held at Upsala. The medical course occupies from five to seven years, and that of philosophy and law from four to five years. No man in Sweden can be a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor, unless he has graduated at Upsala or Lund, the two Universities of Sweden. The Rector of the University, who is changed every year, is chosen from among the professors. The students are divided into nations, according to the provinces or *lans* to which they belong; each nation has a building or suite of rooms of its own, used as a place of meeting for the members, and a library—the young men lodging in different parts of the town. They lead the joyous life of the students of Germany, with this difference, that the custom of duelling is unknown. * * *

The day after my arrival I witness-

ed the graduation ceremonies. At 9:30 a. m., the old graduates of the University met, and marched in procession to the cathedral. They had come from every part of the country to do honor to their alma mater; and among their number were governors of provinces, noblemen, officers in uniform, judges, lawyers, merchants, farmers, and white-headed men bent with age. Those who were not in uniform were arrayed in full evening dress, with high silk hats—for the Swede is precise, and even formal, on gala occasions. In deference to the custom of the place I had put on a dress-coat, but unfortunately I had no high hat with me, and therefore wore a Panama hat. When I joined the procession I felt quite uncomfortable; but it could not be helped, and so, two by two, we marched to the cathedral, the dense crowd in the streets looking at us, and now and then, by voice or gesture, showing that they recognized some of the great men of the country in the ranks. The students, in dress-coats, followed the procession of their elders, and all entered the old brick pile which constitutes the cathedral of Upsala.

The large building was crowded to suffocation, almost entirely by ladies, who were tastefully but simply dressed according to Swedish custom; the variegated colors of their attire added

to the interest of the scene. The body of the church was reserved for the students, all of whom wore their white caps. One of the student-ushers, whose badge was a red scarf, kindly took charge of me, and gave me a good seat. In front of the altar was a large body of collegians, all in evening dress, who were the musicians of the occasion. Near them was a brilliant cluster of young ladies, one of whom, a distinguished soloist, was a Norwegian. A platform, from which the degrees were to be given, was occupied by the Chancellor and Faculty of the University; while in front were venerable men who had graduated half a century before. All classes were mingled in the crowd: the *flicka*, with her handkerchief over her head, was there by the side of the grand dame.

The ceremonies began with a grand chorus by the young ladies, in which a few male voices blended; this lasted about half an hour. Then, after a short pause, the Rector delivered a speech in Latin, occupying about twenty-five minutes, but receiving little attention. This was a part of the programme required by custom. At the conclusion of the address he placed upon his own head a crown of oak leaves. This seemed to be the signal for a peal of four guns, the echoes of which reverberated among the arches of the old cathedral. Then the grand chorus again burst forth in a superb strain, singing a song composed by one of the students. As the name of each graduate was called, and the crown of laurel was placed upon his head, the booming of a cannon was heard; he then received his diploma.

After this ceremony there was more singing, and then two of the graduates, *Primus* and *Secundus*, ascended the platform and delivered the valedictory in Latin.

As I looked at the crowd around me, I thought I could recognize, by their beaming faces, the fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the scholars who had passed the ordeal. Some of the young men had just been married, and others were about to be. Years of study had been rewarded on this day, and the graduates, who were the heroes, walked through the streets with their crowns on their heads. Their joyful student life was over; the time for parting had come; but their dear Upsala and *alma mater* were never to be forgotten.

MORALITY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

[From OUR CONTINENT.]

To training in morals and manners the public school gives little or no attention. As, in deference to the wish of a portion of our population, the reading of the Bible is not allowed in many school-rooms, so in the fear that the State may offend some skeptical philosopher by teaching his son that there is a God or that he has a conscience, nearly all ethical training has been abolished.

The reasons for the introduction of direct instruction in morals into the system of public schools are of great weight.

The present is an age of young criminals. Burglaries are committed by boys fifteen years old. Not a few murderers have lately been convicted

who have not passed out of their teens. In 1881 a boy who had hardly entered his teens was sentenced to prison for killing his playmate. In all the cities a large proportion of offenses are committed by those who are still young. Doubtless many of these offenders know the difference between the right and the wrong with considerable clearness, but it is also certain that this difference has never been forcibly impressed upon them. The parents of many of them are either unable or unwilling to teach them the art of right living. The Sunday School they never attended, or if they have been in its classes the teaching has related to their duty rather to God than to their fellow-men. To prevent this law-breaking and criminality by young offenders, the public school should teach morality.

For the welfare of the State, of society and of the individual himself, the public school should afford instruction in moral principles.

It is not difficult to indicate with some exactness the nature of that moral instruction which the public school should give. It should plainly embrace the duties owed to one's self, as the duty of self-improvement, including the care of the body and the discipline of the mind. Economy and industry too should be emphasized as duties which each boy and girl should render to themselves. The duties, however, that are due to others should be made most prominent. The duty

of the citizen to the State and of the individual to society are comprehensive and important. Concerning respect for human life and for property and regard for the truth, the teaching should be explicit. The relation of the members of a family to each other furnishes a subject upon which the school can shed light into the minds of many children. Likewise benevolence, courtesy and respect for superiors suggest a field of duty that every child should know well. The rights of animals should also be made clear to those whose pets are rabbits, cats and dogs.

The school has also the right to teach the duties owed to a Supreme Power just so far as the State demands that these duties be paid. To what extent the State does make this demand opinions would differ, but it is clear that the State requires the citizen to recognize a Supreme Being to whom he is responsible. It does this in its courts of justice. At least to this extent the school should instruct the pupil in his duties to a Higher Power.

The present demand for instruction in morals is widely-spread and urgent. From many parts inquiry is made for books of a more simple and practical character than the ordinary text book on moral philosophy suitable for use in the common school. It is believed that within a decade instruction in morals will be as universal in the American schools as is now instruction in grammar.

THE KING OF THE PLOW.

[From HOME AND FARM.]

I.

The sword is re-sheathed in its scabbard,
The rifle hangs safe on the wall ;
No longer we quail at the hungry
Hot rush of the ravenous ball—
The war-cloud has hurled its last lightning,
Its last awful thunders are still,
While the Demon of Conflict in Hades
Lies fettered in force as in will :
Above the broad fields that he ravaged,
What monarch rules blissfully now ?
Oh ! crown him with bays that are bloodless—
The King, the brave King of the Plow.

II.

A King ! aye ! what ruler more potent
Has ever swayed earth by his nod ?
A monarch ! aye, *more* than a monarch—
A homely, but bountiful God !
He stands where in earth's sure protection
The seed-grains are scattered and sown,
To uprise in serene resurrection
When Spring her soft trumpet has blown !
A monarch ! yea, *more* than a monarch,
Though toil-drops *are* thick on his brow ;
O ! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
The King, the strong King of the Plow !

III.

Through the shadow and shine of past ages,
(While tyrants were blinded with blood)
He reared the pure ensign of Ceres
By meadow, and mountain and flood—
And the long, leafy gold of his harvests
The earth-sprites and air-sprites had spun,
Grew rhythmic when swept by the breezes,
Grew royal when kissed by the sun ;

Before the stern charm of his patience
 What rock-rooted forces must bow !
 Come ! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
 The King, the bold King of the Plow !

IV.

Through valleys of balm-dropping myrtles,
 By banks of Arcadian streams,
 Where the wind-songs are set to the mystic
 Mild murmur of passionless dreams ;
 On the storm-haunted uplands of Thule,
 By ice-girdled fiords and floes,
 Alike speeds the spell of his godhood,
 The bloom of his heritage glows :
 A monarch ! yea, *more* than a monarch—
 All climes to his prowess must bow ;
 Come ! crown him with bays that are stainless—
 The King, the brave King of the Plow.

V.

Far, far in earth's uttermost future,
 As boundless of splendor as scope,
 I see the fair Angel—FRUITION,
 Outspeed his high heralds of hope ;
 The roses of joy rain around him,
 The lillies of sweetness and calm,
 For the sword has been changed to the plowshare,
 The lion lies down with the lamb !
O ! angel majestic ! We know thee,
Though raised and transfigured art thou,
This lord of life's grand consummation
Was once the smart King of the Plow !

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

[From ST. NICHOLAS.]

Longfellow loved all children, and had a word for them whenever he met them.

At a concert, going early with her father, a little girl espied Mr. Longfellow sitting alone, and begged that

she might go and speak to him. Her father, himself a stranger, took the liberty of introducing his little daughter Edith to the poet.

"Edith?" said Mr. Longfellow tenderly. "Ah! I have an Edith, too; but *my* baby Edith is twenty years old." And he seated the child beside him, taking her hand in his, and ma-

ing her promise to come and see him at his house in Cambridge.

"What is the name of your sled, my boy?" he said to a small lad, who came tugging one up the road toward him on a winter morning.

"It's 'Evangeline'. Mr. Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline.' Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?" answered the little fellow, as he ran by, doubtless wondering at the smile on the face of the pleasant gray-haired gentleman.

Professor Monti, who witnessed the pretty scene, tells the story of a little girl who last Christmas inquired the way to the poet's house, and asked if she could just step inside the yard; and he relates how Mr. Longfellow, being told she was there, went to the door and called her in, and showed her the "clock on the stairs," and many other interesting things about the house, leaving his little guest with beautiful memories of that Christmas day to carry all through her life. This was characteristic of the poet's hospitality, delicate and courteous and thoughtful to all who crossed his threshold.

It is often said, and with reason, that we Americans do not think enough of manners—that politeness of behavior which comes from genuine sympathy and a delicate perception of others' feelings. Certainly our young people might look to Mr. Longfellow as a model in this respect. He was a perfect gentleman, in the best sense of that term, always considerate, and quick to see where he might do a kindness, or say a pleasant word.

A visitor one day told him in conversation of a young lady relative, or

friend, who had sent to Mr. Longfellow the message that he was the one man in the world she wanted to see.

"Tell her," said the poet, instantly, "that she is the one young lady in the world whom I want to see."

Some young girls, from a distant part of the country, having been about Cambridge sight-seeing, walked to Mr. Longfellow's house, and venturing within the gate, sat down upon the grass. He passed them there, and turning back, said:

"Young ladies, you are uncomfortably seated. Won't you come into the house?"

They were overjoyed at the invitation, and on entering, Mr. Longfellow insisted upon their taking lunch with him. They saw that the table was set for four, and were beginning to be mortified at finding themselves possible intruders upon other guests. They so expressed themselves to their host, who put them at ease at once, saying that it was only his regular lunch with his children, and they would be happy to wait.

One of a group of school-girls whom he had welcomed to his house sent him, as a token of gratitude, an iron pen, made from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, and a bit of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, ornamented with precious stones from three continents. He wrote his thanks in a poem which must be very precious to the giver—"Beautiful Helen of Maine"—to whom he says of her gift that it is to him—

"As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree."

Longfellow's courtesy was as un-

failing as the demands upon it were numerous and pressing. Very few imagine what a tax it is upon the time of our more prominent authors simply to write the autographs which are requested of them. He almost invariably complied with such requests, when made in a proper manner, wearisome as it must often have been to do so. Not long since he had a letter from a Western boy, who sent his name, desiring him to translate it into every language he knew, and send it back to him with his autograph! The poet was much amused at the request, but it is doubtful whether he found time to gratify that boy.

Still another incident related of him is that he was one day walking in a garden with a little five-years maiden who was fond of poetry, and occasionally "made up some" herself.

"I, too, am fond of poetry," he said to her. "Suppose you give me a little of yours this beautiful morning?"

"Think," cried he, afterward, to a friend, throwing up his hands, his eyes sparkling with merriment—"think what her answer was! She said: 'Oh, Mr. Longfellow, it doesn't always come when you want it!' Ah me—how true, how true."

DON'T LET THEM BURY ME DEEP!

Lift me a bit in my bed, father;
Press your warm lips to my cheek;
Put your arm under my head, father—
I am so tired and so weak.
I cannot stay long awake now—
Many a night I shall sleep.
Promise one thing for my sake, now—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Cover my bed with sweet flowers, father,
Those I so well loved to see,
So, in the long lonely hours, father,
They'll be companions for me.
If I should wake in the night, then,
Their lips my sad face would sweep,
Make my grave cheerful and bright, then—
Don't let them bury me deep!

When to the church you all go, father,
At the sweet Sabbath bell's tone,
I shall be dreary, you know, father,
Lying out there all alone.
Hang my bird near in a tree, then—
Watch over me he will keep.
He will sing sweet hymns to me, then—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Call on me whene'er you pass father,
Where by your side I oft ran;

Put your face down on the grass, father,
 Near to my own as you can,
 If I could look up and hear you,
 Into your arms I would creep ;
 Let me sometimes nestle near you—
 Don't let them bury me deep !

Look ! who has come for me now, father,
 Standing so near to my bed ?
 Some one is kissing my brow, father—
 Mamma, I thought you were dead !
 See ! she is smiling so bright to you,
 Beckons for you not to weep ;
 'Tis not good-by, but good-night to you—
 They cannot bury me deep !

LOST, A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone
 Just twenty years ago,
 A laughing, rollicking fellow,
 It would do you good to know ;
 Since then we have not seen him,
 And we say, with a nameless pain,
 The boy that we knew and loved so
 We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
 Comes home to us to-day,
 But this is not the dear fellow
 We kissed and sent away.
 Tall as the man he calls father,
 With a man's look in his face,
 Is he who takes by the hearthstone
 The lost boy's ooden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
 Wherever the lost boy went ;
 This man has a smile most winsome,
 His eyes have a great intent,
 We know he is thinking and planning
 His way in the world of men,
 And we cannot help but love him,
 But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
 Who comes to take his place,
 Who hints of the vanished boyhood
 In his earnest, thoughtful face ;
 And yet comes back the longing
 For the boy we must henceforth miss,
 Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
 Forever with a kiss.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.**IN MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW.**

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him :

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

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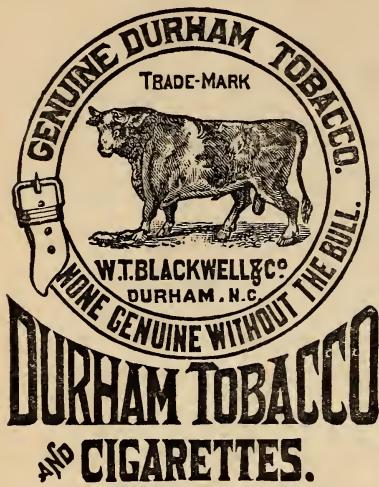
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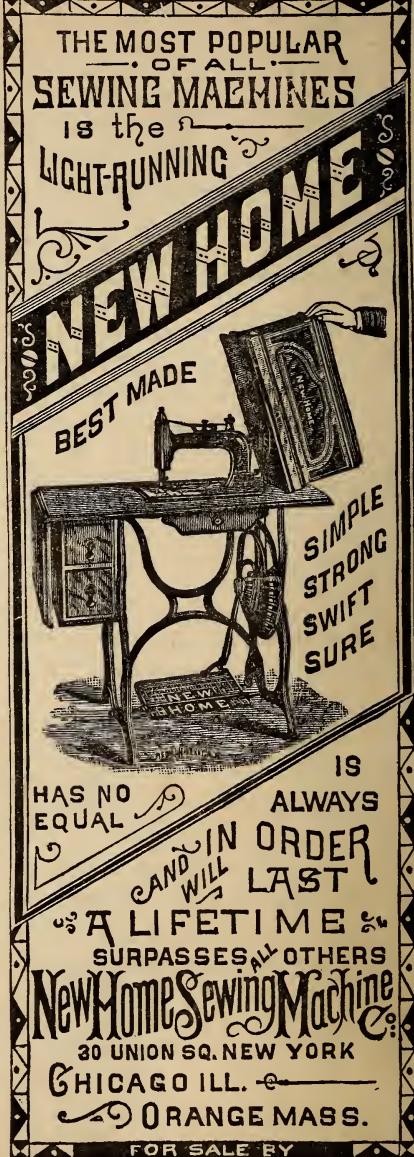
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UNITED STATES BONDS.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

At 12 M., Thursday, April 6th, 1865, I was ordered to take out my sharpshooters and run Sheridan's cavalry a little. Thirty-six hours of continuous marching does render the legs so limber and supple, and tones up the nervous system so well, that when to that is added three days of fasting, one is in fine condition for running foot-races with cavalry. We went at them and drove them through pines and undergrowth for a half-a-mile or more, and then were ordered to move to the right and rear till the right of our line rested on the northern banks of Sailor's Creek. My part of the line halted in a lovely red-clay gully on the bluffs between the hills and low-lands. I say lovely, for however the old red-clay gullies of Virginia may have appeared to the eye of the average farmer, they were always lovely to the eye of the old sharp-shooter.

On the south side of the creek a great battle was in progress, and the old brigade was charging gallantly in plain view, within two hundred yards

of me. Though starving and worn out by the long harassing retreat from Petersburg, our men showed the same desperate courage which always characterized the Army of Northern Virginia. The 26th Virginia Regiment came from the South, May 7th, 1864, with 750 muskets; after the Crater fight, July 30th, we had 41. We began the Spring Campaign, March 29th, 1865, with 250; at the battle of Sailor's Creek I had 13 with me, and there were 52 with the regiment. And yet, strange to say, the same prompt and cheerful obedience to orders, which had ever characterized them, was seen at Sailor's Creek. I watched the battle, listened to the whistle of the minnies, the roar of the shells and cheers of the men as they warmed up to their work. But before the brigade advanced a hundred yards, the sounds became more and more indistinct, and ere I was aware of it, the battle faded from my sight, and I was fast asleep in the bottom of that red-clay gully. How long I slept I do

not know. The sharp, shrill whistle of a three-inch rifle shell, passing within a few feet of my head, waked me. A hundred yards to my rear was a battery of six pieces splendidly served. It was tearing to pieces the pine woods in which the enemy were when I went to sleep, and for a few minutes I enjoyed the shelling. But, looking around, I found that it was a Federal battery, and that a long line of blue-coats were drawn up in my rear. Curtis Lee's division, unsupported by artillery, was occupying those pines. Capture seemed inevitable, and my men were told to look out for themselves. I could not sit still and be captured. So, making a dash, I found myself in a few minutes but a short distance in front of a whole division of the 6th corps, coming upon us from another direction. I threw up my right hand, and the long struggle was over. I was a prisoner of war, and destined to try U. S. Bonds.

A long, slender, ill-favored, bandy-legged corporal, glad to escape the struggle with Curtis Lee's division, led me to the rear. And such a rear it was! There were long trains of wagons, filled with all kinds of commissary stores; large droves of beeves so fat and fine that one look at them was almost as comforting to a hungry stomach as a pound of beef from the Confederate lean kine. And then came a long line of coffee-boilers, resembling the boilers of steam engines, mounted on wheels, and full of coffee, ready-made. After these were led a large number of milch cows with full udders. I understood then what was meant by the expression in the speech so often declaimed by school boys:

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of a glorious war."

The next morning I passed over the battle-field, and saw hundreds, perhaps I might say thousands, of dead men, the blue and the gray mingled. Six thousand Confederates, including six or seven general officers, were captured. The end which we had all foreseen so long was evidently approaching rapidly. It is impossible to tell of the sorrow and anguish that filled our hearts as we saw our hopes fading away. Only those who had carried their lives in their hands, had fought, had struggled and starved as we had for four long years, can have any conception of that great sorrow.

We marched to Burkeville Junction through a steady rain, and were thrown into a compact body and surrounded by guards. Late in the afternoon, nine or ten small hard-tacks were given us. These failing to satisfy my hunger, I searched around in every direction and finally found some grains of corn half buried in the ground, and yellow from the saliva of horses that had fed upon it. Brushing this corn as best I could, I parched it and partially allayed my hunger. The Federals said that Fitz Lee had burnt seven or eight hundred of their commissary wagons, and that they did not have the provisions to issue us full rations. The next morning I sold my Euzelian badge for ten crackers.

Leaving Burkeville, we marched for City Point, about twenty miles a day, and received at night, sometimes nine or ten crackers, at other times a pound of beef, hot and quivering from the animal. Having no salt or cooking utensils, we threw it into the fire and

devoured it as soon as the outside was scorched a little. One night we were drawn up around a corn crib, and our guards took the roof off and threw us corn, just as I had seen Kentucky hog-drovers feed their hogs in my boyhood. It was the best feeding I had had in ten days.

From the battle-field of Sailor's Creek to City Point, about eighty-five miles, we were seldom out of sight of long trains of wagons and troops moving towards Grant's army. Often times we marched for a mile or two between two parallel trains of wagons, moving in the direction of his army. And yet when we reached City Point we saw acres upon acres of mules held in reserve, parks of artillery containing seventy-two guns each that had not moved that Spring; and, at the wharfs, vessel-loads after vessel-loads of recruits. In fact, it seemed to me that we passed a vessel-load of recruits every two or three hours on our trip down the James, up the Bay and the Potomac to Washington. I saw at Alexandria, also, vessels loading with recruits. Even now, when I try to get some just conception of the size of Grant's army, my mind is lost and bewildered in the search. Federal officers, conversing with me, admitted without hesitancy, that Lee would in all probability have been knocking at the gates of New York at that time if he had had one half the men and resources which Grant had.

When we reached City Point I was well nigh dead from hunger and fatigue. The officers were soon placed on board the Cossack. Going aft I found a bunk and placed my traps in it. Just then I saw a man feeling in

a cracker box. I thought I would do so too. To my great delight I found in it more than a half bushel of boiled pork, in half-pound pieces. I filled my camp-kettle and a tin can which I had, and then, with both hands full, sat down in my bunk to eat. After eating this fat meat for some time, I heard a man crying, "Hard-tack, hard-tack!" I went up and he gave me thirteen crackers. It occurred to me that he might give me thirteen more if I would go again. I went, and he asked no questions, but gave me the crackers. I drew my haversack full. Then tied up the sleeves of my overcoat at the wrists, and drew them full, and going for them still, I filled the body of my overcoat. Thinking that I had a good amount of food laid up, I sat down for a good eat. I dare not venture to guess the amount of meat I ate. At length I laid me down to sleep, but it was "no go." I had to get up twice and eat a half a pound of meat each time before I could go to sleep. As I finished the last piece of meat, and laid back in my bunk, I thought to myself: "Well, old fellow, you will be dead before day." No, I was not even sick! didn't have any nightmare, either. Never slept better in my life. And, besides, I ate another piece of that pork about sunrise, before I got out of my bunk. I never knew how to describe that meal till several years afterwards I learned that some one—perhaps a starved rebel with a similar experience—had invented a suitable name, and that I ought to consider that gastronomical feast as the one great **SQUARE MEAL** of my life.

Passing down the James, and up

the Bay and the Potomac, we landed at Washington about 3 P. M., April 14th, and were packed away in the Old Capitol like sardines in a box, about 40 in a room. When a prisoner is out in the open air and surrounded by guards, his imprisonment is bad enough. When he is shut in by walls and iron bars, and has nothing to do but to breathe the foul air of an over-crowded prison, and contend as best he may with the loathsome vermin with which his body is covered, the situation is unbearable. Imprisonment for life is more cruel than the grave. Killing is the punishment of a civilized people; imprisonment for life, the slow torture of the savage.

Early the next morning the corporal of the guard informed us of the assassination of Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, at 11 o'clock of the night just past, and warned us not to show any signs of joy or make any loud noise. Washington was frantic with grief, and the discipline of the army alone prevented the murder of all Confederate prisoners within its limits. A brigade of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, it is said, were placed around the Old Capitol immediately after this tragic event. And none too soon; for about sunrise a vast mob of negroes and the lower grade of whites was surging up around our prison. The infantry charged with bayonets and the cavalry rode over them. We knew the soldiers were half-hearted in our protection, and that it was uncertain how long they would keep back the mob.

All day long the 15th, and frequently during the 16th, they were driving back this mob. How we did wish for muskets! The thought of being murdered by that mob, like a parcel of dogs in a cage, was trying to the nerves. There was no glory in it, like dying upon a battlefield with one's face to the enemy.

It is the part of human nature to rejoice when one's enemy falls, and it is surprising how few Confederate prisoners rejoiced at the fall of Lincoln. At least nine-tenths condemned it unsparingly. Ours was an honorable war, and had he fallen upon the field of battle it would have been legitimate. The low, mean ways of an assassin are exceedingly offensive to every high-minded man.

At nine o'clock in the morning, and three in the afternoon, we were marched into the dining room, seated on benches in front of common pine tables and given tin plates, each containing a small loaf of bread and a piece of meat. Twice each day we were allowed to come out of our sardine boxes and walk about for fifteen or twenty minutes in a narrow, filthy back yard.

The morning of the 17th I decided to wash my only shirt. About the time I had wet it thoroughly in cold water we received orders to be ready to move in fifteen minutes. There was nothing to do but to wring it out and put it on. We left for Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

(To be continued.)

THE GENTLEMAN.

Nature's nobleman is the christian gentleman—the embodiment of all that is pure, gentle and manly, and it is this same christian gentleman's character to which the attention of young men is so often directed as a model upon which to form their characters. The personification—complete in each and every detail—of this personage, is seldom to be met with. His home is almost entirely confined to the realms of ideality and imagination; but some traces of his virtues are to be met with among the men of this selfish age, and we can gain a fair idea of the whole from the specimens in which these noble, pure and manly characteristics are manifest in part. A dissertation upon the qualifications necessary to make up the "*tout ensemble*" of the gentleman is not my object. The task, ere completion, would assume proportions appalling in their immensity—so many little minor traits and characteristics requiring mention, and so many peculiar phases demanding notice, that the task were impossible to any but one who could draw materials from experience. That I, within my own moral self, am sorely deficient in the materials with which thus to operate, is a fact of which I am painfully certain. From this very fact, however, I derive the assurance which enables me to advance some ideas in regard to this very important subject; for it is a well known fact to the mental philosopher, that it is human nature to admire those characteristics in others in which we are ourselves most deficient. Now in this statement it is implied, by my own ad-

mission, that I am peculiarly deficient in the attributes of a gentleman. I should regret very much the truth of such a statement, for I should then feel that all my efforts in that direction had been in vain. What I mean is, that by reason of the deficiency in ourselves we are better able to appreciate the commendable traits in another character. The puny, sickly boy desires above all things else the strength of his healthy and robust playmate. The depraved, God-forsaken wretch of the gutter most desires the piety of the man of God. In some instances this envy of another's virtues is not sufficiently great, or else is not backed by a sufficient energy and ambition to create in us a desire to emulate them. Sometimes the magnitude of the undertaking appalls us; but in this particular instance I think there is room for encouragement to all, for in my opinion any man who *wishes* to be a gentleman *can* be one. Some men are never impelled by any such desire. To this class what I have to say will be profoundly dull and uninteresting. To those who are thus incited, what shall be said on this subject may not prove dull and prosy.

To begin: the gentleman may be found in any sphere of life. Peculiarly privileged in this respect, he may occupy the cotter's hut or the royal palace. In either sphere he is entitled to and receives the respect and admiration of those who come under his influence; and his influence will be felt by all to whom he is known. There will be a magnetism and charm about the man, drawing to him a train of

fascinated admirers. The influence and power of Sir Philip Sydney, the typical English gentleman, may be felt even to this day—may, indeed, be seen in the deportment of his descendants. His manly, brave and yet courteous and gentle remonstrances, in defence of his favored calling, remain as models of a purity of thought and motive seldom seen in our day. The life of a Chevalier Bayard is pointed to with equal pride by the French, as the model of that polite race. Combining the purity of heart of Sydney with the charming suavity and polite graces of Lord Chesterfield, he was indeed an ornament to his nation. Philip Sydney defines a gentleman in these words: "High erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy." And he grandly and nobly exemplified his definition in his character. As models of a degree of excellence, which they have shown can be obtained, these two men, Sydney and Bayard, stand without a compeer. The same degree of excellence may be obtained by each and every one of us. Their high excellence should not discourage us; on the contrary, their lives should stimulate us to renewed exertions. There must be a Napoleon in every sphere of action, and these shining lights should be the lode-stars of our efforts.

With what pleasurable emotions would we listen to the favorable comments of our cotemporaries! What a source of unalloyed satisfaction must have been the words of Spenser in his dedication of his Poet's Year to Sir Philip, "worthy of all titles, both of chivalry and poesy"! What effort on our part is too great, if thereby we may deserve such com-

mendation? Coming as it did from Spenser, one in whom the pure and noble were so abundantly present, it was a lofty and, at the same time, deserved tribute to his many virtues. In this age of whirl and turmoil, of selfish and misanthropic men and women, few Sydneys or Bayards live to serve as models for our youth. Chesterfields there are in more abundance; but even the votaries of this demi-god fall far short of the lordly dignity and courtly grace which marked his every word and act. Chesterfield, an English nobleman of the 16th century, is taken as the typical English embodiment of grace, elegance and a polished suavity of manners, which were peculiarly his attributes. He is acknowledged the inferior of either Sydney or Bayard, he representing the superficial and they the deep or inner traits of the gentleman. Chesterfield could have been a morally impure man. Sydney or Bayard could not, taking their lives as standards of judgment. Chesterfield possessed in a remarkable degree the polish and elegance—in short, the *exterior* insignia of a gentleman. He might have been actuated by policy, seeing with keen wisdom that polite manners could be made a most powerful ally, especially to a politician, and in this particular the two representative types differ most. Both Sydney and Bayard showed by their lives that their right to the title of gentleman was due to no motives of policy or selfish interest, but to an innate manliness generating courtesy to all men. As I said before, such characters are few and scattering in this boasted 19th century, and their scarcity presents one among many of the

retrograde features of our age. The cause is obvious. This is characteristically a grasping, selfish era, and selfishness is incompatible with the generous instincts of our manly ideals. The two clash and no possible union can take place. Regard for the feelings of others I consider the first and great constituent of a gentleman's composition. Willingness to sacrifice our own pet wishes, if disagreeable to others, is a fit exemplification of this regard. Moreover, I should think that a gentleman must be necessarily noble, brave, gentle, pure in thought and deed, scorning the advantage which circumstances sometimes furnish for us to do those things of which we would be ashamed if exposed. Then, again, these virtues must be constant. Fickleness is not a trait in the gentleman's character. What he is one day that you will always find him—gentle, courteous, kind, self-sacrificing and obliging, no adverse cir-

cumstances in your own career causing the slightest change in his conduct towards you. But I am afraid that in the enthusiasm which has held me in my description of my ideal, I have placed him so high that aspirants will be discouraged by reason of his seemingly inaccessible height. You will be surprised, however, if you think about the matter deliberately, to see with how much ease the height can be reached, if the ladder be scaled one round at a time. Whatever advance, too, towards the ideal you may make is just so much gain, however short the distance traversed. At least, it is worth the trial, and an honest effort is always creditable, whether it prove a complete success or a comparative failure. Make the trial, young men. Even to be a Chesterfield is a high and profitable attainment. How well it served him to be what he was, all know who are familiar with literature.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMPUS.

It was a beautiful night in June. Examinations, whose gloomy shadowsadden all hearts, were over. An inexpressible feeling of relief had come to soothe my spirit, wearied and harassed by ten long months of toil and anxiety.

Strolling listlessly into my room, from mere force of habit, I had taken a match to light my lamp, when I remembered the pleasant fact that on this night for the first time in a whole year, I had *nothing to do!*

So casting the match aside, I threw

myself into the open window and fell to building air castles (my favorite occupation.) Long I sat there thinking, musing, dosing, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared dream before."

About eleven o'clock the course of my meditations was abruptly cut short by a loud nervous rapping at my door, which so startled me that I came near jumping out of the window, some fifteen feet from the ground.

So considerably vexed, I bawled out quite vigorously, "Scratch under!"

"Oh! Beg your pardon, Professor.

I—I thought you were one of the boys."

"Yes, sir; have you seen anything of Len, (the College servant,) to-night, Mr. Fee?"

"Len? No, sir, I have not. I don't remember ever to have seen him around College at this late hour. Anything wrong, Professor?"

I received no answer; for the intruder had turned and was gone.

I placed my hands in my pockets meditatively. "Well, for what on earth is that old 'coon prowling around here at this time of night? Look out, boys! There is trouble in the campus."

Interrupted thus, I began thinking over the items of iniquity that had come under my observation within the last few weeks. It took but a short time to recall some misdeeds of which no student need feel proud to be accused.

Another rap on the door. "Come in, Ed St. Clare! I know your cat-like steps."

"I say, Mac, did you see *him*? Something up and no mistake about it. Look here, strike a light and let's see about it."

"Now let me tell you, Monsieur Edward, I don't like some things that have been happening around this place for the last two weeks. *Somebody* has taken up the profession of throwing rocks again. (But somehow I can't believe that we have any boys mean enough for that.) Now, if a man should throw a rock into my window—I'd feel like killing him. I certainly hope that the sneaks will be caught—hanging is too good for them."

"That's what I think exactly. But whew! Mac, how that old codger scared me! I was going along the corridor on the fourth floor and I ran right against him. I was not thinking about Professor —. He merely remarked, 'Warm night, Mr. St. Clare.' And I reckon I thought it was *warm*; for I took particular pains to make myself scarce about there. Do you reckon he knows anything about those well buckets, campus gate, bridge affairs, in which I figured so conspicuously? If I thought that—"

Crash! came a rock through the window breaking five or six panes of glass, together with a large crayon of mother which hung just above the mantel.

"Quick! Ed, we'll get that scoundrel or die trying. Blow out the lamps and come!"

"Hold a minute, said Ed, till I go in Bill's room and get two pistols—we may need them."

"Well, hurry up!"

"Here, be careful—she's loaded with long cartridges. You go round the North Building and I the South. We will meet at the depot going along the campus fence. If you see or hear anything suspicious, fire and I'll be with you in half a minute."

* * * * *

"Well! I have found nothing! There is not even a mouse stirring. I fear the rascal has given us the slip. What is the result of your round, Mac?"

"Nothing in the way of information except that this hedge-row is the thorniest and thickest one I ever had the pleasure of creeping along."

"What shall we do?" thoughtfully inquired Ed.

"Why, we'll catch that villain if it takes us till day—that's what!"

"All right, my comrade, I am in with you for a night of it. The moon is now sinking and when she is down we are almost certain to see some sign of our game."

We remained thus talking for ten or fifteen minutes, when Ed, suddenly seizing my arm exclaimed: "By Jupiter! Mac, did you see that match flash in the cupola of the South Building?"

"No. Are you certain?"

"Just as certain as I am alive!"

"We'll explore that building, then, without a moment's delay."

We then walked as swiftly as possible from the depot to the campus gate at the College Hotel. Passing thence through the undergrowth of pines and tall weeds, we paused under the shadow of an ash but a few feet from the south end of the building.

"Now, Mac, off with your shoes. We must go softly, and if there is any chasing to be done, you know we are the lads who can do it."

"All O K; we are ready, Ed; you climb through a window of Dr. Pritchard's room, creep up that little stairway, come down the centre isle of Memorial Hall, glance up at the skylight where the light flashed, and meet me in the gallery. I will explore the main passages and stair-ways leading up to the Hall. Make not the slightest noise."

"Practice what you preach, comrade."

I had already investigated my department and was leaning over the gallery railing, eagerly listening and watching for my companion. I saw a

dark form moving slowly up the centre isle. I knew it was Ed. He halted a moment beneath the cupola, and then came swiftly up the Hall towards the door of the vestibule.

When he reached the head of the stairs, I knew from his quick, nervous step that he was excited and had seen something which interested us. So I eagerly asked: "How is it, old boy?"

"Hist! not so loud! we are just under the opening that leads into the garret."

"What did you see or hear?" I asked in a whisper.

"Nothing but a man's head peering out into the cupola from the garret. He retreated the instant he saw me."

"This is luck!" I said with enthusiasm.

"Yes, and it may be very bad luck, if you don't watch what you are about. See that your pistol is all right and follow me."

Saying this, Ed sprang through the uncovered hatchway and was in the garret in a twinkling. I scrambled after him as nimbly as possible.

The darkness was fearful, and as we crawled laboriously along amid the labyrinth of timbers which constitute and strengthen the great self-supporting roof covering Memorial Hall, our heads received more than one friendly salutation from the unseen wood.

"Hold on a minute, Mac, and let's listen for him—we cannot be far from the walls of the cupola."

He had scarcely ceased to whisper when we heard a joist creak only five or six yards from us.

"Steady now, Ed. He is moving toward the trap-door leading out on the roof. We'll have him yet."

Sure enough, a moment later, the door was gently raised, and by the star-light which streamed in we saw the form of a man quickly pass through the opening.

Listening again, we distinctly heard his foot-falls on the slate above till he reached the top of the roof.

"Now for it!" I cried.

"Not yet," replied Ed. "You stand at that trap-door till I come back. I don't propose for your neck or mine to be broken at any such business."

He soon returned with a rope of considerable length. I snatched it from him, and fastening one end to a piece of timber passed the other around my waist, leaped through the trap-door and was in the open air.

I paused a moment and glanced cautiously around. I saw nothing save the ghostly forms of some chimneys, rising out of the glistening slate, and the veiled landscape beneath. Not a cloud obscured the heavens, and the great canopy above was sparkling with millions of shining stars.

I stole silently and carefully up the treacherous slate to the summit of the roof. I began to creep around the cupola, and just as I turned the comb I almost stumbled over a man, who was crouching close to its walls.

Though I was searching with all the eyes I had for that identical thing—a man—so sudden was the discovery that I undoubtedly should have fallen had I not grasped firmly my rope and the wall around which I was creeping.

The surprise and consternation of the man were equally sudden.

He sprang violently forward with

the intention of rounding the cupola, but in the attempt to describe swiftly so small a circle, his foot slipped and he came down on the rattling roof with a loud crash. On! on! he rolled, grasping, kicking, scrambling and cursing.

I watched him with horror.

Just as I thought he was falling over the eaves, he suddenly stopped. He had lodged against a chimney.

No sooner did he recognize his position, than he leaped to his feet and with the agility of a cat went bounding back over the house, and quickly descended through the trap-door.

I was close upon his heels. As he passed through the garret, Ed rushed upon him, but immediately recoiled under a stunning blow. Passing Ed, he bounded toward the hatchway, at every step sending forth yells hideous enough to make Belial's blood run cold.

"What demon has possessed the villain? I believe he is crazy. Look, he is going to jump from the gallery!"

As quick as thought he had cleared the railing and was running down the centre isle toward the rostrum.

"Mac, I think he is hurt. Here, let me down by that rope, quick! I can run faster than you."

After hastily lowering him I flew down the stairs.

Upon reaching the ground our man rushed by me with Ed close behind. I joined the chase.

"Halt, or I fire!" I cried. The man only quickened his pace.

"Don't shoot at him, Mac; we can catch him—he can't run fast."

We chased him straight across the campus, through the lower gate, across the railroad and down by Coddell's store.

When we had run but a short distance down the road we could hear him breathing hard and fast. He ran on to the second little stream, and leaping over it uttered a piteous yell, and sank to the ground faint with exhaustion and excitement.

We pinioned his hands to his back, threw a hat full of water in his face, and sat down to await the result.

In about five minutes he raised himself to a sitting posture and gazed vacantly up the road.

I reminded him of the fact that he was our prisoner.

Startled by the sound of a voice, with a terrific scream he bounded full five feet into the air, and from this instituted a series of violent attempts to become free.

Catching a glance from his staring, soulless eyes, the truth dawned upon me.

"Great Cæsar, Ed ! he is a maniac !"

"I have suspected as much for some time."

"I told you no boy was mean enough to throw those rocks. I

thought at first it was an escaped convict. I am convinced now that such acts are too mean even for him. I know now that no *sane* man will stoop to it —only some one utterly devoid of reason as this poor wretch."

"I guess you are right, Mac. Well, let's go up and rouse Professor —— and relieve his mind. We'll take this gent up and give him over into his custody, and tell him that it *may* be this fellow is the one who is at the bottom of all the other little tricks that have been disturbing his mind. I don't want the old boy to be slipping around College any more. It might get *too* warm for *me* sometime."

After considerable trouble, we succeeded in returning the unfortunate man to the Asylum at Raleigh, whence he must have escaped.

We anticipate no more trouble from rocks being thrown at windows, unless some other unfortunate shall take up his abode with us.

The discovery of this maniac, of course, accounts for the plastering being knocked off in Memorial Hall, for in moving about in the darkness of the garret one day he made a misstep and went crashing through.

EXPERIENCE.

There is an old adage that "experience keeps a dear school," and there is a certain class of persons, including college boys I suppose, who "will learn in no other." Perhaps I have not given it exactly, for I don't know much about *adages* nor *appendages*, but

I have come within the "range of ideas," at any rate. But the adage does not say that all who learn in this school of experience cease to be members of the class of persons referred to, and if it did, I would not believe it. But please be careful, Mr. Editor,

and ask the same of your readers, about where I am to be classed after this; for you may think before I finish that I have been in Madame Experience's school some myself. I thought I would tell you about some things I've seen and heard, or heard of or thought of something of the kind, and stop at that, but then, very naturally, I feel like putting a conclusion of my own about a thing now and then; so you see it is possible for me to write at length, that is, if I have been in this splendid school very long. I have been there to school (wherever it is) some, and I tell you, Mr. Editor, I've learned a lot of things there. I may fail to make you see it so, though I hardly think I will.

Well, I suppose I need not go back to "childhood's happy hours" to begin, for I reckon nearly every boy has about the same routine of experiences, such as rapturously (?) listening to the *whack!* of the shingle in the wood-shed on some rainy day, when all the debts he has contracted with the family at large since the last rainy day have to be settled up. It is on such occasions as these that he is so tenderly rewarded, you know, for doing everything his mother has told him to do, and especially for *not going in swimming when his father told him not to go*. Girls, you know, never need such experiences as these, and if any girls read the STUDENT, I'm sorry to trouble them with this part of my narrative or treatise on "experience;" for they will not know what I mean. You know, don't you, Mr. Editor. You please explain to them in some convenient way, if you can.

Now I'll date from about the time

I started to college. I have been a little while, and I went through, too, walked through on the third floor; no I fell part of the way. You know that there is a place about the middle some — feet lower than the rest of the floor. I don't know what in the world they built it so far, or that is what I thought about the time I was crawling up. Just then some one at the other end of the cavern (!) called out, "—, is that you?" He kind o'laughed, but I didn't laugh nor say much, but I thought faster'n you could count. There is not much fun in seeing stars away in the middle of a big house like that is, and in having your nose feel like if you eat anything for a week or two, you'll have to eat it without smelling it, and then to have your lips feel like they are protruding—well I don't know how far, are more conspicuous than you are yourself, and that they never will look *usable again*, is perfectly awful. I went on through, though, not "all the same" by any means, for I tell you, Mr. Editor, I didn't feel like I did when I started, if I looked so.

But I am digressing, I fear. Feelings might be considered worthy a place in my narrative; and I tell you I felt awfully big when I started to college. Didn't you feel so, Mr. Editor?

When I got there, however, the "New-ish" cry made me feel somewhat diminished, and then when some very clever young man—a young minister now, perhaps, yelled out, "*leg'im!*" I thought I should be legged sure enough, though I had no idea what they would do with my legs, nor what I should do with them myself, if there should be even as much as my legs left.

But I soon learned to shout "leg 'im," "angels in the campus!" and such like, and so my important feelings increased, and the complaint of "feeling like who I was" fearfully grew worse until vacation, when I came home. And may be I didn't enjoy the thought of the other boys admiring my dignified walk and scholarly appearance when I'd go to church. But when I was called upon for a speech on a certain occasion, I felt *quite small*. But then it wore off as soon as I excused myself by telling them that I could not, on account of a chronic sore throat caused by an excess of speaking in our "sharp debates at the college," and I couldn't help feeling stuck up a little, for I thought that the other boys there could not have gotten out of that thing like I did.

Now, Mr. Editor, I reckon you think that Goethe's lines, found in "Literary Gossip" of your last number, would apply right well to such a chap as I was *then*, not *now* I hope. I've improved, you know. But I'll leave that with you, Mr. Editor, you ought to know better than myself: they say some of your "staff" got their "sheep-skins" this year, and the rest of you are in the higher classes, and of course the higher you go the more you know, or you think so, I reckon. Here I'll put in one of my own conclusions—you gave me the privilege in the beginning, and I've concluded from what I've heard of your class this year, that there could be better than some of you, and perhaps there could, also, be worse (?) Please don't get offended, Mr. Editor. This is my only *conclusion*, unless I conclude to stop after awhile. I suppose it would be better any way

for me to proceed with my narrative of "experience." Where did I leave off?—it doesn't matter, I'd begin about Commencement. Lots of girls go to Commencement, you know. Aren't they pretty, Mr. Editor? Prettiest dresses and fixings, *whew!* And then they can arrange their "bangs" so prettily! But I heard one say they were a lot of trouble, and she intimated that if the boys knew how troublesome it was to arrange those "bangs," that they (the boys) would pay more attention to them (the girls) if for no other purpose than to reward the girls for their trouble. And some of them have a powerful pretty, sweet way of fixing up those cat-tracky arrangements on their foreheads. I never could imagine how they fix'em.

Despite my disposition to be shy among strangers, I wanted to chat some of them once upon a time. But the Seniors, the Juniors, and some who expected to be Juniors and Seniors *sometime*, were so brave that I felt like a "New-ish" still. But I got cornered a time or two and couldn't help meeting some of them, and the first thing I knew I was spoony or *mashed* (what ever you call it) about one. To be plain, I found that I *liked* her, and I reckon that after awhile it could have developed into "like" with an "o" in it. But the very thing that I thought that she ought to have observed when I first met her, was the last thing I told her, and that was that I liked her. She didn't suspect such a thing—they never do, you know, Mr. Editor, it doesn't matter how clever you try to be—they never suspect anything of the kind till you blab it right out to them. I had heard so,

and I was inclined to do so at my first opportunity, and so I did. And then her surprise was just *surprising* to me. And her reply—but then you don't care to know that. I only hope if you ever get "mashed" by force of circumstances like I did, you may have better luck.

It was not fair any way; you see I didn't want to know her from the first, but got cornered, and then to be treated that way would have disgusted me with the sex if I had not known "somebody" at home.

So I consoled myself with the thought of the same sweet welcome by "somebody" at home, a welcome that always makes one feel like—feel like—I can't think of it now. I was going to quote a line from Moore, you may be sure, whatever it was. You see I didn't care much any way, for the thought of my girl "at home" made me feel independent about the matter. And I have remained in the same "don't care" about those Commencement girls ever since. And my welcome at home has been just all I could have wished for every vacation till this one. Things have taken quite another turn since last year. "Somebody," or "my girl," which ever is the better way to put it, is not like she used to be at all. And I can't form any kind of conjecture what is the matter. When I send her a note that I'm going

over, she won't even say that she will be home that evening.

Surely my former vacations have been all that I desired, but now it is not so. Didn't we formerly have the nicest strolls? And wasn't all the fruit so nice? And especially the grapes and pears she'd gather for me were so nice! It may all be because I told her something about the girl I got spoony about at Commencement once. She didn't seem to appreciate my confidence then much, but I had no idea she would ever take advantage of me in this way. And she is even away from home now, and positively refuses to write me when she is going to return—she is fixing to snub some fellow like that girl did me at Commencement, I expect. Well, she may snub, but if she—however, I will forbear to say more now, perhaps when I get back, if I ever do, Mr. Editor, I may finish my narrative of "experiences." Madame Experience is still keeping school, but the adage tells you who it is that will learn in no other. I have not learned all I know there—you see, as I told you in the beginning, that I have learned a lot of things somewhere, and I thought I could make you see it, and now are you going to call me a disciple of that school, Mr. Editor? I'll let my imagination draw a better "conclusion" for your good judgment than to think you will.

EDITORIAL.

MORE CHANGE.

There is nothing especially "grand, gloomy or peculiar," in the word change that makes it such a favorite topic of discussion with our brother editors, but it is simply a term under which may be grouped all things "new under the sun."

The change which calls forth this article is not perhaps as important to the government of the United States as the question, who will be the next President—nor to the State, probably, as whether Judge Bennett will be Congressman-at-Large—nor certainly to our own Alma Mater, as that question of vital importance to the Baptist denomination in the State, and of paramount importance to every past, present, or prospective student of Wake Forest, Who is to succeed Dr. Pritchard? But to the present editorial staff of THE STUDENT who, with this number, step down and out of their seats, occupied for eight long months so wisely and so well, (!) and to the incoming staff, the class of '83, to whom we surrender the insignia of office, who will dare say that this change is not of interest?

This is our valedictory. True, the class of '82 has left its adopted mother; the last words of parting, of mutual prayers for future success, were said two months ago; yet not till now, with the breaking of this last link, our connection with the STUDENT, have

we recognized the fact that we are no longer a student at Wake Forest.

We are proud of our magazine. We are glad that we have been connected with it from its first appearance. And never were we prouder of it than today, when it stands, placed by competent critics, among the leading magazines of the South. Without a regret, we surrender to the new staff. We know them, and we know that the organ of Wake Forest College could not be in better hands, and will be, *must* be, made stronger and still more effective. It still needs the warm support of the friends of the College, and we cannot too strongly impress this fact upon all who have been students and who still have a warm place in their hearts for their old associations. Send in your subscriptions at once. Have your hearts rejuvenated and feel your pulse rebound with sympathetic excitement as you read in its columns of *In and About the College*, a faithful chronicle of the events similar to those in which you once participated. Patrons of the College, you surely, more than any others, have an interest in the daily proceedings of Wake Forest; for in the boy, whom you will send there in the Fall to prepare for his struggle with life's realities, are centered all your hope and joy. You can say, as you read on the cover of THE STUDENT, "published by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Socie-

ties," "My son helps to publish this magazine, for he is a member of one of these Societies;" and surely a magazine in which your boy has a share will not fail to secure your support. Let it not be said then, next term, that there is a single family represented at Wake Forest to which THE STUDENT does not go.

The Baptists of North Carolina should patronize the organ of their College as they do their denominational paper. It is worthy and has equal claims. Don't say the subscription price is too high. Show us a magazine of like size and order in the South published for less. Additional subscriptions alone will make less the cost of THE STUDENT. Enough subscribers would enable the editors to reduce its price to \$1.50, or even to \$1.00 per year, and retain its present size. It is not intended to make money. Only let it clear expenses, and it is ready and will remain a permanent institution so long as Wake Forest remains a College. Wherever we are in future years, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT has a warm friend and a subscriber. Its monthly coming will be looked forward to with interest, for we feel we could better afford to be without all other papers than the organ of our Alma Mater.

HOME HISTORY.

Every one recognizes the present age as one of more than ordinary improvement. How can such improvements as are constantly noted by the people of this country fail to bring about a corresponding increase in the general interests of the country?

Every intelligent man is expected to keep up with the times. It becomes a necessity, then, not only to know something of the changes that have been, and are still being made, but to know something of the causes as well. This at once necessitates a knowledge of the history of the country. To be able to know and appreciate the improvements of the present, we must know much of the past. Among those who are expected to push forward the many enterprises of this country, there is an imperative demand not only for a knowledge of the history of this country, but of some other countries also.

Do all who claim scholarships and would like to hold their places among the educated of the country, possess this knowledge? We think not. Especially is there a want of knowledge of our own country. It is a fact, that the average college student knows more about almost any other country than he knows of his own. The ordinary student can give an interesting and tolerably accurate account of the Roman constitution, the changes it suffered, by whom it was changed, and for what purpose. He can give the names and characters of almost all the celebrated Romans, and many who were not so celebrated. It is a source of pleasure and pride to him that he knows well the character and ability of the men who largely controlled the affairs of the Roman government; he can name the most celebrated Roman generals, what battles they fought and their results; and then he can give you a list of dates in Roman history that is perfectly surprising.

The same student is, perhaps, in every way as familiar with the history of the Greeks, their governments, wars and the like; and yet he himself is surprised when he remembers how little he knows about the country around his own home. He knows much about the little districts of Greece, but what can he tell about the different States in our country, or what can he tell even of his own State?

Every one knows the first President of the United States; but we doubt not that many students, who could write poetry even about Romulus and Remus, know very little about the first settlers of their own State, or even their first Governor. There is great deficiency in the education of that boy or student who is not thoroughly familiar with the history of the United States, and especially that of his own State.

The boy is often admonished that he should always carry a full measure of "State pride." Tell him why, and he will be more likely to do so. Thoroughly teach him *State history*, and he will need less admonition about "State pride."

The boys and students who are now being educated must, of course, be the future legislators and rulers of the State. To fill well their places then, they must know the history of their State. Learn it, boys, as students, and save the time and trouble as jurists. And then the more you know about your own country, the better citizens will you be. We think that

the teachers in the public schools ought to pay much attention to teaching their pupils the history of their own State. We hope, too, that "Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Citizens of North Carolina" may reach every home in the State. It is a work much needed, and well worth our consideration.

AS THE TRUSTEES of Wake Forest College did not succeed in securing Rev. A. C. Dixon as President, they do not propose to act with inconsiderate haste in the matter of another election. They have, accordingly, laid the weighty responsibility of presiding for a time over the interests of the College on one who has always shown himself faithful and efficient in her service. We refer to Rev. Wm. B. Royall who, while still occupying the chair of Greek, will act as chairman of the Faculty. Fellow-students, you need no introduction to him. He has shown himself your friend in the class-room, in the sick-room, in the social circle and in the pulpit. He is one of Wake Forest's sons, as were also the honored Win-gate and Pritchard. We are pleased thus to know that the Trustees realize that Wake Forest College is not compelled to go abroad to find a head.

Let us see you back promptly at the opening of the session, with all the new students you can bring, and North Carolina will continue to feel what Wake Forest College is doing.

EDUCATIONAL.

—MOST of the friends of Wake Forest College regret that Rev. A. C. Dixon declined to be its President.

—“THE Leadership of Educated Men” was the subject of the address delivered at Brown University, on the 20th of June, by Mr. Geo. William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Monthly*. The address is highly spoken of.

THE only college of the Baptists of Ohio is at Granville; it is called Denison University. An addition of \$100,000 to its endowment has lately been secured, all its invested funds amounting to \$303,841. But this small sum is only considered a “safe basis” on which larger offerings should be laid.

—IT is announced that Mr. Paul Tulane, of Princeton, N. J., has given to New Orleans \$2,000,000 worth of property in the latter city, for the erection and endowment of a college. Mr. Tulane is by no means impoverished by this handsome gift. He is a bachelor, over eighty years of age, and has not been actively engaged in business for a quarter of a century.

—DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN is a graduate of Columbia College, Ph. D., of Heidelberg, and for two years has been lecturer in Classical Archæology at Cambridge, Eng. He lately received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the latter University. And withal, only twenty-six years of age.

—SOMEBODY put the truth well when he wrote: “The general rule is

beyond all doubt, that the men who have been first in the competition of the schools, have been first in the competition of the world.”

—AND Mrs. Garfield is a trustee of Hiram College!

—PROF. JOHN H. WHEELER, of Bowdoin College, has accepted the chair of Greek in the University of Virginia.

—PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS delivered, July 4, a memorial address upon the life and services of the late President Garfield, before the Alumni Association of Williams' College. It will be remembered that Garfield said he would rather have Mark Hopkins, with chalk and a shingle, sit on a log and teach him, than have all the facilities of modern education without Mark Hopkins for his teacher.

—THIRTY-THREE kindergartens are supported by Mrs. Shaw, of Boston, at an annual expense of \$25,000. Most of the children trained in them would not be trained at all without them.

—STILL they come—to the front! Miss Alice E. Freeman is President of Wellesley College, Boston. Before her promotion she had filled the chair of History. Mr. Durant desired that the officers of the college be of the sex for whose benefit he founded it. A reporter of the commencement exercises says that it sounded a little odd to hear Miss Freeman confer the degrees in the stately Latin tongue, but that it flowed out more smoothly than

from some of the venerable Presidents of our colleges. He declares that Wellesley deserves a place of honor by the side of Harvard, and Yale and Brown.

—THIS year, for the first time, the young girl graduates of the London University appeared in public in their academic gowns. Both Oxford and Cambridge now give degrees to women students.

—AMONG the graduates of Vassar College was a Japanese young lady, Miss Yama Kowa. Her graduating essay was upon the woes brought upon her country by the selfish policy of Great Britain.

NOW we are told that a Yale Freshman beat the world's champion runner two yards in 220. This youngster is, doubtless, still on the race track, as the champion is not satisfied and will try him again in the fall. We suppose he has the college medal on running. Gentlemen Professors, keep him on the track, don't feed him too high, never lose sight of Lycurgus, don't interfere with his "education" by crowding him with Greek and Philosophy, and we will guarantee that, in the coming competition, the praise of your venerable institution will be heard in the acclamations of the multitude as her representative vaults in the last leap to the goal.

THE 5,000 Baptists of Nebraska are making an effort to endow a Seminary at Gibbon, Buffaloe county. They are right in wanting one school for higher education, instead of at first weakening their power by trying to establish several in different parts of the State.

SO PEACE INSTITUTE in Raleigh is ahead of the world! We congratulate its community, friends and patrons. In one of the Northern papers it was written by a correspondent in Raleigh that Peace Institute in several specified departments surpassed anything he had ever seen; and in order to take it all in, it was further written: "Everything about the institution is perfect." Well, we are glad to know it.

—A PROSPEROUS session was the last of Oak Ridge Literary and Commercial Institute, in Guilford county. The Faculty are the Messrs. Holt, three brothers, and Miss Carmichael, teacher of music. Both sexes receive instruction, which the Principals think it necessary to justify by inserting in their circular an extract from the *Fortnightly Review* on coeducation. The total enrolment during the session was 101. Prof. M. H. Holt lately made a tour through neighboring counties, delivering an entertaining lecture on "The Revolutions of the Century."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—COL. PAUL H. HAYNE, the Southern poet, has received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Washington and Lee University of Virginia. His

sweet poems will be none the sweeter for that.

—*In the Harbor*, the last gift of Longfellow's genius, contains the

poems he published in the magazine since *Ultima Thule* appeared, and seventeen poems never before printed.

—WHITTIER is the author of the poem in memory of Longfellow, published in our last issue. "The King of the Plow" was written by Col. Hayne, and "Don't Let them Bury me Deep" was written by Will Carleton.

—AN illustrated history of the Jeannette Arctic expedition will soon be published. Its author is Mr. R. L. Newcombe, one of the survivors.

—*Celebrated American Caverns*, by H. C. Hovey, was published last month by Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co. The author has lately written a number of popular essays on different caves, and is doubtless competent to speak on this subject.

—An American reprint of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (J. M. Stoddart & Co.) will be supplemented by four volumes devoted to American subjects neglected in the English edition, and containing also biographical sketches of living men and women, both American and foreign. Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson is editing these volumes, the first of which will appear in the fall.

—AN anecdote of Emerson is told in Mr. Ireland's 'In Memoriam.' The poet had been delivering an address to a literary society, and at its conclusion the president called upon a clergyman to pray. The latter did so, closing with these words: 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' After the

benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, remarked with great simplicity: 'He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man!'

—DANTE was often abstracted and at times sarcastic. Once when at the table of a friend, he was asked why the company could be more amused by a buffoon present than by a learned man at the table. He replied, "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance."

—MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ('Uncle Remus') has written a story of Southern life called 'Mingo,' for the Tile Club's Christmas supplement to *Harper's Weekly*.

—BEGINNING with the issue of July 12th, *Our Continent* appeared in a different dress, much smaller, and protected by a neat dark cover.

—PROF. SKEAT'S *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* is not a defining dictionary, but a history of English words and their meanings arranged in alphabetical order. It is said entirely to supersede the etymological department of Webster and Worcester, and the *Examiner* further declares that, until the completion of the great historical and philological dictionary, this work will be an indispensable one on every shelf of reference-books.

—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, whom the *Critic* calls "the author of the most famous book of recent times," was, on the 14th of June, honored with a garden party in Boston, commemorating her seventieth birthday.

—AFTER reading *Cosmic Philosophy*, Mr. Darwin wrote to Prof. John Fiske, of Cornell: "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are."

—*The Russian Empire: Its History and Development*, is a useful little book in Cassell's Popular Library. The writer, Mr. S. B. Boulton, gives a view of the domestic life of Russia, by describing a number of visits to different points. He then presents the history of Russia, bringing it down to the accession of the present "Tsar." The volume costs but 25 cents, and Russia is all but an unknown land to the majority of readers, although great events have occurred in it and greater seem impending.

—MACAULAY wrote: "Full of years, full of honors, faculties bright, and affections warm, to the last; lamented by the public, and by many private friends. This is the euthanasia." That is well for this life, but there's no hope in it for the next.

—IT was in a lecture at Yale or Harvard, several years ago, we believe, that Dr. Dale used these strong words: "You have no more right to injure the national language than to chip a statue or to run a penknife through a painting. To use words so loosely and inaccurately that their definite meaning is lost, is to commit an intellectual offence corresponding to that of removing the landmarks of an ancient estate."

—NAPOLEON I. was one day walking over the court where boys were playing at leap-frog. One of them, Impey, afterwards a painter of repute, mistaking him for a companion on ac-

count of his stooping stature, ran for a leap, but failed to clear his head, and knocked the man of Destiny to the ground. It required all Josephine's power of persuasion to prevent the youth's expulsion from the royal household.

—PRINCIPAL J. W. DAWSON, of Montreal, reads God's word in Nature and in Revelation, and accepts both volumes. There is no safer or more vigorous writer upon the various phases of thought in science as related to christianity. His last book, *Facts and Fancies in Modern Science*, makes no direct attempt to reconcile science with Genesis, but shows clearly the difference between real science and mere speculations. "What science is, how little it is to be feared, what light it throws upon the Word, how the revelation in the Book harmonizes with the open secrets of nature, are told in language which the plain Bible-Reader will find easy of comprehension."

—THE great literary event in Italy has been the holding of the Authors' Congress at Rome. The President was Paolo Ferrari, the dramatist, author of "Prosa" and "Il Suicidio," and at his right sat Duke Leopold Torlonia, Syndic of Rome, and at his left M. Ulbach, the French novelist, through whose exertions the Congress was held. England, Germany, France, Poland, the Scandinavian States, and South America were worthily represented, and Victor Hugo, of course, enlivened the proceedings with a telegram. M. Ulbach spoke vigorously against literary piracy and infringement of copyright. Many poems and essays were read; resolutions were adopted; and

the members of the congress paid visits to the antiquities of the capital. Rome welcomed her guests in royal style.—*The Critic.*

—WHEN degrees are given at Oxford by Convocation, the undergraduates crowd the galleries and exercise their wit on the candidates, often playing practical jokes. When Tennyson went up to receive his D. C. L., his dishevelled locks moved somebody in the gallery to cry out, "Did your mother call you early, Alfred dear?"

—IN the Introduction to Max Muller's *Translation of Kant*, it is stated that the great philosopher, as

the darkness began to fall, would take his seat at the stove, and with his eyes fixed on the tower of Lobenicht church would ponder on the problems which exercised his mind. One evening, however, as he looked, a change had occurred—the church tower was no longer visible. His neighbor's poplars had grown so fast that at last, without his being aware, they had hid the turret behind them. Kant, deprived of the material support which had steadied his speculations, was completely thrown out. Fortunately his neighbors were generous, the tops of the poplars were cut, and Kant could reflect at his ease again.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. TYNDALL'S *Floating Matter in the Air*, Sir John Lubback's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, and Herbert Spencer's *Political Institutions*, Part V. of his *Principles of Sociology*, have just been issued by the Appleton's.

CREATING A SEA.—It is stated that the French Government is fully committed to the project of cutting a canal between the Mediterranean and the desert of Sahara, so as to overflow the latter, and convert it into a vast inland sea. Among the advantages claimed as arising from this enterprise may be mentioned, cheap communication with Northern and Central Africa, an immense addition to the arable lands of the dark continent, a new source of supply of grain, fruit, etc., and "a splendid protection for the French fleet in case of war, as the vessels could pass through the canal in-

to this land-locked sea." This will be the greatest physical feat in the world's history, if France carries it out.

FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—M. Pasteur, whose researches have thrown so much light upon parasitic life, was lately made one of the immortal forty of the French Academy of Science. When one of these Academicians dies, the remaining thirty-nine elect a successor, who generally comes from the ranks of the most eminent men of science and letters in France.

MAGIC CLOVERS.—From time immemorial it has been held lucky to find a four-leaved clover. The scientific name of clover is "Trifolium," or *three-leaved*; yet there have been found little plants furnished with groups of four leaflets, five, seven, and even fifteen and seventeen. They are

freaks of nature, and exist, one or two to millions of the three-leaved.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

No, no, Mr. Gray! That is one of the many mistakes you poets have made. But he died long before 1856, and though his learning was prodigious, he knew nothing of evolution and therefore could not but make mistakes when he philosophized about the "things 'twixt heaven and earth!" We have at last the reason for the flower's fragrance and beauty, viz: the attraction of insects. Witness this paragraph from Prof. Grant Allen's *Vignettes from Nature*: "Every blossom with petals, however small or green or inconspicuous, has once been a bright and flaunting flower; for the sole object of petals is to attract the eyes of insects, and they are therefore found nowere but among insect-fertilized plants or their degenerate descendants."

THE RED DEER'S HORNS.—In the first year a stag has no horns at all, and is technically known as a calf. In his second year he puts forth a pair of rounded bosses, and is called a knobber. These knobs fall off with the third year, and in their place appear longer horns, called dags, the stag being now known as a brocket. Year after year the development continues, till the top of the horn expands into a broad crown, and the beast is then dubbed a hart or "stag of ten," from the number of tines on each of his antlers.

FACTS ABOUT THE MOCKING BIRD.—He is the king of songsters, even surpassing the Nightingale, as emi-

nent English authority has to confess. He inhabits the United States from New England to Florida, but is chiefly found of late south of Pennsylvania. In the Northern States he is migratory, but in the Southern he is a permanent resident. Preferring as he does a warm climate and low, swampy sections, his choice among the Southern States are those contiguous to the ocean. He begins to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. With good care he will live to be twenty years old. He sings by day and by night, his night-song, perhaps on account of its associations, being the sweeter. Both in his cage and in his native woods he begins his song when the moon rises; and Southern hunters thereby tell when to begin the chase. There seems no limit to his power of imitating sounds, and he is the most easily trained of all songsters. In a little time he can be taught a number of tunes. In his warmer home he begins to build early in April; further North, much later. There are usually four, sometimes five eggs in the nest; they are light blue with large brown spots. The female sits fourteen days, and produces two broods in a season. Good one year old birds in full song bring \$10, \$15, and \$20 each in New York. A trained bird, one which whistles a tune perfectly, sells for \$50 to \$150, the price varying according to the length of the piece whistled.

MEDITERRANEAN WHALES.—The whale fishery in the Basque provinces of Spain up to the middle of the 17th century was an important industry in that country, and exerted much influence, not only on the people of that

section, but on the early history of North America, in that 'the first English whaling vessels were in the habit of shipping a boat's crew of Basques to harpoon the whales,' for the 'Basques had become dexterous whale-fishers long before any other European people had entered upon that perilous occupation.' Mr. Clements R. Markham has collected data on this fishery in a paper published in *Nature*; and Prof. Giglioli, of Florence, has supplemented it by a record of other captures, in the same periodical. The whale in question is a peculiar species, called *Balaena biscayensis*, and is almost extinct. Individuals, however, are at rare intervals observed. The last noticed, after a long interval of absence, were two; one a female, caught at Taranto, February 9th, 1877, and another, harpooned off Guetaria, February 11th, 1878. Prof. Giglioli knows of no other recorded instance of the capture of a true whale in the Mediterranean.—*The Critic*.

So it might have been a whale that swallowed Jonah after all!

A WREN GIVING MUSIC LESSONS.—A Wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farm house saw the mother teach her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of the young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it

had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision, and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The Wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day and several times a day, until each of the young birds became a perfect songster.—*Hinden's Bird Magazine*.

THE TIME FOR WORK.—The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10:30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the 'feeling' of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely or later on comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of 'nervousness,' perhaps sleeplessness, almost

certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unexpected cause—the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Night

work during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy. Surely morning is the time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best.—*The London Lancet.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—PROF. POTEAT and wife are still at his father's home in Yanceyville.

WE are pleased to have President P. W. Johnson and wife, of Houston Female College, Ga., with us for the summer.

—PROF. TAYLOR has returned from the White Sulphur Springs, Va. His appearance indicates a marked improvement in his general health.

DR. PRITCHARD has spent some time in Richmond, supplying the pulpit formerly occupied by Dr. McDonald. The doctor has gone to Chataqua, at which place he is on the programme of exercises for two or three speeches and sermons. Dr. P. expects to be in Louisville September the 1st.

—PROF. W. G. SIMMONS and family are summering at the Warm Springs. Prof. S. is in feeble health, and we hope the mountain air and medical qualities of the waters at the Springs will send him back to us in renewed health.

REV. STRINGFIELD and Ellington passed through our village a few days ago. Stringfield was going on the field which he occupied last year.

Ellington was going to Oxford to assist Rev. Marsh in some meetings.

—OUR young friend, Johnnie Ramsay, spent two weeks with us recently. We did not think he could remain away until September.

—PROF. WILLOUGHBY REID and family are on the Hill for the Summer. We are pleased to have the noted humorist and elocutionist with us.

MR. S. N. BRICKHOUSE and family, of Norfolk, Va., are summering at Wake Forest College.

—THE new fence around the campus is a good piece of architectural ingenuity, and adds no little to the appearance of the already beautiful College grounds. The design, emanating as it did from the mathematical mind of our Wake Forest mathematician, can but prove to be what you would like to see around the campus, a nice, neat fence.

—MR. JOHN BAKER, the piano-tuner and repairer, spent a few days with us recently. He did some tuning while on the hill; so we are enjoying the results of his work at the expense of the ladies on the Hill.

MISS LULA LANKFORD is off on a visit to friends and relatives in Virginia.

—PRESIDENT BREWER and Prof. Bagley have spent a few days on the Hill with friends and relatives.

—DR. WM. ROYALL, who has been in attendance at the Franklin Normal School, but who is now spending a little time at the Springs, will be at home soon. Flattering accounts of the good work done by the doctor while at the Normal are being circulated among our people. We did not expect anything else but good reports from the doctor. We know something of his intrinsic worth elsewhere than in a normal school. And what is still more gratifying to his many friends, is to know that he has gained strength and is very much improved in health.

—ON the evening of the 21st of July a tree standing near the College Hotel was struck by lightning. Nothing serious resulted from it. Prof. Mills was about fifty yards from the tree at the time—was a little stunned by it; and also the mother of Dr. Wingate, who was sitting near the hotel door, was a little affected by the stroke.

THE Police is on the lookout for a man wearing a long black coat, green goggles and having a clerical appearance, who has been seen in our city, calling himself C. A. Smith, reporter, and hailing from North Carolina. He is represented as a hotel dead-head and general confidence man. This we gather from an item in the *Washington Post*, of recent date, of which the above is a *fac simile* copy. Have you been to Congress, Charlie? Better pay your bills.

MISS ZOLLIE MONTAGUE, who has

been absent for some time, visiting her brother, Dr. Montague, in Winston, has returned.

MISS ANNIE DUNN, who has been visiting friends in Raleigh, has returned.

—MARRIED, at the residence of the bride's mother, July 11th, Miss Emma J. Rabon, of Wake Forest, to Rev. M. J. Willoughby, of Cumberland county, Rev. W. B. Royall officiating. Willoughby has beaten you, boys. Who next?

THE article which appeared in the July number of the STUDENT, headed "At the Post Office," was not written by Mr. C. A. Smith. His name was put in the table of contents through mistake.

MR. WALTER RIDICK, who has been spending some time in Eastern Carolina, has returned. Mr. R. gives a glowing account of eastern hospitality, and, by the way, another young gentleman from the Hill started down that way, but must have gotten turned round in Weldon, for much to our surprise he came back the same day. There may have been peculiar circumstances connected with the case. How about it, Will?

TWO boys at home for spending vacation were told by their father to get their hoes and chop out a piece of cotton for him. The following conversation came up. The older brother said, in pettish tones: "I don't think father ought to make us work, because I want to visit some special friends, and I don't want to be sunburnt." The younger said: "I don't care anything about being sunburnt, but there is one thing that weighs on my mind, and that is the process of the burning."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.**ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.**

At 5 o'clock on Wednesday of Commencement Week, the Association was called to order by the President, Dr. T. H. Pritchard. It was stated that the proceedings of the last meeting had been recorded, but the record had been mislaid! Rev. A. C. Dixon was unanimously elected Alumni Orator for the next Commencement. The President called attention to the manifest lack of interest on the part of the Alumni in their annual meeting, and suggested the appointment of a committee to investigate and report upon the subject. On motion, the committee was voted, and W. L. Poteat, J. E. Ray and H. Montague, were appointed. J. E. Ray was elected President for the coming year, Prof. L. R. Mills, Secretary, and Prof. W. G. Simmons, Treasurer. The President elect at first declined to accept, but we are glad to say that when it was insisted upon he consented. We are hopeful that under his influence the Association will not simply be revived, but assume the position and work which belong to it.

This meeting was an improvement upon the one described in our last issue; but if the unvarnished truth must be told, it was little more than a shame to the intelligent body of gentlemen it represented. Of more than two hundred Alumni, there were present about fifteen. A larger number than usual were on the Hill; so that, excepting those who were members of

the Board of Trustees, none of them can give any explanation of their absence save no interest in the meeting and inadequate appreciation of their responsibilities as members of the Association. To be sure there has been heretofore little to attract the members to the meetings. But ought not something to have been done to make them interesting? If there were a programme for each meeting, if the Association had some work in connection with the College to accomplish, its yearly meetings would be anticipated with interest and pleasure. It is the wish of the committee appointed at the late session that all persons concerned correspond with them on this important matter. If it is preferred, this department of THE STUDENT will be open for the discussion of the subject. Gentlemen Alumni, things ought not to continue as they are. Let us see what we can do to make Wake Forest Alumni Association a great power in the State.

—'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips, who is pastor of the Baptist churches at Milton and Providence, in Caswell county, on the 14th of June delivered the literary address at the Commencement of the Yanceyville Academy. His subject was, "The Spiritual Element in Life." It was well conceived and expressed.

—'80. Rev. J. M. Davis attended the Commencement. He has given up his school at Morgan Hill, and desires to give his labors wholly to the ministry. If Providence so direct, he will be glad to work in this part of the State.

—'80. Mr. W. B. Waff announces the opening of the first session of Waughtown Academy on the 1st of August. The Academy will receive female as well as male pupils. Our friend has often told us that he would like to be president of a female college, and we doubt not that he would succeed in that position. The old ambition is not dead, for in this new move he has made a step toward its realization. Wake Forest has bestowed her honors upon few young men worthier than Mr. Waff. We wish Waughtown Academy length of days and wide-extended influence.

—The last catalogue of the Alumni was made in 1876. Since that time the College has conferred fifty-four diplomas—an average of nine a year. Would it not be the right thing for the Secretary of the Association to revise its roll and publish it in the College catalogue, or in a separate pamphlet at the expense of the Association, or in this department of the STUDENT? The Secretary has the floor.

'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, pastor at Wadesboro, enjoys his work there.

He thinks he has the best church music in the State. That's a great advantage: a man can preach better when the people sing with the spirit and the understanding. He subscribed heavily to the building of the new house of worship there, and told his brethren that, if he could not make the money otherwise, he would preach it out. When we remonstrated with him for not communicating oftener with the world through the pages of his college magazine, he replied that he was engaged for two columns a week in the *Wadesboro Intelligencer*, and had time for little else beyond his regular work. He has improved the character and increased the circulation of that paper.

—We want to hear from Mr. John E. Ray on the interests of the Alumni Association. He is the new president of that body, and the chairman of the special committee to look after its interests. If any man ought to speak, it is he. He is not the busiest man in the State; if he were, this is a part of his business, and we are sure he will attend to it.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

[All books sent us by Publishers will receive due notice here.]

Vignettes from Nature. By Grant Allen. New York. J. Fitzgerald & Co. 8 vo. Paper covers, 15 cents.

The Philosophy of Style. By Herbert Spencer. To which is added: *The Mother Tongue.* By Alexander Bain, LL. D. New York: J. Fitzgerald & Co. 15 cents.

The authors of these charming little books are all materialistic evo-

lutionists; the books are of the Humboldt Library the last two issued; and, in accordance with Dr. Bain's opinion that the knowledge of things ought to keep ahead of the knowledge of terms, we have here in the one volume the object lessons, in the other lessons in the art of expression and the acquisi-

tion of language. It cannot be inappropriate, therefore, thus to group them.

Vignettes from Nature comprises twenty-two little essays which, in the language of the prefatory note, have no pretension to be any more than popular expositions of current evolutionary thought. We may mention a few of the more interesting essays: Fallow Deer, Butterfly-Hunting Begins, The Heron's Haunt, The Carp Pond, Seaside Weeds, A Mountain Tarn, The Donkey's Ancestors, Beside the Cromlech, etc. We can best present the author's plan by an example. Take the essays on The Hedgehog's Hole. Near Tom Fowler's cottage we find the author, armed with pick and shovel, stooping to distinguish among the numerous tracks in the broken ground those of the spiny hedgehog; for he has turned out to-day to unearth and carry home one of these uncanny brutes to his kitchen folk. After some digging he reaches the round, warm nest; and now the creature lies motionless in his shovel, "rolled tightly up into a prickly ball," and is shovelled into his basket. He then proceeds to tell us something about the hedgehog—particularly his position in the line of development from reptiles up to the higher mammals not failing to speak of the "hypothetical progenitor of hedgehogs and men." Nor are we left in the dark as to the reason why these lowly-organized creatures survive in the presence of more highly evolved races. This gives opportunity for some entertaining talk on geographical distribution, and on the various relatives of the hedgehog. "But," he

concludes, "if I go on preaching in this way, I shall never carry my hedgehog home." Prof. Grant Allen's "guesses" at the way in which different species and forms of animals and plants have been developed are exceedingly plausible; though he conducts us through the records of geology and introduces us to the minutest forms in the botany and biology, he largely avoids technicalities and is never dry; and while he lays no claim to originality in many of his theories, and while the facts that he seeks to explain may be found elsewhere, we doubt if more that is readable and instructive in science can be found anywhere in the same compass. Of course the book must be read with caution: we cannot accept the author's surmises as ultimate truth. But as a popular exposition of evolution we know none more entertaining.

'Twixt heaven and earth there are few things of which Herbert Spencer does not dream. Now he gives us the *Philosophy of Style*. The little treatise is divided into two parts: "1. Causes of Force in Language which depend upon economy of the Mental Energies; 2. Causes of Force in Language which depend upon Economy of the Mental Sensibilities." The author declares that no general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. He mentions a number of the maxims of rhetoric, such as, "brevity is the soul of wit," "parentheses should be avoided." "Saxon words are preferable to Latin," and inquires after the law underlying them. He finds it to be the economizing of the mental energies: in other words, that style is best which requires least effort on

the part of the reader or hearer to apprehend the thought expressed. This principle is applied to the selection of words, to the sequence of words, as of the noun and adjective, verb and adverb, to the arrangement of the larger divisions of the sentence and their subdivisions. By this law is explained the superiority of the direct or inverted, to the indirect, form of sentence, also the effect of figurative language. In the 3rd section of the 1st part Mr. Spencer discusses the arrangement of minor images in building up a thought; in the 4th, he explains by the same principle of economy the superiority of poetry to prose. In the 2nd part we are not led so much into details, but are, on that account, none the less convinced that "the sensitiveness of the faculties must be continuously husbanded." Here is the explanation of the effectiveness of climax, etc. But

diminishing space checks us. We can say but a word of *The Mother Tongue*, which completes the volume. It is taken from Dr. Bain's *Education as a Science*. First presented are the general conditions of language acquisition, then the process of acquiring the mother tongue is traced from the first vocables and the preparation for grammar-study, up through the study of grammar and the higher composition to English literature. Many of the author's positions are and must be, as yet, purely theoretical; but in this extract there are many valuable suggestions to teachers, some of which we would gladly quote, if we had room for them.

We are sorry to observe that these publications are frequently marred by typographical errors, for which there is no excuse. They amount to one on almost every page.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE SUPERLATIVE.

[From THE CENTURY.]

There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk sometimes with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phœnixes; naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate, because you have got, or have not, a shoe-string or a wafer you happened to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives and weaken; that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker lose a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion, and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.

Especially we note this tendency to extremes in the pleasant excitement of horror-mongers. Is there something so delicious in disasters and pain? Bad news is always exagger-

ated, and we may challenge Providence to send a fact so tragical that we cannot contrive to make it a little worse in our gossip.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful definers. From want of skill to convey quality we hope to move admiration by quantity. Language should aim to describe the fact. It is not enough to suggest it and magnify it. Sharper sight would indicate the true line. 'Tis very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences, all exquisite, intense and tremendous—"the best I ever saw;" "I never in my life!" One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a griffin; nor each unpleasing person a dark, diabolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations nor ecstacies, our daily bread. * * * Then there is an inverted superlative, or superlative contrary, which shivers, like Demophoon, in the sun: wants fan and parasol on the cold Friday; is tired by sleep; feeds on drugs and poisons; finds the rainbow a discoloration; hates birds and flowers.

* * * *

Dr. Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight that, in Boston, the popular idea of religion was what this eminent divine held. But I remember that his best friend, a man of guarded lips, speaking of him in a circle

of his admirers said: "I have known him long, I have studied his character, and I believe him capable of virtue." An eminent French journalist paid a high compliment to the Duke of Wellington, when his documents were published: "Here are twelve volumes of military dispatches, and the word *glory* is not found in them."

* * * * *

The first valuable power in a reasonable mind, one would say, was the power of plain statement, or the power to receive things as they befall, and to transfer the picture of them to another mind unaltered. 'Tis a good rule of rhetoric which Schlegel gives: "In good prose, every word is underscored;" which, I suppose, means never italicize. Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints and gods, use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centres. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun. * * The objection to unmeasured speech is its lie.

EARLY DEVELOPED POWER TO COMMAND.

[From SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.]

The following list of great generals whose superior capacity was exhibited in early manhood, was compiled by the late Brevet Major-General Emory Upton:

Philip of Macedon ascended the throne at twenty-two, was the conqueror of Greece at forty-five, and died at forty-seven.

Alexander the Great defeated the celebrated Theban band at Cheronea before arriving at the age of eighteen, ascended the throne at twenty, had

conquered the world at twenty-five, and died at thirty-two.

Julius Cæsar commanded a fleet before Mitylene and distinguished himself before the age of twenty-two; completed his first war in Spain and was made consul before the age of forty; conquered Gaul, twice crossed the Rhine, and twice invaded Britain before the age of forty-five; won the battle of Pharsalia and obtained supreme power at fifty-two. He died at fifty-six, the victor of five hundred battles and the conqueror of one thousand cities.

Hannibal was made commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army in Spain at twenty-six, and had won all his great battles in Italy, concluded with Cannæ, at thirty-one.

Scipio Africanus, the elder, distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus at sixteen and at twenty-nine overthrew the power of Carthage at Zama.

Scipio Africanus, the younger, had conquered the other Carthaginian armies and completed the destruction of Carthage at thirty-six.

Genghis-Khan achieved many of his victories and became emperor of the Monguls at forty.

Charlemagne was crowned king at twenty-six, was master of France and the larger part of Germany at twenty-nine, placed on his head the iron crown of Italy at thirty-two, and conquered Spain at thirty-six.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, had gained a great reputation and was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at forty-one.

Henry IV. of France, was at the head of the Huguenot army at sixteen, became King of Navarre at nineteen, overthrew his enemies and became King of France before the age of forty.

Montecuculi, at the age of thirty-one, with 2,000 horse, attacked 10,000 Swedes and captured all their baggage and artillery; gained the victory of Triebel at thirty-two; defeated the Swedes and saved Denmark at forty-nine; and at fifty-three defeated the Turks in the battle of St. Gothard.

Saxe was a *marechal-de-camp* at twenty-four, marshal of France at forty-four, and at forty-nine gained the famous victory at Fontenoy.

Vauban, the great engineer, had conducted several sieges at twenty-five, was *marechal-de-camp* at forty-three, and *commissaire-general* of fortifications of France at forty-five.

Turenne, passing through the grades of captain, colonel, major-general, and lieutenant-general, became a marshal of France at thirty-two, and won all his distinction before forty.

The great Conde defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two, and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five.

Prince Eugene of Savoy, was colonel at twenty-one, lieutenant-field-marshall at twenty-four, and shortly after general-field-marshall. He gained the battle of Zenta at thirty-four, and co-

operated with Marlborough at Blenheim at forty-one.

Peter the Great, of Russia, was proclaimed Czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory of Embach at thirty, founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one, and died at the age of fifty-five.

Charles XII. completed his first campaign against Denmark at eighteen, overthrew 80,000 Russians at Narva before nineteen, conquered Poland and Saxony at twenty-four and died at thirty-six.

Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight, terminated the first Silesian war at thirty, and the second at thirty-three. Ten years later, with a population of but 5,000,000, he triumphed over a league of more than 100,000,000 of people.

Cortes effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five, and died at forty.

Lord Clive distinguished himself at twenty-two, attained his greatest fame at thirty-five, and died at fifty.

Wolfe was conqueror of Quebec at thirty-two.

Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six, achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-four.

TEACHING SCHOOL AND BOARDING AROUND.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime;
And memory paints anew the scenes
Afar in the bleak New England clime,
Though half a century intervenes.
On a highway corner the school house stands,
Under an elm tree broad and tall,
And rollicking children in laughing bands
Come at the master's warning call.
They pile together their sleds and skates,
Hang hats and hoods in the entry-way,
And gathering pencils, books and slates.
Diligent study succeeds to play.
A mountain stream turns a gray stone mill,
That runs with a slow and slumberous sound,
And there I fancy I wander still,
Teaching School and boarding around.

Near by is a farm-house large and square,
With doors and basements of faded red,
A stoop that shades from the Summer glare,
And wood well piled in the sheltering shed;
There's an ancient barn with swallow holes
High in the gable, three in a line;
The lithe bay colt in the deep snow rolls;
From racks of hay feed the docile kine;
Closely are huddled the timorous sheep;
As the flails resound from the threshing floor,
The pilfering poultry stealthily creep
And silently watch at the open door
For each stray kernel of the shelling grain.
Full of content was the lot I found
Among the farm folk, honest and plain,
Teaching school and boarding around.

The farmer's table has lavish supplies:
Chicken and sausage of flavor rare,
Crullers and cookies, and puddings and pies,
Are items rich in the bill of fare.
The teacher sleeps in a wide, soft bed,
Kept clean for guests, in the great spare room,

With gay chintz curtains over his head,
And blankets woven in the old hand loom.
The thrifty wife ere the break of day
Springs from her rest though the morn is cool,
And, breakfast ended, we haste away
O'er the shining crust to the district school.
Here morals are pure, and manners sincere,
And men in the Church and State renowned
Here make the first step in a grand career,
Teaching school and boarding around.

In the moonlight evening long and still
The youth assemble from many a farm ;
Though the air without is crisp and chill,
There's a bright wood fire and a welcome warm.
Nuts and apples are passed around,
The hands of the clock get a backward turn,
Innocent frolic and mirth abound
'Till low in their sockets the candles burn.
Young men and maidens of artless ways
Are drawn together in groups like this :
Their hands are joined in the rural plays,
And sweet lips meet in the guileless kiss ;
Their hearts are linked with a golden chain,
And love with marriage is early crowned,
How oft I dream I am there again,
Teaching school and boarding around !

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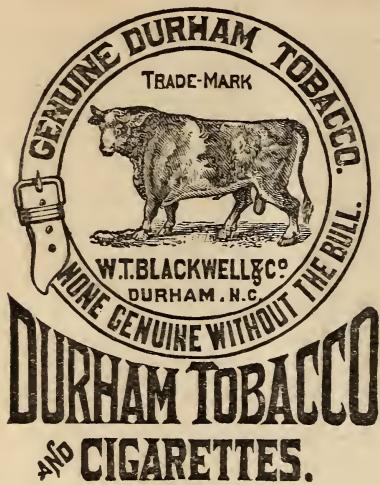
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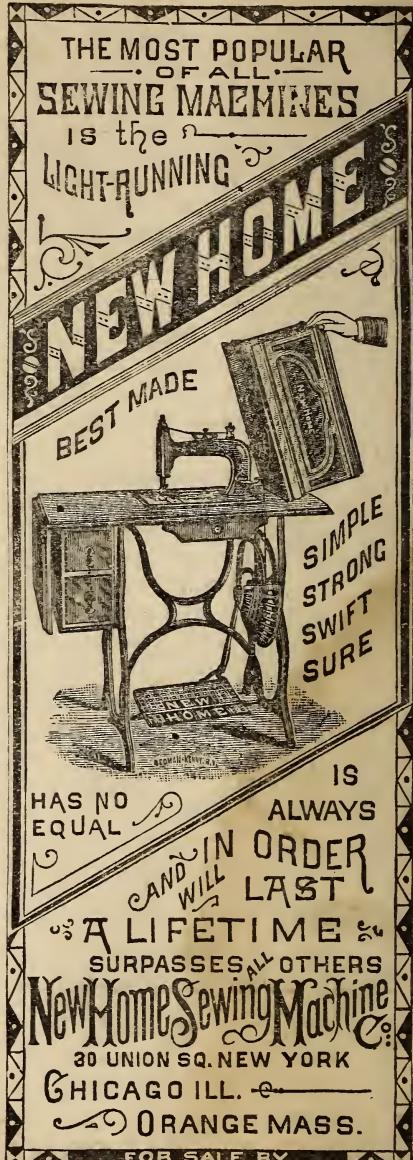
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